

THREE

34th Edition

New Playes,

VIZ.

The Noble Ingratitude.

A Pastoral-Tragi-Comedy.

The Enchanted Lovers.

A Pastoral.

The Amorous Fantafme.

A Tragi-Comedy.

All written by Sir *Wm. Lower* Knight.

Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina

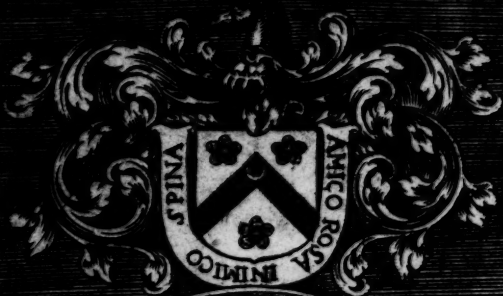
LONDON:

Printed for *Franc. Kirkman* at the *John
Fletcher's* Head over against the
Angel-Inn on the backside
of *St. Clements*,
without *Tem-
ple-Bar*,
1661.

644.a.25

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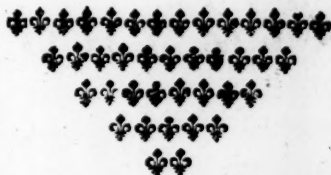


The Noble
INGRATITUDE.

A
Pastoral - Tragi-Comedy.

By Sir *William Lower* Knight.

Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina.



L O N D O N :

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out *Temple-Bar*,

1 6 6 1.

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City of

London



1850



To her
M A J E S T Y
T H E
Q U E E N
O F
B O H E M I A.

M A D A M,

Were I not fully per-
swaded that this
Dramatick Piece in the
Original is one of the best
that

DEDICATION.

that hath been presented upon the French Stage, I should not have presumed to offer the Copy to the best of Queens, and indeed the most Judicious of Women : If I have failed in my judgment of the Authours work, I am indisputably right in the Character of my Patroness: Your Majesties goodness in pardoning this presumption, and in approving the Plot and Language of the Play in my Version, hath

DEDICATION.

F hath begotten this future ambition in me, to publish it under the favour of your Royall protection, which will secure it indubitably from the malevolent censures of any ignorant, arrogant, or malignant person whatsoever. If in the intervals of your high contemplations your serious thoughts shall descend to divert them a little, as before, so now after the Dedication and Impression,

D E D I C A T I O N.

pression, in reading those
Sceanes , I must ever
esteem it an unparalel'd
honour to me, who am,

M A D A M,

*Your Majesties most hum-
ble, most obedient, and
most faithfull Servant*

William Lower.

P R O L O G U E.

BEfore I enter'd, I was told what now
 I see decypher'd upon every brow;
 A sullen sadness, and close murmurs say,
 . . The Title is enough to damn the Play
 . . The Bill condemns before the Action, *Tow*
 . . Vpon the Poet with his Paradox,
 . . Noble Ingratitude, o barbarous sound!
 . . Vertue will die to see that Monster crown'd:
 Strange voices these, strange censures from the vults,
 For such he takes you, every one that sits
 Spectatour here usurps a privilege,
 Which is unjust, before he hears, to judge.
 Wise, and just Iuries, who in every cause
 Strictly observe the custom of the Law,
 The bottome sound, and ne'r their verdicts bring
 Vpon the superficies of a thing;
 They weigh the ground of matters well, and ne'r
 Proceed to sentence till they see all cleer;
 Have patience then a little, and suspend
 Your judgments till you see us at the end
 Of the fifth Act; three hours will soon be pass'd,
 In Scenes and Songs the minutes fly too fast;
 Then if we do'nt maintain our Paradox,
 Let me be sham'd, and sit three hours i'th stocks
 For punishing your patience; if the crime
 Deserves more rigour, let a longer time
 Of penance be prescrib'd me there; but I
 Hope from your judgments, justice, clemency,
 A nobler sentence, and that you'll allow
 Me next a Laurell wreath to crown my brow.

ACTORS.

ZELINDA, Daughter to Lindarache, disguised like a man under the name of Ormin, in the habit of a Slave.

ZEGRY, Master to Zelinda, and Lover of Fatima.

ALABEZ, Second Slave to Zegry.

CHARIFA, Woman-Slave to Fatima.

FATIMA, Mistress to Zegry, and in Love with Adibar.

ABENCERAGE, under the name of Almanfor, Brother to Zelinda.

ZAIDA, Sister to Zegry.

MEDINA, Woman-Slave to Zaida.

ADIBAR, Lover of Zaida.

GAZVL, Slave to Abencerage.

GOMELLA, Father to Fatima.

LINDARACHE, Mother to Zelinda, and to Abencerage.

*The Scene is in the Forreſt of
Argier.*

THE

THE
NOBLE
INGRATITUDE.

A
Tragi-Comedy.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

ORMIN alone.

C Harming aboard, delightfull solitude,
Fair places where I first receiv'd
my life
And love, old trees, cleer brooks,
whose shade and murmur
Speak pity for my sorrowfull adventure,
Sweet Zephirs, Echo, rocks, and silent
forrests,

A 4

Be

8 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Be witnesses all of my secret griefs :

I am no more now that *Zelinda* some-
time

Adored by the worthiest Lovers of
The country round about; alas! I serve
Vnder the habit of a Slave, a traitor
With an unparraseld'd fidelity ,
Traitor in Love, I meane, not otherwise,
A Hero , but ingratefull, one who flatters
me

In my extreame misfortune, yet would hate
me,

If he knew that I Love him. Gentle trees,
Happy are you , although the rigorous
winter

Vseth you hardly, for when the fair Spring
Maketh the cold to cease , you suddenly
Resume your anciét verdure, and at harvest,
Vpon your branches wee see fruits, where
formerly

Hung Isicles: my fortune's not so good;
Each of the seasons have twice chaung'd,
since Love

Resolved to afflict me, all which time
I've languished continually, and could not
Pretend to the repose my heart hath lost :
He whom I love with so much constancy
Is false and fleeting; o Gods! here he comes.

SCENE. II.

ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

Ormin , I sought thee.

OR-

TRAGI-COMEDY.

9

ORMIN.

Sir, I fought you also.

ZEGRY.

Know that to morrow we will depart
hence.

ORMIN.

What! will you leave so soon your native
country,
These cottages, these woods and these fair
meadows?

ZEGRY.

I have not hid from thee that in those places
I love the sweet *Fatima*, a rich Master-piece
Of Heaven, and hop'd to see that Beauty here
So cherish'd and ador'd; but I have learn'd
That she is now at *Tunis* with her Father;
And though this happy resemblance may be
said

To be a second Paradise, I cannot
See any fair thing here, since she is absent.

ORMIN.

How happy is *Fatima*, and how miserable
Am I! - - *aside*.

ZEGRY.

How grievous is her absence to
My amorous soul! to render me by her,
To morrow by the break of day we'll take
Our way for *Tunis*, I shall be too happy,
If I may see her, and I do believe
That she will bear some part too in my
joy;

She had no little trouble, I perceiv'd,

A s

For

TO THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE:
For my departure last, and without doubt
I'm not indifferent to her.

ORMIN.

Certainly
Her flame will not be quench'd.

ZEGRY.

That's all my hope.

ORMIN.

And that is all my feare ~~from~~ aside.

SCENE III.

ALABEZ, ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ALABEZ.

Cheer up, cheer up,
Smother your sighs, I have a counter poison
For all your sorrows.

ZEGRY.

Speak it then without
Holding us long in trouble.

ALABEZ.

Give me leave.
First, if you please, to take a little breath.

ZEGRY.

Speak then?

ALABEZ.

I'm not dispos'd yet.

ZEGRY.

Oh thou mak'st me.
Suffer too much? tell it unto us quickly.

ALABEZ.

You might die with it.

ZEGRY.

Is't then some misfortune
Sent me by destiny?

ALA-

TRAGÉ-COMÉDY.

I say agiane.

You might die with it, butt'would be with
joy;

Fatima yesterday late in the evening
Arrived in these quarters.

ZEGRY.

Is it possible,

Fatima?

ALABEZ.

Yes, assure you, I have seen her.

ZEGRY.

Perhaps thou art deceiv'd.

ALABEZ.

I am no asse.
I did observe her well, and knew her per-
fectly.

Her Slave, who was my Mistresse formerly,
Entered just now with her into that wood.

ZEGRY.

Good Gods? do I not see her?

ALABEZ.

Yes, that's she
Which passeth by.

ZEGRY.

What lustre hath her eye,
What grace her gate?

ORMIN.

Alas?

ZEGRY.

I see a thousand new charms there.

ALABEZ.

Are you besotted? will you not salute her?

ZEGRY.

No, to perform that complement, I'll give
her

A

22 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

A visit, when I shall have without doubt
My soul less in disorder.

ALABEZ.

For my part,

Who do not love so daintily, I will,

Without deferring it, make my address.

ZECRY.

Without discovering our selves, we may

From hence know by the usage of the ser-
vant,

In what esteem the Master is at present.

SCENE IV.

ALABEZ, CHARIFA, FATIMA,

ZECRY, ORMIN.

ALABEZ.

Sweet Beauties welcome, from what
quarters come you?

CHARIFA.

What means this insolent? Go on your way

ALABEZ.

How's this? instead of kisses and embraces,

As I expected, I am quarrel'd with;

Charifa, whence this change?

CHARIFA.

Begone, and leave us.

Thou

ALABEZ.

Thou adest well the scornfulk

FATIMA.

What's that follow

Which followes us?

CHARIFA.

Tis an impertinent,

Whom I know not.

ALABEZ.

I am much changed then

Since this last voyage; but thy soul is chang'd

And not my visage, without doubt thy
Mistresse

Hath better eyes, and more wit; she will
know

An old, and a familiar acquaintance.

FATIMA.

Who are you then?

ALABEZ.

My Masters Slave.

FATIMA.

What Master?

ALABEZ.

Should you not know him neither?

Is his name raz'd out of your memory?

FATIMA.

Assuredly, *Charifa*, this man's mad.

ALABEZ.

How, Madam, is it possible you can

Forget the valiant *Zegry*?

FATIMA.

Zegry?

Ze-

14 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Z E G R Y.

Heaven?

What strange inconstancy is this? who e-
ver

Could have imagin'd it? ----- aside.

A L A B E Z.

That noble and illustrious Successour
Of those brave warriors who even in Spain
Have gathered Laurels, and brought
home faire spoils;

Madam, your faithfull Lover, Zaida's bro-
ther.

F A T I M A.

Oh! I remember him.

Z E G R Y.

False, and Ingratefull!

A L A B E Z.

You ask not how he doth.

F A T I M A.

What interest

Have I in his sweet person? happily
He's dead.

A L A B E Z.

He is indeed.

F A T I M A.

We are all mortall;
The Prophet hath his soul.

C H A R I F A.

A faithfull servant

Would have accompanied his Master; why
Art thou not dead too?

A L A B E Z.

Only to enrage thee.

Z E

TRAGY-COMEDY. 15

Zegry discovering himself.

Z E G R Y.

The Prophet hath his soul , & false Fati-
ma!

Is't thus you do expresse your goodness to
me?

Deceitfull object , my return , I see ,

Displeaseth you , who would despise me
dead ,

Must hate me living. I disturb with plea-
sure

That faithless joy which the delightfull
news

Of my feign'd death procur'd you: I live
still

Ingratefull , but I live no more for you:

My passion is transform'd all into fury:

As much as I lov'd you , I now despise
you :

My heart shakes of so rigorous a yoke:

Love raiseth no more sighs , nor fires within
me ,

Only I sigh that I us'd so much care

To please you , and if I burn yet , it is

With anger , not with love.

O R M I N.

Oh this successe

Answereth my wishes fully? ----- a-
side.

F A T I M A.

This confession

Surpriseth , but no way afflicteth me ;

My

16 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

My first discourse should make you understand

That I'm not very tender hearted to you ,
And, me thinks , after such a cleer contempt

As was expressed there you might believe
Nothing should trouble me that comes
from you ,

Vnless your amorous addresse : I have
A thousand other Lovers braver far
Then you , and therefore I daign not to
put you

In the rank of my conquests.

Z E G R Y.

Sure , your pride
Is greater then your beauty , the charm is
Dissolv'd wherein I formerly was held ;
Tis true , I sometime thought you beauti-
full ;

But I was amorous , and therefore not
To be believed , having now my spirit
No more disordered , you cease to be fair
And I to be abused , whereas you
Pleased me formerly , it was becaute
It is impossible for me , when I
Am lov'd , to be insensible.

F A T I M A.

I love you ?

Heaven ! what a strange opinion is this ?

Ine.

TRAGI-COMEDY. 17

I never had but strong aversion for you.
 All your indeavours serv'd but to displease
 me;
 But though I hated you , I lov'd your Si-
 ster,
 And t was for her sake that I feign'd to
 have
 Some pittty for your passions ; her prayer
 A hundred times restrain d my hate , you
 sware
 That your daies did depend upon my sight ,
 And yeelding unto her desires I did
 Enforce mine eyes to smile, when my heart
 frown d ,
 To the end not to be cause of your death.

Z E G R Y.

Your eyes have never made a mortall
 wound.

F A T I M A.

Take heed that your do not revive again,
 One Only of my looks darted more gently,
 Can change this violent anger into love ;
 But I am verie nice of such a look ,
 It is too rich a price , Sir , for your conquest
 I limit my desires to see you never ,
 Adieu , become wise, and leave me in peace.

--- Exit *Fatima*.

SCENE

18 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

SCENE. V.

ZEGRY, ALABEZ, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

YEs false Fatima, I will become wife,
Thy contempt is unjust, but mine is
lawfull:

Since thou pretendest but to make thee
hated,

I will obey thee, thy unworthy trophy,
My heart shal be no more, his charmes are
broken,

His flames are quench'd; Alabez, follow
her

Close at the heels, even unto her house;
But have a care not to discover thee.

ORMIN.

Her pride's unjust, and not to be endur'd;
Your change herein is but too equitable.

O how wel should you do to free your heart
From the imperious captivity

Of such a cruel conquerour; you are

Born with too many fair advantages,

To obtain nothing but eternall wrongs;

There are Sir, other beauties in the world

VVhich would be glad to share their flame
with yours,

To imitate your sighs, and which would
tell you

That the resplendent honour of a crown
Is beneath that to be beloved of

An object that one loves. Contempt in love
Deserves to be repayed with contempt,

And

TRAGI-COMEDY. 19

And who refuseth, is not worthy of,
For the most part, the person that's refus'd.

Z E G R Y.

How great my griefs are, and how grievous
is

This proud contempt ? o light, and wave-
ring Sex !

O black ingratitude ! since love began
To trouble Lovers, was there ever torment
Equall to mine ? I feel my heart infected
VVith all imaginary griefs.

O R M I N.

Oh ? Sir,

Believe me, I know some that are much
more

To be lamented, and if what I know
VVere reveal'd to you, you should have
great cause

Of comfort by it.

Z E G R Y.

Oh speak, and divert

The grief which doth oppresse me. of-
tentimes

A wretch is pleas'd in his misery

VVhen he sees that he suffers not alone.

O R M I N.

O love, I pray thee make his heart grow
tender

At the recitall of the evill which he
Hath caused me, oh make him Sensible
Of my sad sufferings ? ----- a side.

A young Beauty, Sir,

VVhose name and birth, if you please I'll
conceal

Through decency, only thus much I'll tell
you,

That

20 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

That she was neer to me and lov'd me deer-
ly,

Scarce yet attained to the fifteenth yeer,
When love and marriage was propos'd to
her,

And she commanded to expect for hus-
band

A man too lovely, and to much belov'd;
And who for his part was so farre from
being

Warm d'with a mutuall flame, that he un-
lawfully

Took an affection for another object:
His faithfull Lover with grief understood it
But yet a worse misfortune afterward
Surprised her, th' ingratefull brak th' ac-
cord

Of the approaching marriage, and departed
For a long voyage without seeing her;

I can assure you that her grief was quick,
And anger ardent after this affront;

But yet her anger was lesse then her love:
Although, th' inconstant left her, she re-
tain'd him

Still in her soul, and valuing not her sex,
Nor fearing death, i th' habit of a man
she followed his steps.

Zegry meditating

ZEGRY.

O barbarous rigour!

O lamentable passion!

OR.

ORMIN.

You will be
 More touch'd when you shall know the
 rest: scarce was she
 Embarked on the sea, when by a new,
 And worse misfortune certain infamous ro-
 vers
 Surpris'd her vessel, and not long time
 after
 They sold her unto that ingratefull
 man,
 Who falsly and unworthly forsook her:
 And so at last it hapened that Fortune
 Aswell as Love would put her into chains:
 But she still without changing heart, or
 habit,
 Found sweetnes in this double slavery;
 Far from desiring to be free, she follow'd
 Her faithles friend into his native coun-
 try,
 And fearing not to be discovered,
 Serv'd this deceitfull Master without
 hope,
 Indeavour'd to please him, and therein
 Prosper'd so well, that he esteem'd her
 zeal,
 And conceal'd nothing from her; but this
 kindnes
 Was not a cure, but corsive to her grief,
 Because it made her privy to the happi-
 nes
 Her Rivall did enjoy in the affection

22 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.
Of him she lov'd, who every day protested
Vnto her, that rather then lose her love,
He'd lose his life.

Zegry still meditating.

ZEGRY.

Vnparalel'd punishment!
Cruell injustice!

ORMIN.

Gods! he groweth tender,
Love be propitious to me, aside.
Sir, what say you,
Is not she more then you to be lamented?
Compared to her torments, your afflictions
Are sweet. You answer not.

ZEGRY.

Yes, yes, I grant it
I ought to hate her, but I've too much
weaknes:
Oh fair Fatima!

ORMIN.

Oh my hard misfortune!

ZEGRY.

Ormin, what charms she hath?

ORMIN.

You answer nothing
To what I said.

ZEGRY.

What spak'st thou to me of?

ORMIN.

Of a young maid
Oppress'd and injured in love.

ZEGRY.

My thoughts
Were otherwise imploy'd, and troubled,
I heard

I heard thee not, at least I have forgotten.

ORMIN.
You seemed to compassionate her grief,
And her misfortune very much.

ZEGRY,
Alas!
I onely thought upon my proper grief.

ORMIN,
What! shall th'ingratefull and cruel Fatima
Although she quits your heart thus, have
the glory

To live still in your memory? oh no,
Banish her thence; but if you'l think of
her,

To ease your evils a little, imploy your
thought

Onely to think of her defects; remember
That she's too proud, and fancy to your
self

That she's not fair enough, to hold so no-
ble

And such a faithfull Lover as you are,
That there is nothing charming in her eyes,
Nor in her cheeks, that her proportion,
Her posture, stature, gate, and carriage
Have nothing commendable, that her
witt -----

ZEGRY
Ormin, no more, I cannot suffer yet
She should be injur'd; that ingrateful
Beauty,

Who laughs with scorn at my sad languish-
ment,

Hath no defect at all but her fierce
rigour;

And

24 THE NOBLE INGRATTITUDE.

And I fear that in spite of this defect,
My violent love will triumph o'r mine anger.

ORMIN.

What, shall *Fatima* be so proud, and you
So humble? shall she be compos'd of Ice,
And you of fire? must you persist to love
her,

When she despiseth you? oh fall no more
Into that fatall error. It belongs, Sir
But to low spirits to suffer without hate,
Such a contempt; to leave what flyeth us,
Is little trouble, and when hope is
quench'd,

Love should be quenched also.

ZEGRI.

What thou sayst, Ormin, is verie true, I should indeed
Follow *Fatima* in her lightnes to me,
I should in her unkindnes trace her steps,
I should be as insensible as she's
Severe and rigorous, my flames an error,

I doe confesse it, but I love this error.
Thy faithfull counsels are not seasonable,
Love hath not yet given place unto my reason,

I'm born to languish, and to die for her;
Although she be ingratefull she is not
The lesse faire for it.

ORMIN.

The false hope that flatter'd me
Fled in a moment; miserable Lover
And too unjust!

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ALMANSOR, ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ALMANSOR.

FRIEND, I am very joyfull
To meet thee.

ZEGRY.

My content is still compleat,
When I behold thy face, as in thy absence,
Nothing seems sweet unto me : Now I see
Th'art habited like us, this garment is
Well made.

ALMANSOR.

I took it just now in th'apartment
I have in thy abode.

ZEGRY.

This Shepheards habit
Becomes thee rarely ; but for an *Almansor*,
It is too much abasement.

ALMANSOR.

Sure the habit
Takes nothing from the lustre of the merit,
In imitating thee, I cannot erre ;
Thee, whose heart is as noble as thy race,
And unto whose aid in an eminent danger
I owe my life.

ZEGRY.

The Shepheards of this wood
And fair Campania, are descended from
Those Heros, who in time pass'd conquer'd
Spain
From those renowned Moors, whose great ex-
ploits
Made the Kings of a hundred Christian people

B

Trem-

26 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Tremble for fear, and who seeing *Tunis* conquer'd

By *Charls the fifth*, conserve here in these places
Their glory and their freedom, secretly
Dispose the hearts of the most Zealous Kings
To drive the Christians frō this desolate cōuntry,
And are in readines to joyn themselves,
And to encrease the first fair levies which
Shall be employ'd on such an expedition.

ALMANSOR.

I know that this fair desert's like a Court:
But hast thou heard yet that Gomella is
Return'd heer? suffer me at present, *Zegry*,
To leave thee, he is my familiar friend,
And I owe him a visit.

ZEGRY,

Then thou know'st

Fatima.

ALMANSOR.

Yes, that Beauty hath receiv'd
The light from brave *Gomella*; friend adiew,
I will return to thee with speed, excuse me
At present, I must speak with him upon
A busines of importance. --- Exit *Almansor*.

SCENE VII.

ZEGRY ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

A busines of importance? oh that word
Redoubleth my affliction; to marry
Fatime, without doubt, is his design:
Oh Heavē? hast thou ordain'd that, to make up
The full proportion of my misery,

My

My dearest friend should rob me of my Mistress?
 Alas! if this be true, grief, sure will kill me;
 Dear *Ormin*, let us use our best endeavour
 To hinder this misfortune; I expect
 My only remedy from thy advise.
 The most resplendent wit yeildeth to thine
 In point of knowledge, I have observ'd in thee
 Something thats great, and extraordinary;
 Thy judgment charms me, and thy care sur-
 priseth me.

ORMIN.

Sir, I'm your Slave, and glory to be so.

ZEGRY.

No, no, I make thee free, henceforth be thou
 Thy Masters friend.

ORMIN.

The sweetest liberty
 Pleaseth my fancy lesse then the chains which
 I bear for you.

ZEGRY

This zeal so little common,
 Makes me grow tender, and amazeth me.
 Quit, quit thy fetters, *Ormin*, I command it,
 Be free.

ORMIN

Since tis your pleasure, I obey;
 Alas! what have I said, Love, can I be
 At liberty, when my heart is not free?

The end of the first Act.

B 2 ACT

28 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FATIMA, ZAIDA, CHARIFA, MEDINA.

FATIMA.

ENter again, sweet Zaida, ceremony
Between us should be banish'd, wherefore
will you
Trouble your self unnecessarily?

Z A I D A.

Since you will have it so, I'll go no further.

FATIMA.

I may assure my self then ere we part,
That *Adibar* shall have no free admittance
To your society, I have already
Told you, that formerly he loved me;
But now I know that you give laws to him
And I have cause to hope that, if you scorn him,
He may return unto his first subjection.

Z A I D A.

Fatima, be assur'd that he shall be
Repuls'd, his love will be but troublesome;
But if you love me, forget not to feign
Some kindness for my brother; I beseech you
For my sake give him cause to hope a little.

FATIMA.

Adieu, I promise you that at next meeting
I will receive him better. --- *Exit Fatima.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

ZAIDA, MEDINA.

ZAIDA.

What think'st thou
Of fair *Fatima*, and of her request?

MEDINA.

I think that *Adibar* is not a person
To be despis'd.

ZAIDA.

True, but I am too proud
T'accept a heart that hath been conquered
By any other, and would now be mine
Trough an inconstancie, but if I durst
To love - - -

MEDINA.

Why stop you, Madam?

ZAIDA.

Oh *Medina*!

I must not speak the rest.

MEDINA.

But I divine it;
You are in love, and I have cause to judge
That it is with *Almansor*, that fair stranger

ZAIDA.

Who, I in love with him?

MEDINA.

Why not, I pray you,
Is that a crime?

ZAIDA.

Oh do not name that love,
Which is no other but a fair esteem.

B 3

MEDI-

30 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

MEDINA.

There is so little difference between
Esteem and love, that oftentimes we take them
One for the other, and are so deceiv'd.

ZAIDA.

I cannot but remember that my brother
In his last voyage did conclude my marriage
In *Argier*, that he who's design'd to be
My husband, is heer shortly to arrive,
And that my heart ought to reserve it self
Wholy for him. Besides in thy opinion.
Would it not argue a great weaknes in me
To love this stranger, though my brothers
friend.

Who hath not been above a moneth among us
And whose desert as yet's unknown unto me?

MEDINA.

Seeing this Stranger, who's not of the vulgar,
Deserves to be caressed of your brother,
There's reason to believe that he deserves
To be your Lover, and I can't conceive
Why your mouth will conceal the flame
which is

So cleerly for him in your eyes and counte-
nance.

As often as he commeth with your brother
To visit you, your looks seem to be fix'd
Wholy one him, and at the same time also
I observ'd often that the stranger ey'd you
With the same ardour.

ZAIDA.

Prethee, speak in earnest,
Did'st see him to behold me oftentimes?

MEDINA.

You ask it me with very much impressement:
I do believe in lesse time then an howr,
That you have question'd me upon this point
More

TRAGI-COMEDY. 31

More then a hundred times; your curiosity
Gives me a full assurance that his looks
Displease you not, nor wound your modesty

Z A I D A.

Alas! can one in justice be offended,
To be belov'd?

M E D I N A.

If his love please you, I think his person
Will please you equally.

Z A I D A.

I consider him
Without interpreter; but perhaps, he loves
Elsewhere, and I may be displeasing to him.

M E D I N A.

Madam, although you fain would cover it,
This fond suspicion publisheth your flame,
Jealousy alwaies is daughter of love.

Z A I D A.

Would it pleas'd Heaven, that he were free,
and that

He thought me fair, But I see him come forth
Gomella's house, I'll satisfy my self
In sounding of his soul, upon this bank
I will repose my self, and feign to sleep.

M E D I N A.

What's your design? I cannot comprehend it.

Z A I D A.

Withdraw, anon thou'lt understand it better.

SCENE III.

ALMANSOR ZAIDA.

ALMANSOR.

Gomella is expecting his return

32 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

In visit, heer I may conveniently
 Dream of my new love: Heaven! do I not see
 Vnder that flourishing shade the beauntious
 subject

Of my sad sufferings? Love in this encounter
 Seemeth to flatter me sufficiently;
 It is the lovely *Zaida* without doubt:
 How sweetly, and with what tranquility
 Doth that fair one repose, whil'st wretched I
 Languish with the disease which she procures
 Surely she cannot hear me now, I may (me?)
 Speak at this present unto her of love,
 And not offend her; but alas! the rigour
 Of my sad destiny is great, when I
 Presume to speak, I fear that she may hear me.
 You that have taught me the true use of sighs,
 Dear object of my joy and of my griefs;
 Suffer my amorous and silent soul
 T' expresse its secret passion before you,
 And to complain heer of a thousand evils
 Which you have made me suffer, yet unknown
 Vnto your self: and you resplendent sources
 Of all my fires, from whence I have deriv'd
 Such violent heats, fair charming eyes, the au-
 thors

Of my captivity, enjoy the rest,
 Which you have taken from me: If I see
 The poppies which shut up your lids, be not
 Offended that you lose your lights, the Sun
 Is subject to the same eclipse, and can
 No more then you, dispense himself thereof.

Zaida feigning her self in a dream

ZAID. *Almansor.*

ALM. Sure, she dreams.

ZAIDA.

Oh! rigorous torment!

To burn, to languish, and not dare to speak it,
Alas!

ALMANSOR.

O Heaven! what heare I?

Z A I D A

We resent

One and the same heat.

ALMANSOR.

Oh! that it were true!

Z A I D A.

My modesty, excuse me.

ALMANSOR.

O favourable sleep!

Z A I D A.

Cruel constraints!

When shall we be content, when shall our
plaints

Have end?

ALMANSOR.

In this great extasie of joy,

All my respects are vain; to give her thanks

I'll kiss her fair hands. --- *He kisseth her hands.*

Z A I D A.

Hold, insolent; whence doth proceed this bold-
nes? --- *feigning to awake.*

ALMANSOR.

What have I done? --- *aside.*

I came to give you thanks.

Z A I D A.

For what?

ALMANSOR.

Tis for your goodnes.

Z A I D A.

How, I know not:

I'm sure I never gave you any matter.

For this acknowledgmeⁿt, who ever will

v

B 5

Con-

34 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.
Consult th' appearance of the thing, shall find
That I have much indifference for you;
But though I had lessè, was it fit to trouble
My rest, in making your acknowledgement?

ALMANZOR.

Excuse my transport, beautiful Shepheardesse,
If I had lessè lov'd, I had been lessè guilty;
In this occasion a wary Lover
Would have expressed little love in shewing
Too much respect; and whatsoer my crime be,
It would be pardoned, if you slept still;
But, alas! my good fortune is soon chang'd,
I find that you awake but to afflict me,
Your eyes in taking unto them again
Their grace and lustre, take unto them also
At the same time their usual cruelty.
And that most charming hope which I so little
Enjoyed, vanish'd with your sleep.

ZALDA.

This is
An ill expression of your self, that word
Of hope gives me astonishment, I never
Gave it, nor took it yet from any person.

ALMANZOR.

If I might dare to credit your discourse,
At least you had not an aversion for me,
Nothing would be equall to my good fortune,
You would not find my presence trouble so-
me,

I should be used better, I should be
Esteem'd and possibly----

ZALDA.

Proceed.

ALMANZOR.

I might be
Belov'd.

Be

ZAIDA.

Belov'd ! of whom ; if you imagine
Of me , you are mistaken.

ALMAZOR.

Notwithstanding
You honored me so much to tell me so :
If I may but believe your voice , I have
Place in your heart , you are my witness and
My judge both at one time ; oh disavow not
That favorable sentence , that fair Oracle
Proceeding from an adorable mouth ,
Those words so full of charms pronounc'd in
sleep,

Which promised me blessings so soon vanish'd

ZAIDA.

I dreamt, *Almansor*, and you are not ignorant
That a dream oftentimes is a deceiver,
And still a lie.

ALMANSOR.

True , a dream is my glory ;
But I have passions which are real truths ,
The flame which in mine eyes hath appear'd to
you

Too clear , to be concealed , and the coldness
Which you expresse unto me , quencheth not
My love , although it ruineth my hope.

ZAIDA.

This love comes very late , and really
I'm troubled at it , you know well that I
Am otherwise engag'd.

ALMANSOR.

Alas ! I cannot
Deny but I have heard say that a Lover
Favoured of Heaven is to come shortly heere
To take you from mine eyes , I know you love
him

Before

36 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

Before you see him, therefore I'll not trouble
Your pleasures, nor his joy: how great soever
His happiness be, I do intend to suffer it
Without complaining of you, but withall
I doe intend to die. As soon as you
Shall depart hence upon the fatal voyage
Ordained, where your happy marriage
Must be accomplish'd, Know, at the same time,
That you shall see me in my griefs excess
Depart to go unto the grave, where those
Remains of fire which sparkle in my bosom,
After my death shall still yet warm my ashes.
ZAID: Fortune doth owe you, Sir, a happier lot
ALM: My good or evill lot depends on you.
All other favours would be troublesome:
Lastly I do adore you, and not fortune.

ZAID A.

What expect you from me in the condition
Wherein I am?

ALMANSOR.

Immortall heats and torments;
I still must love without hope to be loved.

ZAID A.

Who loves much, may hope to be loved like-
wife.

ALMANSOR.

What may I hope one day for better usage?

ZAID A.

Consult with your fidelity upon it.

ALM: Your soul appeareth too insensible
To love.

ZAID: A constant Lover may do much;
The first refusal ought not to astonish
Any one that hath love enough to give it.

ALMANSOR.

Oh this is plain enough to my glad sense!

ZAID

Z A I D A.

The blood strikes up unto my brow; alas!
I've said too much, and now I blush for shame
on t.

AL M: This glorious confession rendereth me
Too happy and content.

Z A I D: Dreams sometimes are not
VWithout effect; but the Sun hath already
Finished his career, let us go in
Yet further to discourse upon this matter
I fear that troublesome.

SCENE IV.

ADIBAR, Z A I D A, AL M A N S O R,
ADIBAR.

WWithout too much ambition may I hope
The honour to take you by the fair hand.
The one is free, may I presume to kiss it?

Z A I D A.

I have no need, Sir, of your services.

ADIBAR.

They may be worth a Strangers, notwith-
standing
Your scorn of me.

Z A I D A.

In thinking to oblige me,
You may displease me, by this odd expression.

ADIBAR.

The Prophet, who knows how I reverence
you,

Knows also how far forth I fear your anger,
And the cares which I take, should well as-
sure you,

That I come heer but for to honour you:

May

28 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

May I aside declare a secret to you?
Of some importance?

ZAIDA.

Nothing's so important
As decency, which in th' opinion
Of every one, allowes we not the Liberty
To hear the secrets of such as you are.

ADIBAR.

I desire nothing of you what another
Doth not obtain.

ZAIDA.

His discourse pleaseth me,
And yours I hate.

ALMANSOR.

You take an unfit time
To tell your secrets, to the indiscreet
Love seldome is propitious; th' incivility
Which your pride doth expresse, is an ill meãs
To gain esteem.

ADIBAR.

I am not heer to take
Lessons from you.

ALMANSOR.

I give them to your equals
To all intents and purposes.

ADIBAR.

This passion.
Which carries you away, convicteth you,
And doth excuse me of the incivility
Wherewith your errour charged me; a man
Better instructed, to avoid suspicion,
Would have retir'd himself out of respect;
You are too grosse; but as you are a Stranger,
I ought to bear a little with your ignorance.

ZAIDA.

You have the faults which you cõdemn in him;
This

This Stranger doth oblige me, and you trouble me.

ADIBAR.

Yet you should take away your hand from him - - to Zaida.

ALMANSOR.

If she should do it, you would be in danger.

ADIBAR.

In quitting her, you might run to your death.

ALMANSOR.

I respect Zaida, you I do despise.

ADIBAR.

If by the same respect I were not stop'd,
In my revenge, your punishment should soon
Follow your insolence.

Zaida quitting, Almansors hand.

ZAIDA.

These hasty motions
Are sorry pastimes for me; by this violence
I know that neither of you doth respect me,
But both offend me.

ALMANSOR.

Do you take
Your hand from me to answer his desires?
My Rivall will become too proud at this:
Should you affront me with design to please him?

ZAIDA.

By what right also am I bound to give
You satisfaction?

ADIBAR.

Madam, I beseech you,
Use no constraint to your free inclination
In my behalf, I know which of us two
Pleaseth you best, I yeild to him in fortune,
And perhaps too in merit, his discourse
Is acceptable, mine is hatefull to you;

Of

40 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Of this truth I cannot be ignorant;
 Therefore to th'end I may not trouble you,
 I will retire me, my respect for you
 Is stronger then the jealousy, wherewith
 My amorous soul is justly seised now,
 And I will force all my resentments for you,
 Yea ev'e to hate my self, if you should hate me.
 Let here my happy Rivall without trouble
 Discourse with you, establish, if you please,
 His happines at the expense of mine;
 But take this into your consideration
 That *Adibar*, who quits you with regret,
 Though the least lov'd, is not the least discreet.

ZAIDA.

VVhere go you *Adibar*? come back again.

ADIBAR.

My absence will oblige you.

ZAIDA.

No, once more
 I say come back again; if you esteem me,
 You will return, to take away suspicions
 Opposed to my glory, lend me, pray you,
 Your hand, and lead me back. - *he gives her*
his hand.

ALMANZOR.

Oh! I cannot
 Suffer this cruell injury.

ZAIDA.

Almanzor,

Stay I command you, on pain of my hate.

ALMANZOR.

Hear me a word or two.

ZAIDA.

I can't be mov'd.

Reason I hear, and duty is my guide.

Exeunt Zaida and Adibar.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ALMANZOR.

What unexpected clap of thunder's this,
Which ruineth my joy thus with my ho-
Reason I hear, and duty is my guide; (pe?
My constancy, at these words giveth place
To my despair; *and duty is my guide*
No, cruell Zaida in following *Adibar*,
Tis Love that guides you: but what! I may be
Too rash in censuring her so; perhaps
She doth enforce herself in quitting me,
And doth prefer my Rivall here before me,
To take off all suspicion of our love.
She loves, she loves me; oh! what say I, fool?
without doubt she hath left me through con-
tempt.

Love, like to fickle Fortune is inconstant,
His Empire, doth resemble his who doth
Command the sea, where nothing is secure,
To day a calm, to morrow a sad storm,
And every minute, the most fortunate
Vpon that element, may fear a change.
Even in the Port, we often suffer Shipwrack:
These are sad truths, whereof I need not doubt:
But what maketh my Slave so hastily
T'addresse his steps unto me?

SCENE VI.

ALMANSOR, GAZUL.

ALMANZOR.

Hast thou found
Gemella?

Gazul

42 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

GAZVL.

Yes, Sir. and I think that he
Advaceth heer with large steps to embrace you

ALMANSOR.

Tis that which my care should prevent.

GAZVL.

Must I

Withdraw whilst you discourse?

ALMANSOR.

Yes, and be sure

Thou fail not to prepare for me a consort
Of Musick.

GAZVL.

How! a consort, Sir, so late?

ALMANSOR.

Go quickly, and without reply.

SCENE VII.

GOMELLA, ALMANSOR.

GOMELLA.

Oh! Sir,

How glad am I to see you heer again?

ALMANSOR.

My joy in seeing you is no lesse great;

But speak we of my mother.

GOMELLA.

Stay her comming;

To morrow without fail she arrives here

Vnknown.

ALMANSOR.

Vnknown! and why dares she not to be seen?

GOMELLA.

The secret only you must know from her,

ALMANSOR.

Comes not my Sister?

Go-

TRAGI-COMEDY.

43

GOMELLA.

You must not expect her.

ALMANSOR.

Where is her residence?

GOMELLA.

I cannot tell you.

ALMANSOR.

How's this, *Gomella*, what can I imagine
In the uncertainty wherein you leave me?
I am astonished at this proceeding;
Your obscure language is a cleer presage
Of a conceal'd misfortune: Oh! my Sister
Is dead, I need not doubt it.

GOMELLA.

Her death is not
The evill which should attrist you.

ALMANSOR.

What, is't then
Hapned vnto her?

GOMELLA.

No, but something worse.

ALMANSOR.

That word is not sufficient to cleer me:
Shall I not know why I receiv'd an order
To depart from *Tremisa* where I was
Brought up, to come with al speed to these
quarters,

To addresse my self to you with confidence,
To change my true name of *Abencerage*
Into that of *Almansor*; and to have
A care not to reveale my family?

GOMELLA.

Vpon this point I must shut up my mouth:
I'm not allowed to say more unto you.
It is you Mothers absolute injunction,
And request to me; have but patience

Vn'

44 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Vntill to morrow, when you shal be satisfied
From her own mouth; but the Sun. *I* perceive,
Already groweth pale before the Moon.
Enter into my cot, and take with me
A poor repast.

ALMANSOR.

I doe desire to be
Dispens'd thereof now, if it pleaseth you.

GOMELLA.

VVhere will you go?

ALMANSOR.

Zegry expecteth me
On my engagement at his house to night.

GOMELLA.

Zegry, what say you, what charm doth oblige
you

To answer so ill to *Abencerage* name,
To that debate, which for a thousand reasons
Is, between your two houses, as it were,
Hereditary?

ALMANSOR.

A far juster duty
Invireth me to love him: but for him,
I'd lost my life in *Cairo*, treacherous enemies
Encompassed me round, and had he not
Succoured me speedily, *I* had been murdered:
His name, which *I* knew well without disco-
vering

Mine own, disturb'd my new born amity;
But his, goodnes for me, his cares, his kindnes,
Soon dissipated all those old resentments;
And so in order to the friendship which
Conjoined us, at last we came together
Into this country, where *I* was oblig'd
By the same frienship to lodge no where else
But at home with him.

Gom:

G O M: Oh Heaven! but proceed.

ALMANSOR.

You know his Sister: at first sight of her,
I was her servant: by a powerfull charm
Whose art she only knows, her fair eyes paid
But one look for the purchase of my heart;
And if the God of marriage. --

G O M E L L A.

Soft, hold there.

Take heed you flatter not your self with such
A fatall hope, destroy your passions,
Or you destroy your honour.

ALMANSOR.

How, my honour?

G O M E L L A.

Yes, Sir, your honour, what! doth this discourse
Surprise and trouble you?

ALMANSOR.

I fear the name
Of an ingratefull person.

G O M E L L A.

Fear that also
Of a low spirited one; these shamefull motiōs
Do wound your duty.

ALMANSOR.

May I not know how?

G O M E L L A.

To morrow, when you see your Mother here,
You shall be satisfied, in the mean time,
Hate both the Sister, and the brother.

A L M: Hate them?

I who have been so much oblig'd unto them?
No, no, I swear --

G O M: Swear not but let us enter;
Your mind will change, when you have heard
th' adventure.

The end of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

THe night approacheth, it is time to put
This letter with my hope into thy hands :
Work on her Slave, and act discreetly, that
She take this diamond from thee, afterward
Use all the skill thou hast to know the secrets
Of her disdainfull Mistressse, and consider
That I expect at thy return to hear
The sentence of my life, or of my death.

ORMIN.

Cruell commandment, whereunto I see
My self reduc'd ! --- *aside.*
One word, Sir, ere I go,
Think well upon it yet, what hope have you ?
Your importunities will increase her anger,
And you should do much better, If I durst
To tell you so, henceforth to free your self
Of this unworthy Empire ; as love is
The price of love, so hate should alwaies be
The recompense of hate, and of contempt.
Your soul's are too ill suited to unite,
Love loseth his power in Antipathies,
And tis an equall crime, Sir, in a contrary
Effect, to hate who Loves us, or to love
Who hates us.

ZEGRY.

Oh ! speak no more on't unto me :
My evill's invincible, and my soul feels
Too sensibly the charms which doe destroy
me ;
To overcome my griefs, which have no equals

I seek some gentle succour, and not counsel,
My chain, alas! is too strong, and my heart
Too weak, as not to yeild unto the torrent
which carries me away.

OR MIN.

O rigorous Fate! --- *aside.*
But if all your indeavours ate in vain,
If fierce *Fatima* still persist in her
Former disdains ---

ZEGRY.

what pleasure dost thou take
T'increase my troubles? hide her rigours to me
And speak but of her charms: my heart is try'd
By torments great enough, it need not be
afflicted with an evill not yet arriv'd.
flatter my weaknes, though therein thou shew
Thy self lesse faithfull, if thou dost desire
To interest thy self in my misfortunes.

OR MIN.

Sir, if your eyes could penetrate into
The secrets of my heart, you would soon find
How great an interest I take in them,
And that if your lot lay within my power,
Your pleasures should soon passe your hope, I
call

The *Prophet*, so much honoured amongst us,
To witnes, that I feel the counterstroaks
Of all your troubles, that I'm grieved for them
As much as you, and tremble in like manner,
Lastly that you are dearer to me far
Then you imagine, that my happines
Depends on the successe of your amours,
And that it is for you alone my heart
Makes its devotions.

ZEGRY.

Grant it gracious Heaven

That

48 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.
That thy zeal happily succeed in touching
In my behalf the soul of that ingratefull :
My sister hath already been with her ,
And I believe she hath not fail'd to speak
To her for me , their friendship flatters me ;
And gives me leave to hope that who esteems
The sister , may in time cherish the brother .
Adieu , perform thy duty , and return
With speed to calm the tempests of my spirit .
- - - *Exit Zegry.*

ORMIN.

I will indevoutour with permission of
The holy Prophet , to hear such successe
As I desire.

SCENE II.

ORMIM alone.

WHereto shall I resolve me in this sad
Extremity ? shall I sollicit now
My Rivall gainst my self in the behalf
Of an ingratfull Master that doth wrong me ?
And though he appears blind to my disadvantage ,

Shall I approve my self so more then he ?
What shall I presse th'effect of what I fear ?
Shall I give him content at my sad cost ,
By a constraint so cruell ? and shall I
Become my self the faithfull Minister
Of the injustices which he doth do me ?
No , no , let us not serve with so much heat
To trouble us yet with a new misfortune ,
A person who cost me so many tears :
If I must die , at least let me not give

Arms

Arms for to pierce my heart; so'th contrary,
 Let me act so, that he may hope for nothing
 From fair *Fatima*, let me without scruple
 Betray this false one, and deprive him of
 A good which would become so fatal to me.
 I should ground all the hope thats left unto me
 Vpon the losse of his. But how is this,
 That at these words I tremble with affright?
 I find my heart already riseth up
 Against me in behalf of this false master.
 Alas! how cruel and perfidious
 Soer he be, I cannot fail of faith
 To wards him, but must love, and serve him
 truly.
 'Tis so resolv'd, my anger must give place
 Vnto the love that reigneth in my bosom:
 An ill example never justifies
 A crime: let us deliberate no more;
 But what's the noise I hear? it is *Fatima*
 That passeth, and *Charifa* follows her.

S C E N E III.

FATIMA, CHARIFA, ORMIN

FATIMA.

THIS foul contemps which *Zaida* offers me
 Provokes me highly, so far was this false
 one
 From hindering *Adibar* to visit her,
 (As she engag'd herself in promise to me)
 That she accepted kindly of his hand,
 To disoblige me; tis an injury
 Of such a nature as requires reveng.

C

CHA.

50 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

CHARIFA.

The affront is known unto your self, you saw
it

With your own eyes, and to speak truly Ma-
dame,

The injustice is extream.

FATIMA.

Know that my anger

Is so too; let us enter, it is late,

This night shall give us counsell.

ORMIN.

I'll go one,

And stay no longer, las! I dare not open

My mouth, nor keep it shut. Love, I beseech
thee,

Mingle at least some good in the great masse.

Of my misfortunes, graunt that in demanding

All things of her, she grant me nothing for
him. --- aside.

Madame, shall I find so much goodnes from
you

As to allow me the sweet liberty

To leave this letter heer in your fair hands?

It commeth from a Louer the most passionate

Of all those which the Lustre of your eyes.

Hath made slaves; and who, not withstan-
ding all

The love wherewith his soul is seis'd, hath gri-
ven you

Some cause of plaint.

FATIMA.

Of plaint! ist *Adisbar*

That writes vnto me? *Softly to Charifa.*

CHARIFA.

Without doubt tis he,

My heart doth tell me so.

FA-

FATIMA.

What would that false one
Desire of me?

ORMIN.

How cruell is this sweetnes
To me? --- *aside.*

The end of his desires is to
Appear before you, highly to detest
His insolent crime, he would expresse the trouble
Wherewith his soul is press'd, to the Divinity
Justly offended, and receive in making
His fault worthy to be forgot, a pardon.
Or death at your fair feet.

FATIMA.

I desire not
his death; but I would have him live and hope;
How late soever his repentance comes.
I love it, and 't is wel come. My heart is
Already pacified by thy discourse.

ORMIN.

I have for my misfortune, too well sped. ---

FATIMA. *(aside.)*

Lets see with what air, in this letter he
Vtters his thought, we will go in to read it,
And to give answer; since he is no longer
Obstinate in his coldnes, I will send
His pardon sign'd and seal'd.

ORMIN.

How full of joy
Will Zegry be at my return?

FATIMA.

What say you?

Zegry.

ORMIN.

Tis he that sends me, he will kisse
The words where with y'ave flatter'd him.

52 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

Fatima tearing his letter.

FATIMA.

This is

My answer, go, and carry it unto him. - *Exit*
Fatima.

SCENE IV.

ORMIN, CHARIFA.

ORMIN.

His in equality astonisheth
And puzzleth me, - - Charifa!

CHARIFA.

No, good night.

ORMIN.

Hear me, I pray thee.

CHARIFA.

I take no delight
To talk with fools

ORMIN.

Stay yet a little.

CHARIFA.

I have not the leisure.

Adieu, fair prater!

ORMIN.

Be not so ungentle.

My hand shall speak, to supply my mouth

CHARIFA.

I do not believe thee.

ORMIN.

Believe the event.

From Zegry take this diamond.

CHARIFA.

To betraye,

And sell my Mistress? God defend, I will not
Receive it.

OR.

ORMIN.

Be not such a simple creature.

CHARIFA.

I take it then to please thee, but accept it
Vnto a good intent; *the stone's not false,*
At least I think so.

ORMIN.

Thou mayst be assur'd on't,
Tis very fair, and perfect.

CHARIFA.

Pardon me,
My words might seem t' imply a doubt, *that I*
Suspected thee, but I am innocent.

ORMIN.

Wilt thou not tell me by what fatall error
Thy mistress's humour chang'd so suddenly?
And how it came, that only at the name
Of *Zegry* her heart presently grew cold,
Although enflam'd with my discourse before?

CHARIFA.

I love thee but too well; and if thou wilt
Be secret, I'll discover unto thee
This secret of importance, this hid mystery.

ORMIN.

Thou wilt oblige me much, speak, I'm discreet.
And will concea'lt as closely as thy selfe.

CHARIFA.

Fatima then loves *Adibar* as much
As she doth hate thy Master; but for her,
Adibar by a pleasant fair return
Hath no, lesse coldnes then thy master love.
Thou knowst that thou art not yet known of
her,

And that love oftentimes troubleth the brain:
Hence was it, that at first she did believe
That *Adibar* sent thee to speak to her;

54 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.
But since she knew her error, she was mad;
I hear a noise, let us speak soft I fear
We should be heard.

SCENE V.

ALABEZ, ORMIN, CHARIFA.

ALABEZ.

THE Devil! where thinks my Master
That I should meet with Ormin? it is night
And I can't find my way.

CHARIFA.

Prethee be still.

ORMIN.

Let me alone. thy honour is not much
In danger with me.

CHARIFA.

Foh! my diamond
Is fallen from my finger.

ORMIN.

Without doubt
The grasshopper conceals it from our sight.

CHARIFA.

We may
Seek it a good while ere we find it heer.

ORMIN.

Yes in this manner, I'll go fetch a light.
Exit Ormin.

SCENE VI.

ALABEZ, CHARIFA.

CHARIFA.

Return I've found it. . . . *taking him for Ormin.*

ALA-

ALABEZ.

I should know that voice ;
It is *Charifa*, strange ! what might she do
So late heer in these woods ? I will approach
A little neerer. - - *aside.*

CHARIFA.

Thou but jests with me,
I sile me no more, if thou dost, I'll retire.

ALABEZ:

A rare piece this ! I must hear all.

CHARIFA.

Yes really ,
Promise me to be quiet, or I'll leave thee.
This is a little too much liberty
At first , I am a maid that stands upon
My reputation , and fear evill tongues .
I hold my honour very precious to me.

ALABEZ.

Thou seek'st to lose it, and invite'st him
To take it from thee, - - - *aside.*

CHARIFA.

What's thou speakest not
A word unto me.

ALABEZ.

Excellent adventure!

CHARIFA.

How doth thy heart sigh, and thy close mouth
murmur?

Those liberties, for all what I have said,
May be excus'd, if thou will marry me ;
Thou know'st that one must marry, to love
And if I please thee. - - - (well

ALABEZ.

Oh ? what impudence?

CHARIFA.

What say'st thou ?

56 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ALABEZ.

I am much surpris'd, by Heaven.

CHARIFA.

What! answerest thou nothing? should this be
Through a contempt? I think that I'm not yet
So torn by time, as not to be thought worthy
To be considered; thou knowest well

Alabez, if I would have had that fellow.

My marriage with him had been already
Concluded, but that is a lowt, and hath not
The art to please me as thou hast, his faults
Are more considered by me, then his services.

ALABEZ.

The impudent jeers at me to my face.

CHARIFA.

That troublesome never did any thing
Which pleased me, *he* hath a sottish spirit,
And silly carriage; if *the* fool should marry me
I would not passe my word that he should not
Be one of those which every one points at
With finger, which permit their neighbours to
Think their wives fair, ad which we commoly
Call cuckoulds.

SCENE VII.

ORMIN, CHARIFA, ALABEZ.

ORMIN.

See heer, I have brought you light.

CHARIFA.

What have I done? this is a grosse mistake

ALABEZ.

What think'st thou; have not I much cause to be
well

TRAGI-COMEDY.

57

Well satisfied? I have done nothing then
That ever pleas'd thee, I've a sottish spirit
And silly carriage. Thou shouldst die with sha-

CHARIFA.

(me.

Why? prethee? I have uttered but a truth.

ALABEZ.

But a truth, traitresse, o thou brazen face!
What! If I married thee, thou dangerous beast
I should be of the number of those people
Which we call cuckoulds? thy impertinent
tongue

Lied a hundred times, I'd rather chuse
A rope then such a bed fellow:

ORMIN.

Whence springs
Your quarrel?

ALABEZ:

Peace a while, I shall in good time
Talk with you, friend, companion of ill luck
Ormin putting out the candle.

ORMIN.

We must be gone, there's nothing to be gotten
But blows heer by a fool. - - *Exeunt Ormin and
Charifa.*

SCENE VIII.

ALMANSOR, GASVL, ALABEZ:

ADIBAR.

ALMANSOR.

GOe see whence comes this noise.

ALABEZ.

Oh have I met thee, - - giving Gasul a buffett.
precious Apostle?

GASVL.

How base traitor!

C 5

ALA-

58 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.
ALABEZ.

Pardon me ,
I took thee for another, in good faith :
I fought a raskal that escaped me,
To whom I did intend that injury
But I shall soon o'rtake him without running.

Exit Alabez.

ALMANSOR.

Hast learnt the cause of those confused rumours?

GASVI.

No, but I have beene beaten by a person,
Who afterward made me excuses for't.

ALMANSOR.

The house is not far of, give order to
The voices to advance, and bid them sing
Neer to that Little wood.

Adisar appearing on the other side:

ADIAAR.

See, friends, the place
Where Zasda dwells, if you are ready now.
Begin immediately.

The first song.

*YE deserts, and dark cells
Where night and silence dwells
You whom I trust with my sad cares.*

GASVL.

This voice belongs not to our company.

ALMANSOR.

This Stanza finish'd, let us be prepar'd
To sing forthwith the ayr which I compos'd.

*Ye deserts and dark cells,
Where night and silence dwells,
You whom I trust with my sad cares,
With all my deaths, and my despairs,*

Roc's

*Rocks, Forrests, and thick Shades,
Which the Sun ne'r invades,
You in whose bosomes I enclose
My love, my sighs, my plaints, and woes:
Alas! when will you be
Keepers of my felicity?*

Second Song.

*Ye brooks, and Zephirs sweet,
Which heer in Spring-time meet
To water and perfume these plains*

ADIBAR.

What insolēt voice troubles our confort heer?
Th' affront shal not passe without punishment

*Ye Brooks, and Zephirs sweet,
Which heer in Spring-time meet
To water and perfume these plains
Frequented by the amorous Strains*

*Favour me not to flow
Oblige me not to blow,
Vntill my tears their course have spent,
And my sighs given my griefs full vent,
Then in your Channells glide,
And winds breathe, as before, in pride.*

ADIBAR.

Who art thou that dar'st heer to trouble me?

ALMANSOR.

My name is too well known to be conceal'd,
I'm call'd Almanzor.

ADIBAR.

*Fear, fear then mine anger.
I'm Adibar, thy greatest Enemy
Who to meet thee, have made some weary steps
Vnto no purpose; now when least I sought thee
I've found thee; tell me, how comes it that thou*
Ta-

60 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Takest a licence to besiege my mistress
With so much insolence? dost visit her,
As friend unto her brother, or as Lover
And servant unto her?

ALMANSOR,

Content thy self
To understand that as the brothers friend,
The Sister doth accept my services,
And that I reverence her: assure thy self
That if I were so happy as to be
Her Lover, I should be discreet enough,
Not to acquaint thee with it.

ADIBAR.

These refinings,
And juggling which thou usest to defend thee,
Cannot withdraw thee from my just revenge,
Thou shalt die. . . . Drawes

ALMANSOR.

Rather fear that my sword heer. . . drawes.
Piercing thy heart, quench thy love in thy blood.

SCENE IX.

ZEGRY, ADIBAR, ALMANSOR.

ZEGRY.

FOR bear, and moderate this barbarous fury,
What means this, friends?

ADIBAR.

Nothing, since we are parted.

ZEGRY.

Oh, ist you Adibar?

ALMANSOR.

This is not the Song
Which I desire.

ADI.

TRAGI-COMEDY. 61

ADIBAR.

Zegry, thou dost me wrong.

ZEGRY.

What cause, dear friend, could animate thee so?

Permit me, I beseech you having parted you,

To reconcile you too, at the same time:

I take an interest in your debates:

Let me know therfor what your difference is.

ADIBAR.

Zegry in vaine you interpose your self

To hinder the proceeding, my revengt

Is just, and your cares but prolong his life

For some few minures. --- *Exit Adibar.*

SCENE X.

ZEGRY, ALMANSOR.

ZEGRY.

D^Fare *Almanfor* tell me

Whence comes so strong a hate between
you two?

Relate the cause on't.

ALMANSOR.

Tis not worth the labour;

This petty difference which troubles thee,

Should be determin'd ere known.

ZEGRY.

In vain

Thou dost persist to hide this secret from me:

Almanfor, I ghesse at it; sure, some Beauty

Embrouils you; I've heard heer two different
conforts.

The rest I do divine.

ALMANSOR.

Friend, I confesse it;

We both at one time gave our Evening Musick

To one and the same Mistresse.

Z E.

62 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE
ZEGRY.

May not I
Know her name, Friend?

ALMANSOR.

Heavens how am I put to it?
Should I tell him that I adore his sister? - *aside.*

ZEGRY.

Friend, this reservedness suits not that name,
I did not hide my amours for *Fatima*
From thee.

ALMANSOR.

He hath already promised
His sister; I'm confounded; if I dare
To name her, what will he not say? - - - *aside.*

ZEGRY.

This confus'd silence should sufficiently
Instruct me that he doth adore *Fatima*,
And dares not tell it me - - - *aside.*

What! shall I not
Know then what object hath subjected thee?

ALMANSOR.

Her fair name uttered would make us enemies,
Instead of doing thee a courtesy
I should do thee an injury; adieu;
Dispense me to say more on't.

ZEGRY.

How is this!
Wilt thou not go unto my house?

ALMANSOR

Excuse me,
This night I am engag'd by promise to
Lodge at *Gomella's*.

ZEGRY.

How! *Gomella's*, sayst thou?

ALMANSOR.

Yes, I fear that he stays for me, adieu,

I've

I've promised him, and I can't fail my word.

Exit Almanzor.

Zegry alone.

ZEGRY

The traitor Loves *Fatima*: and intends
To marry her: to judge on't otherwise,
Is to abuse my self; yes owing me,
His life, he makes use of it to destroy me;
But he that could save it, can also ruine it;
And his death loudly shall proclaim to all
That the same arm which serves the innocent,
Can punish the ingratefull insolent.

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ALMANSOR, GOMELLA

ALMANSOR.

YOU shal not go alone to meet my mother,
I'll follow you, *Gomella*.

GOMELLA

That needs not
Her order doth oblige you to expect her
Here at my house.

ALMANSOR.

But nature doth impose
A stronger law upon me.

GOMELLA.

Sir she hath not

Under-

64 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE:
Vnderstood of your comming yet, your sight
Will be too sudden a surprise, for bear
Till I acquaint her with it.

ALMANSOR

I expect
No blame in this encounter; If I should
Surprise her, it would be delightfully:

GOMELLA.

Seeing you will, let's go together then.

ALMANSOR.

I do but what I ought.

GOMELLA.

I speak my thoughts.

ALMANSOR.

Zegry comes forth his house; before I go,
I must embrace him.

GOMELLA.

Stay, you may not do it.

ALMANSOR.

Constraint's unjust, as much as it is cruell:
Ought I to fly a friend so dear, so faithfull?
Suffer me to speak to him, and I'll follow you
Immediately.

GOMELLA.

I cannot, for I have an expresse order
Vnto the contrary. - - - *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

O Rmin, didst thou observe how carefully
That traitor shun'd me as soon as he saw me?
Didst mark how he was troubled at first,
How he advanc'd, a step or two to wards me,
And

And then went back again, how he resign'd
The place unto me in confusion,
Press'd with the stings of his ingratitude?

ORMIN.

What ever I observed, it can never
Enter into my thought *Almansor* should
Be guilty of so base and black a crime;
And though in shew I find him culpable,
I esteem him incapable to commit
Any base act; he still appear'd vnto me
A person of much honour, and too jealous
Thereof, so ill t'employ the life which he
Holdeth of you: besides I find within me
A certain secret instinct which I
Can't comprehend, that when I should accu-
se him,

Forceth me to defend him.

ZEGRY.

Seeing me
To cheris'h that too much belov'd Ingratefull,
Thou art accusom'd also to caresse him.
I can't believe, neither that he betrays me,
Nor can I doubt, ~~one~~, that's my punishment,
And those sweet motions, which I scarce can
banish,

Aggravate his offence, instead of lessening it:
Iudge then how much I am to be lamented
In this condition, the onely good
That rests to me, is to fear nothing more.
Fortune would not afflict me heer by halfs;
I lose a Mistresse, and a friend together:
Both injure me, and I have so much weaknes,
That I can't hate the Mistresse, nor the Friend;
But could'st thou yesterday learn from *Charisa*
Why fair *Fatima* hath so much contempt
Within her bosome for me? thou hast told me

That

66 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

That *Adibar* doth charm her, but thou hast not
Tould me from whence her hatred doth pro-
ceed.

ORMIN.

Fatima, if I may believe what hath
Been told me, alwaies did abhorre you for
Vnfaithfullnes, she hath some reason to
Believe you false, and this is that as far
As I can understand, which doth oblige her
To be so cruell to you.

ZEGRY.

False, sayst thou?
I never was so.

ORMIN.

She hath understood though,
That a maid call'd *zelinda*, faire enough,
Very young, and of an illustrious family,
And who received sometime many services
From you, being almost on the point to see you
Her husband, and when all things were dis-
pos'd

And ready for the mariage was foully
~~For taken by you and despis'd~~; it seems
That this example toucheth, and doth reach her
That who can once, can chage a thousand times.

ZEGRY.

Ormin, this change is no inconstancy.

ORMIN.

It would be very hard to prove it innocent:

ZEGRY.

VVithout doubt this pretended mariage
Made a great noise; but I wil tell thee all

ORMIN.

VVhat will th'ingratefull say? - - - *aside*

ZEGRY:

Before that mariage was concluded which

VVas

VWas to unite us to A benceyage blood,
 And by that means at last to quench the heat
 Of an old hatred, fair *Fatima* was
 Already Mistressle of my heart; to make me
 Take a new chain, *Zelinda*, who they offered me
 In my opinion, was not fair enough:
 So that I saw her without loving her:
 Her feeble Beauty could not shake the fetters
 Which tied me, yet I indeavoured
 To have som kindnes for her, but her eyes
 Or my heart were not strong enoug to work it;
 And if I did her any services,
 It was but in design to please my parents:
Fatima there fore is to blame to think
 That I am false: since I had never love
 For any but for her.

ORMIN.

Alas! I need not
 Doubt more of his contempt! I was inquisitive
 To know too much, and now I doe repent it.
 - - - aside.

ZEGRY.

This is a truth, which easily can be prov'd:
 But how comes it my sister, sup so soon?

S C E N E III.

ZAIDA, MEDINA, ZEGRY,
ORMIN.

ZAIDA.

Brother, have you receiv'd th' intelligence
 Is given me of the death of him which was
 Designed for my husband?

ZEGRY.

Yes, I've heard it;
 It is too true, he died in *Argier*
 O'th spotted feaver.

ZAIDA.

68 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Z A I D A.

I'm unhappy by it ;
But you are neer your ioy , and may discourse
Of mariage and love.

Z E G R Y.

Oh , Sister , rather
Say that I must no longer now discourse
Of love nor Mariage : say that I must punish
A base and an ingratefull spirit with death
One that hath wickedly betray'd my friendship:
Fury alone presides now in my soul ,
And I must think nor speak of any thing
But of destroying a perfidious wretch.

Z A I D A.

Who is that traitor ? let me know. I pray you,
What signall crime provoketh you so highly.

Z E G R Y.

Thou know'st too well the Authour of my in-
jury

His name's *Almansor* , his love is his crime,

Z A I D A.

His love ! what hear I ?

Z E G R Y.

Sister , tis too true ,
His insolent love hath stirred up mine anger.

Z A I D A.

He knoweth that *Almansor* loveth me ,
And that is it enrageth him. - - - *aside.*

Z E G R Y.

His death ,
Is just , add he shall die , base , and ingratefull !

Z A I D A.

Brother , you should examine without passion
All that which might be of a friend suspected ,
And we should never judge of his offence
But with much care and much indulgence : al-

waies

A T.

Almanſor hath appear'd too generous
To mingle any foul or unjuſt thing
In his affections; and he oweth you
Too much, to have a thought to wrong a friend
That ſav'd his life.

Z E G R Y.

Siſter, thou doſt oblige me;
Thy arguments with little contradiction
Diſarm all my reſentments quite; *Almanſor*
Is ſo dear to me, that how ere he wrongs me,
Thou wilt do me a courteſie, to ſtop
My anger.

Z A I D A.

Perhaps, you have accused him unjuſtly.

Z E G R Y.

Would that it pleas'd Heaven I were abus'd!
But alas! my ſuſpicion is too juſt,
I'll tell't thee now; he loveth

Z A I D A.

Who?

Z E G R Y.

Fatima:

Z A I D A.

How! ſhould he love *Fatima*? really
That crime is black:

Z E G R Y.

The better to aſſure thee on't, tis beſt
Thou go to viſit her, I do believe
Thou'lt vnderſtand from her that he adores her,
And that he's falſe to me.

Z A I D A.

Traitor! Inconſtant!
Pernicious Spirit!

Z E G R Y.

But, Siſter, VVhy appear you
So troubled in your eyes and countenance?

Z A I-

70 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ZAIDA.

The trouble of mine eyes cleerly denotes
That my heart feels the evils which your
friend doth you,
Your frie'd, what have I said? that name suits ill
With his condition, if he be your Rivall,
He's not your friend. Goe persently to quench
His life and Love, and wash away the crimes
Of his soul in his blood.

ZEGRY.

No, Sister, no;
We should examine without passion
All that which might be of a friend suspected,
And one should never judge of his offence
But with much care and much indulgence; al-
waies

Almansor hath appear'd too generous,
To mingle any foul, or vnjust thing
In his affections; and he oweth me
Too much, to have a thought to wrōg a frie'd
That sav'd his life.

ZAIDA.

In what an error are you?

ZEGRY.

If I am in an error, I receiv'd it
From you: these were your sentiments, good
Sister,
And shall be mine.

ZAIDA.

Then knew I not his crime;
But now that it is plain, take your revenge,
I will no more restrain you.

ZEGRY.

Stop me rather;
Condemn my anger, not my amity. |
In favour of *Almansor* I would be

Abus'd

Abus'd ; I will accuse him , but I would
That others should excuse him , I speak of
Revenge , but seek it not , and threaten only
But to the end to have my arme restrain'd.
His passion , perhaps , may be condemn'd
Unjustly : possibly it might be born.
Before our friendship , and , perhaps *Fatima*
Answereth unto it , and that to unite them ,
Gomellas orders do invite him heer ;
If it be so , to free my self from crime ,
Sister , tis just I yeild *Fatima* to him :
I'll break my chains , and with a settled heart
Will make the pleasures of my friend mine
own.

ZAIDA.

what strange abuse , what secret charm thus
softens

Your heart in the behalf of an Ingratefull :
He owes his life unto you : ought he not
T'acquit him self to wards you by all possible
Indeavours ? if he be your Rivall , can you
Without much weaknes tamely give him up
Your Mistressle ? if he be your friend , as you
Esteem him , ought he not to give you up
The object which you love.

ZEGRY.

Without reply
Go presently to visit fair *Fatima* :
And sail not fully to inform your self
Of their intelligence. --- *Exit Zegry.*

MEDINA ZAIDA.

MEDINA.

Y Ou astonish me ;
I can't conceive how one can love a man .
And presse his death.

ME-

72 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ZAIDA.

Oh! say not that I love
Such an ingratefull and inconstant wretch:
Believe that if I have fires, they are fires
Of rage, and that my heart will ne'r be quiet
Till this perfidious Lover be a sacrifice
To my just anger.

MEDINA.

But you weep, Madam.

ZAIDA.

True, I weep, Medina:
If that false one should perish, I should die;
I feel that rage and tendernes, hate and love
Triumph by Turns within me: I m his Enemy.
And yet I am his Lover, when my anger
Encreaseth, th'other Kinder passion springs:
And though that he be lovely, and hath fal-
sely

Betray'd me, I can neither love, nor hate him

MEDINA.

Madam, speak softer, you will elce be heard.
Adibar comes to wards us.

ZAIDA.

I'll not stay.

SCENE V.

ADIBAR, ZAIDA, MEDINA.

ADIBAR.

Zaida, where go you with my heart?

ZAIDA.

I pray you,
Leave me alone, and do not trouble me,
Adieu.

ADI-

ADIBAR.

Receive my services.

ZAIDA,

I have

No need of them.

ADIBAR.

I do beseech you, hear me.

ZAIDA.

You must excuse me, I have other business.

ADIBAR.

With a look onely, console me my griefs;
Tis you I seek.

ZAIDA..

And tis you that I fly.

ADIBAR.

How! treat you such a faithfull Lover so?

ZAIDA.

Fatima there will be lesse cruell to you.

ADIBAR.

Mock not at her, *Fatima* is as fair,
Although lesse proud then you.

SCENE VI.

*FATIMA, ZAIDA, ADIBAR,
CHARIFA, MEDINA.*

FATIMA.

VVhat *Adibar*

Still with this scornfull? my revenge is just.
'Tis time that it break forth. *Zaida*, I find you
In such a black and heavy melancholy,
That I lose the design which brought me
hither:

Shall I dare speak of dances, revels, feasts,
And of a marriage in the condition
Wherein you are?

D

ZAK.

74 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ZAIDA.

What say you, of a marriage?

FATIMA.

Since you press me,
you shall know all; know that my Father hath
Provided one for me.

ZAIDA.

For you, Fatima?

FATIMA.

Yes, Zaida, and the business is well forward.

ZAIDA.

In your contents I claim an interest:
I should be glad to know your Lovers name,

FATIMA.

He's an accomplish'd man, noble, and brave
And of a charming presence, and rare merit:
I doubt not but you will approve the choice
My Father hath made of him.

ZAIDA.

How she makes me
Languish to meet death? - - - *aside.*
Well, who is the man?

FATIMA.

You know him very well;
He made long time his ordinary residence
At home with you, your brother Zegrys friend
Have I yet said enough?

ZAIDA.

Tell me his name too.

FATIMA.

Divine you not that he is call'd *Almansor*!

ZAIDA.

I can no more, but faint and die. - - - *aside.*

F A.

How she
Is chang'd, she feels my pain, and I'm re-
veng'd.

A D I B A R.

I have much interest in this event.

Z A I D A.

This match without doubt cannot chuse but
please you.

F A T I M A.

True, I am not of those who through a maxi-
me

Of I know not, what modesty, blush at ma-
riage

As if it were a crime, feign to sigh at it,
And yet in secret are sad at the heart,
If it should not be consummate. I assure you.
Vpon this point I not dissemble with you:
I no way hate the Lover that's design'd me,
I prize his love, his services, his merit
At a high rate, and if he loves me much,
He is no lesse belov'd.

Z A I D A.

It seemeth then,
He loves you very much.

F A T I M A.

I can't expresse it:
He lives but for me, breatheth but for me:
I am the sole original of his good
Or evill fortune: when he sees me not,
He is in torments, and when hazard brings me
Vnto his sight, again, I have great cause
To fear that he might die with sudden joy;
Lastly if any truth be in his oaths,
All other beauties are contemptible to him.

76 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Z A I D A.

Oh Heaven ! what hear I, where am I? oh
traitor!

Ingratefull wretch ! --- *aside.*

But could you so soon love him

Before yov knew him?

F A T I M A.

I cannot be blam'd

For this quick love, I saw in him at first

All things that might induce a maid to love:

Besides heerein I execute the order

My Father doth ordain, I willingly

Obeys his will; and since he hath chosen him

For son in law and for support, I think

That he is worthy of it, and conform

My self unto him.

Z A I D A.

But what are your thoughts

Of *Adibar*?

A D I B A R.

I dare not to pretend

To her pass'd goodness more.

F A T I M A.

He deserv'd not

The honour of my love; he changed first,

And I change at my turn.

Z A I D A.

He was not alwaies

Vnworthy to please you; can you forget him?

F A T I M A.

Yes, and with much justice, and reason too,

He is to me the most ingratefull person

Vpon the earth; his contempt was unjust,

But mine is not so. Let us cease to speak

Of that inconstant Lover; I will pay him

Hatred for hatred, contempt for contempt.

Let

Let us again talk of our marriage,
And let me know if I may have the honour
To see you there,

ZAIDA.

Excuse me, I'm oppress'd
With a great pain, which is redoubled
Since your discourse, so that I'm rendered
Incapable to be present there, and am
Enforc'd to quit you at this very instant.

ADIBAR.

I wait you; suffer me to pay the service
I owe you. --- *He leads her by the arm?*

ZAIDA,

I am forced through my weaknes
To accept your support. - *Exeunt Zaida & Adibar*

SCENE VII.

FATIMA, CHARIFA.

FATIMA,

Zaida feels my discase, but *Adibar*
Flies me; herein my revenge is compleat,
Though my hope be destroyd.

CHARIFA.

You have lost nothing
By that, *Almansor's* worth a thousand of him

FATIMA.

Iudge better of my plaint, what I have said
Is but a fiction; I perceive *Medina*
And thou are intimate, she could not chuse
But tell thee that *Almansor's* very dear
To the ingratefull *Zaida*, this I heard
From thy own mouth.

D 3

CH.

78 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

CHARIFA.

Well.

FATIMA.

This devise of mine,
In feigning that *Almansor* was to marry me,
Is to revenge me of her for admitting,
Contrary to her promise, my false Lover
To address'd courtship to her, and to punish
her

For the evils which she hath procured me.

CHARIFA.

How cunning are you! this deceit is notable.

SCENE VIII.

ADIBAR FATIMA

FATIMA.

How! quit so soon the object of your heart?

ADIBAR.

I studied more her rest than my content.

FATIMA.

You appear seised with an extream sadness.

ADIBAR.

I cannot see that suffer which I love,
Without grief:

FATIMA.

Zaida sure, repulsed you.

ADIBAR.

My respect only put me of, and not
Her cruelty,

FATIMA.

If she were just, or generous
She would despise a lover that's unsatisfull.

ADIBAR.

I were to blame, if I should complain of her.

FA-

FATIMA.

Almansers fortune is more sweet with me.

ADIBAR.

I'm to well satisfied, to be jealous of it.

FATIMA.

You do but flatter you with a vain hope,
Zaida hath but disdain, and hate for you.

ADIBAR.

Her hate and her disdain are ended now;
And our hearts speedily shall be united
By marriage.

FATIMA.

But Sir, you may be mistaken
In your accompt, and hope; do you not know
That *Zaida's* promis'd?

ADIBAR.

Rather you may be
Deceived in this point: perhaps you know not
That he who was to marry her, is dead.

FATIMA.

How is he dead?

ADIBAR.

Yes Madam, and fair *Zaida*
Propitious at last, will render justice
To my devout affection, and did
Assure me when I took my leave of her
That she would marry me, if I could get
Her brother to consent unto't; adiew;
To obtain this so dear and pretious Beauty,
I must address me to her brother, and
Solicit my best friends. --- *Exit Adibar.*

S C E N E IX.

FATIMA, CHARIFA.

FATIMA.

What have I done :
Alas ! my fiction hath only serv'd
To dispose *Zaida* to deprive me of
My Lover.

CHARIFA.

Madam. - - -

FATIMA.

Leave me ; in a fate
So sad as this , every thing hurts , destroys ,
And makes me desperate.

CHARIFA.

Will you not hear me ?

FATIMA.

No, I hear nothing but the fury which
Raigns in my confus'd spirits , grief seisseth me
And anger doth transport me.

CHARIFA.

Madam, comfort you.

FATIMA.

Oh that I were dead ! cease to comfort me
In such a just despair put me to bed,
Or in my grave there to lye buried.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT

TRAGI-COMEDY. 81
ACT V.

SCENE I.

GOMELLA, LINDARACHE,
ALMANSOR.

GOMELLA.

YOu see the cote where I make my abode.

LINDARACHE.

Sir, if you please, I shall desire to be
Private a while here with my son, and pre-
sently

I'm yours.

ALMANSOR.

Oh Madam, oh dear Mother,
In this blest time shal I obtain the honour
Of your embracements?

LINDARACHE.

Stay, *Abencerage*,

Know our dishonour first, and shew thy self
My son before I embrace thee. I was mother
Of two fair children, when a Ravisher
Stole away both my Daughter, and thy Sister.

ALMANSOR.

Good God! what do you tell me?

LINDARACHE

That thy Sister
Is ravished.

ALMANSOR.

Name but the Ravisher,
And he is dead.

LINDARACHE.

Come, now embrace me, Son, this saying makes
me

Believe that Heaven hath given thee me for to
Revenge me.

D:

AL

82 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ALMANSOR.

Let me know his name, I swear
By th' holy *Prophet*, that his blood shal wash
The injury, and that this arm of mine
Shall sacrifice him instantly unto you.

LINDARACHE

Thou shall know all, hearken, and let me
speak:

Thou art not ignorant of the enmity
which raignd for many ages twixt the houses
O th' *Zegries*, and of the *Abencerages*:
Now thou must know that on th' opinion
Conceived that a marriage would put end
To this contention, my daughter was
Design'd for wife to *Zegry*; every thing
Was ready, and the day appointed, when
Through an aversion, or rather through
Contempt, the trecherous *Zegry* flying our
Alliance, hastily embark'd himself
For *Argser*; and to add unto our griefs,
As soon as this report was spread, my daughter
Was seen no more.

ALMANSOR.

O Heaven! who should be cause
Of this misfortune?

LINDERACHE.

Read this letter heer,
It will inform thee fully

Almansor reads the Letter.

LETTER.

YOu, from whom, I receiv'd my breath,
Know that a sad fate worse then death
Is hapened to me; all our name
In my losse bear an equall shame:

The

*The false and cruel Zegry is
The Author of my miseries ;
For he it is that by his charms
Hath taken me out of your arms ,*

Zelinda.

ALMANSOR

What have I heard !

LINDERACHE.

Abominable truths.

ALMANLOR.

Zegry her ravisher ! oh fatall news !

LINDERACHE.

*In this misfortune I had so much judgment
To hide this our dishonour , and her rape :
By the advice of the illustrious ,
And wise Gomella , I spread every where
The rumour of her death , and sent thee order
At the same time to depart from Tremissa
And to come heer : lastly in Tunis staying
Thy comming , I passed an unknown life
In tears and lamentation : and seeing
The time of thy return to be at hand ,
I came heer to this fatall residence :
I find thee , and my grief is charm'd already ,
To see my just rage in thy soule imprinted ,
And thy brave arm dispos'd to take revenge ,
And to deprive that wretch of life , who hath
Deprived us of honour.*

ALMAOSOR.

*Oh how many
Afflictions seize ! my heart !*

LINDARACHE.

*Tis time to punish ,
Not to deplore , in such a fatall fortune*

Expreſſe

34 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

Expreſſe thy grief by bloody brave effects
 Of rage and courage, vain regrets, and ſighs
 Suit with my ſex, revenge belongs to thee.
 Thou knoweſt the offender, go repair
 Th' offence: I would not have reſerv'd for thee
 Th' Imployment, if I could revenge my ſelf
 Without thee; and I had already ſeen
 The puniſhment of Zegry, if I would
 Have uſ'd *Gomellas* ſervice; thy arm only
 Muſt waſh the ſtam of from thy brow; take all
 The reuenge to thee, as th' affront's all thine:
 Seeme no more until thou haſt reueng'd
 Thy Siſter, Goe, ſeek, find and puniſh fully
 Her barbarous raviſher; adieu, perform
 Thy duty, and make thy ſelf to appear
 A worthy branch of that illuſtrious ſtock
 Of Heros, from whoſe loines thou art deſcended;
 To end our common miſeries and fears,
 Go thou to ſhed blood, I goe to ſhed tears. . . .

Exit Lindarache.

SCENE II.

ALMANSOR alone.

ALMANSOR.

O H heard extremities! oh cruel violence!
Alas! the friend that doth oblige me, is
 'The enemy that wrongs me; I owe then
 My ſafety unto him that robs me of
 My honour, and the man that ſav'd the brother
 Hath ruined the Siſter! in this caſe
 What counſell ſhould I take? ſhall I become
 Ingratefull, or be infamous, ſhall I
 Break the bond of a holy amity?
 Shall I let forth the blood which preſerv'd mine,
 That

FRAG COMEDY. 65
That blood in which love will that I have interest?

And to say all, the blood of my fair Mistress:
She comes forth, and without doubt aymerh
here.

Honour will that I fly, but Love restrains me:

SCENE III.

ALMANSOR, ZAIDA, MEDINA.

ZAIDA.

HE dares not to advance, his crime intimidates him.

We will passe by the traitor, without speaking
A word.

ALMANSOR.

Deare object of all my affections,
Charme of my Spirits!

ZAIDA.

Surely, you are mistaken.

You would speak to some other.

ALMANSOR.

Suffer me

T'expresse my passion unto your faire eyes.

Love, -----

ZAIDA.

You take me without doubt for *Fatima*.

ALMANSOR.

How for *Fatima*; this word doth acquaint me

Confusedly with the unjust Iuspition

From whence this chang springs: possibly you
have

Believed that I seek to please her, seeing

The league that it between me, and her Father;

But Heaven, and Love my conquerour, be
witness.

That your fair Image wholly doth possesse

My heart, that to remove you thence, *Fatima*

Is

86 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

Is altogether incapable, that I look on
 Al that is lovely in her without love
 And that as sensible only of the darts
 Of your rare beauties, I confine my thoughts
 And actions to civilities for her.

Z A I D A.

How do you look upon *Fatima* then
 With an indifference? -- Let me see how far
 His impudence will go. --- *aside.*

A L M A N S O R.

Can you doubt of it? you that have tied all
 My senses with such sweet and pressing bonds?
 Can you suspect with any justice, Madam
 My heart of treachery, my oaths of falshood,
 And believe that my soul hath so much black-
 nes,

As to betray my Mistresse, my friend,
 And my Deliverer? could you imagine,
 Without being deceiv'd, that having once
 Beheld you, one could love elsewhere? oh no:
 For me to be inflam'd with a new fire
 You are too charming, and I'm too much
 charm'd.

Z A I D A,

Too much charm'd, monster of perfidiousnes?
 Wilt thou abuse me then after thou hast
 Betray'd me, and with an unworthy love
 Carried away, wilt thou join impudence
 To infidelity?

A L M A N S O R

To infidelity,
 What say you, *Zaida*? this discourse confounds
 me.

Z A I D A.

I see it plainly, wretch; wer't thou lesse wic-
 ked,

Thou

Thou would'st be leſſe confounded; an ingratefull

Still blusherh at reproaches.

ALMANSOR.

An ingratefull?

ZAIDA.

Doth that word trouble thee? and fearest thou
The name of an ingratefull person more
Then foul Ingratitude it self?

ALMANSOR.

I know not

The cause of this your anger, should I never
So much examine me, I still should find
My conscience innocent.

ZAIDA.

In thy accompt then
Tis nothing to deceive a maid, to wrong
Thy friend, to fail thy faith, to love *Fatima*,
Lastly

ALMANSOR,

I, say you?

ZAIDA.

Yes, & thee.

ALMANSOR.

Oh ' believe me,
I love her not.

ZAIDA.

Dar'st thou to say it yet?
Dost thou not love her when thou dost adore
her?

Thy false equivocations cannot heer
Abuse me, I know that thou art to morrow
To marry her.

ALMANSOR.

To matry her! o Heaven, believe it not,
I swear.

ZAI-

88 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ZAIDA.

No, no, forbear, I believe not
The oaths of one that's perjur'd, every one,
Knows of this marriage.

ALMANSOR.

Who told it you?

ZAIDA.

A certaine person.

ALMANSOR

Whosoe'r it be,
That certain person ly'd. Tell me his name,
And my just anger presently shall carry him
The reward of his false intelligence.

ZAIDA.

Goe punish then Fatima, it was she
Her self that told it me.

ALMANSOR

Oh give lesse credit,
Adorable Wonder, to such false discourses.

ZAIDA.

Good God! who ever saw such impudence?

ALMANSOR.

The marriage which she hath forged, is
A falsity; bear witness thou dread Master
Of Heaven that this I speak is truth; but if
I lie, let thy hand with a thunderbolt
Strike me unto the center of the earth:
Let my name be foreuer odious,
If the fire which I feel proceedeth not
wholly from your fair eyes, and if my heart
Ever conceived for *Fatima* any thing
Beyond a weak esteem.

ZAIDA.

I must list yet
This brazen face more thoroughly. *... aside.*
How wilt thou prove

The

The truth of thy assertion?

ALMANSOR,

I can produce.

A hundred proofs to disabuse you presently.

ZAIDA.

I'll have but one, and that too very easie;

To put an end to the suspicions,

Which I've conceiv'd of thee, give me forthwith
Both thy hand and thy faith.

ALMANSOR.

I give it you

With an excess of joy. --- but what would I,

Give her a hand that must destroy her brother,

And plung it self in his most noble blood? ---

aside

ZAIDA.

What dost thou answer me so ill for such

Rare bounties? dost thou murmur to thy selfe,

Grow pale and study, as if thou resent'st ill

What I propose.

ALMANSOR.

Madam, clean contrary

I was rap'd with th'unexpected honour,

And happines wherewith I saw me filled,

And th'excess of my joy transported me:

I feare through my obedience to betray you,

To make detraction to speak against you,

And to treat Zegry too uncivilly

In giving without his consent my hand

And faith; but this weak fear yeilds to my
flame

Duty prevails not now upon my soul,

And cannot take from me the glorious pur-
pose

Of giving you my heart and hand together.

ZAL

90 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

Z A I D A.

Thou thinkest on't too late, my mind is
chang'd,
And n'er shall chage again, know that I feign'd,
Only to try thee, that excessle of goodnes,
And thy fires for *Fatima* presently
Burst forth.

A L M A N S O R.

Oh! I had never any for her!

Z A I D A.

Thy deceit's plain enough, I'm very well
Assured of this fatall mariage:
When I press'd thee to passe thy faith unto me,
I saw that thy remorse for *Fatima*
Accused thee, and thy confusion
Confirmed me in my belief that she
Receiv'd the faith which I demanded of thee.

A L M A N S O R.

I offer it unto you.

Z A I D A.

No thou caust not
Dispose of it. Thou hast already given it,
And wilt abuse me.

A L M A N S O R.

You abuse your self
With too much warines.

Z A I D A.

Hast thou the boldnes
To reply yet? Go, go to thy *Fatima*.
To morrow is your mariage day, I know it.
She hath affections for thee, since thou hast
Refused me.

A L M A N S O R.

Hear me, I do beseech you.

Z A I D A.

No, no: that were too great a weaknes in me:
Know

Know that I leave thee, n'er too see thee more.
A secret poison's hid in the discourse
 Of an Ingratefull person, and each word
 A traitor speaks, destroys worse then the sword.

Exit Zaida.

SCENE IV.

ALMANSOR, alone.

ALMANSOR.

STrange successe, this ! How is my soul posses'd

Still with new troubles ? must I suffer then
 The punishment of a fault which I have not
 Committed ? when revenge doth presse me to
 Destroy a friend, must I at the same time
 Destroy a Mistresse too ? must I lose *Zaida* ?
 Yes my heart, I must loose her presently,
 Since in depriving her of a dear brother,
 My arm will draw her hate and anger on me :
 I should hence forth no longer be so soft,
 Tis time to think of *Zegrys* death, he must
 Pay his blood to repair the honour which
 He robs me of. This Enemy so dear
 Must die, and I must sacrifice him to me ;
 He comes: at his approach some tender motions
 Oppose my just resentments, and indeed
 Render them weak, my friendship combateth
 The anger that possesseth me, my tendernes
 Is lesse weak, and my fury is lesse strong.
 He sav'd my life, he ravished my Sister ;
 Shall I go to embrace him, or to kill him ?

SCE-

92 THE NOBLE' INGRATITUDE.
S C E N E V.

ZEGRY, ORMIN, ALMANSOR.

ZEGRY.

AT last I've met with him that wiſgeth me.
Ormin leave us alone.

ORMIN.

I will retire me.

Into this thicket ſecretly to ſee
What paſſeth, I doubt there will be a quarrel:
--- aſide.

ALMANSOR.

You appear troubled.

ZEGRY.

I've much cauſe to be ſo.

ALMANSOR:

What troubles you ſo much?

ZEGRY.

A wretch, a Traytor,
Whoſe crime gives me an infinite regret,
And doth deſerve more then a ſingle death
To puniſh it.

ALMANSOR.

May I ſerve you herem?

ZEGRY.

Yes, I can't finiſh my revenge without thee.

ALMANSOR.

Zegry, you can diſpoſe of all my blood.

ZEGRY.

It is an offer which I can't reſuſe.

ALMANSOR.

Who is th' affront'er?

ZEGRY.

Thou art extream bold:

Know'ſt

Know st thou not, traitor, that it is thy self?

ALMANSOR.

I?

ZEGRY,

Thou; n'er seem to wonder at the thing.

Only defend thy self.

ALMANSOR *embracing him.*

ALMANSOR.

How much am I.

Indebted to thee for this sudden passion;

Tis now the chief point of thy amity:

Thy anger doth oblige me, though it wrōgs me.

I had already in my heart resolv'd

The design of thy death, and justly too:

My arm was ready for it, when inspight

Of all my fury, at thy first approach

My heart grew tender, and had been reduc'd

To balance the fierce darts which I had level'd

Against thee, if thy furious transport

Had not call'd home my choler unto me,

And banished my tendernes.

ZEGRY.

I hear

No more discourse, once again guard thy self

ALMANSOR.

So fierce a fight can't but be sweet unto me

Honour solicits me more justly to it

Then thee, but let me know at least the cause

That doth provoke thee; I will make it plainly

appear that thou complainest wrongfully,

And justify my self in killing thee.

Z.E.

94 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.

ZEGRY.

How! feignst thou to be ignorant, and instead
Of making a confession, dost thou threaten
me?

Thy base crime groweth greater by thy bold-
nes.

ALMANSOR.

Let me at last know what that base crime is.

ZEGRY.

Consult thy conscience, and thou shalt know
it,

It will instruct thee that with a false heart
In recompense of all my kindness to thee
Thou rob'st me of my Mistress, and that
Through treacheries which cannot be excus'd,
Thou art to marry her to morrow privately.

ALMANSOR.

If I am criminall, assure thy self,
It is not in this point: I never did
Look on *Fatima* with desires of love;
Only thou may'st reproach my heart for ha-
ving
Sight for thy Sister without thy consent.

ZEGRY.

How! dost thou love her?

ALMANSOR.

No, no, it would be
An extream error, I say, I adore her.
I dare not say I love her. That which I
Resent now for her beauties doth surpass
The thing that's called Love.

ZEGRY.

By this confession,
Dear friend, thou hast restored life unto me.
My griefs and troubles now are waited on

By

By an excess of pleasure; *Zaida* is
Too happy, and her thoughts could never
hope

A more illustrious husband; she is free.
The Lover unto whom I gave my word,
Hath seen his destiny determin'd
By death, and my repose shall fully be
Setled to meet a brother in the person
Of my most deare friend.

ALMANSOR.

What thou offerest me
Should be most dear unto me; but dost thou
Know him whom thou mak'st choice of for
thy brother?

ZEGRY.

I think, I doe; thy country is *Tremissa*,
Thy name, *Almansor*, and thy family
Is noble and illustrious; and if I
May believe thee, thy greatest glory is
To be my friend.

ALMANSOR.

Thou know'st me but by half; yet;
I was born heer, and born thy enemy,
More then one just and honest motive doth
Engage me to thy ruine; nor to hold thee
Long in suspence, I am *Abencerage*.

ZEGRY.

Abencerage.

ORMIN.

O Heaven! ... *aside*.

ALMANSOR.

'That word doth tell thee.
Our difference, and my duty.

ZEGRY.

I aswell

Know

96 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE
Know as thy self the mutuall hatred which
In our two houses seemes almost as twere
To be immortall; but thy blood which now
Thou owest to my succour, should for me
Stop the course of it in thy soul; and though
My friendship seems to stagger on this point,
I will content my self to hate thy name,
And love thy person. Yes, pursue thy love
Vnto my Sister; by a mariage
We may be tied with new knots, and by
That holy flame, the irreligious heat
Of that so old, and fatal enmity,
Will be extinct.

ALMANSOR.

This mariage would be sweet,
But I can't think of it till by thy death
I have reveng'd my selfe upon thee.

ZEGRY.

How!

ALMANLOR.

It is not that which thou believ'st provokes
me,

Thy name I hate not, but I hate thy person,
And I cannot but in thy blood repair
The wrong which thou hast done me.

ZEGRY.

I?

ALMANSOR.

Yes, Thou.

How ill thou affect'st the astonished,
Thy base crime groweth greater by thy boldnes.

ZEGRY.

Let me at last know what that base crime is.

ALMANSOR.

Consult this letter, read, and thou shalt
know it.

ZE.

ZEGRY reads..

You, from whom I derive my birth,
Know that a sad fate worse then death
Is hapned to me; all our name
In my losse bear an equall shame;
The false and cruel Zegry is
The Authour of my miseries.
For he it is that by his charms
Hath taken me out of your arms.

Zelinda.

ORMIN.

Without doubt they will both mistake them-
selves.

ZEGRY.

I cannot comprehend this dark Ænigma.

ALMANSOR.

It is too plain to me here that my sister
Zelinda giveth us to understand
That thou art her base ravisher.

ZEGRY.

Canst thou
Suspect me of so foule an action?

ALMANSOR.

Canst thou deny it, traitor? and can I
Believe it?

ZEGRY.

Hear me but a word or two.

ALMANSOR.

It would be to no purpose, guard thy self,
I'll hear no more.

ZEGRY.

How! dares the man that owes me
His life, to assault mine?

E

AL-

98 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE.
ALMANSOR.

That obligation
Cannot divert me from my just reveng:
Thou wrought'st my safety, and my sisters
rape,
And so much as life is less dear than honour,
So much an affront which reflects upon it,
Carries it in my soul upon a benefit,
And I am less afraid to be ingratefull,
Then to be infamous; but let us leave
Discourse, and come to action.

ZEGRY.

Stay, Ingratefull,
Stay yet a little.

ORMIN.

Help, oh help;

SCENE VI.

And the last.

ADIBAR, ZAIDA, MEDINA,
ALABEZ, LINDARACHE,
GOMELLA, FATIMA,
CHARIFA, ALMANSOR,
ZEGRY, ORMIN,

GASUL.

ZAIDA.

What noise
Is this I hear?

LINDARACHE.

What rumour is this?

AD 1-

ADIBER.

Hold, hold!

LINDARACHE.

No, no, go on.

My son, finish thy work.

GOMELLA.

Their quarrel, Adibar,

Cannot be raken up, therefore let's leave it
To be decided.

ADIBER.

No, such a third person

As I, shall never suffer them to fight,

And to look on.

GOMELLA.

Well then, defend your selfe.

We't fight all four.

Ormin to Almanzor.

ORMIN.

Oh! brother rather lift

Your arm up against me, I'm guilty only;

Zegry is innocent.

LINDARACHE.

Whom do I see?

ORMIN.

you see Zelinda your unfortunate Daughter,

Who left your family to follow Zegry;

And who in changing fate and habit only,

Could not enforce her soul to the least change:

My heart which was pleased in slavery

By him, forgot it self in following.

Somewhat too constantly this fleeting Lover;

But having known him to be taken with

Another Object. I feard in discovering

E 2

My

100 THE NOBLE INGRATITUDE

My self, to draw upon me *his* contempt,
And would still suffer the same violence,
If his own interest brake not my silence.

L I N D E R A C H E.

Oh, Daughter!

A L M A N S O R.

Oh! my Sister!

Z E G R Y.

Fair *Zelinda*,

Revenge your self, I mourn you, I accuse
My self, and yeild my bosome to your stroak.

O R M I N.

Zegry, You need not to fear any thing
From my resentments, if you pittie me,
I am not to be pittied.

Z E G R Y.

I blush

That after so much goodnes as you have
Expressed to me, I have but one soul
Too give you; and if the consent of your
Parents and friends will be propitious to us,
There's nothing can impede our mariage.

L I N D A R A C H E

This mariage is the chief of all my wishes.

A L M A N S O R.

Friend, thou canst make me happy too, thy
Sister

Dependeth on thee, thou know'st, I adore her.

Z E G R Y.

I offered her unto thee, a while since,
And now I do again with height of joy.

Z A I D A.

All my suspicions are extinguished,
And you must know that following my duty,
I follow my desires; but *Adibar*
Will complain of it.

ADL.

TRAGI-COMEDY. 101

ADIBAR.

Madam, y'are deceiv'd,
When I lose all hope, I lose all my flame:
And to expresse unto you that I do not
Resent it, I will sacrifice my heart
In flames of love to that fair Saint, for whom
I burned formerly; *Gomella*. may I
Hope your incomparable Daughter?

GOMELLA.

Adibar,

My family is honoured by your choice.
Fatima, take your husband from my hand.

FATIMA.

Such pleasing orders I shall willingly
Obey.

ZEGRY.

Come, let us go unto the *Mosque*
Together, to give thanks unto the goodnes
Of Heaven that set an end to our misfortunes,
And made appear by this happy successe,
That one may be ingrate, yet generous.

FINIS.

*Epilogue
our Leaf.*

EPILOGUE

THe Prologue promis'd something for the Play
 Vnder a penalty, I come to pay
 What he engag'd for, not to beg applausē,
 But, if we have transgress'd the Comick laws,
 To suffer punishment; Beauties, to you
 First I addresse me for the Poets due;
 He seeks but justice from your Ivorie hands,
 As you like or dislike he falls or stands:
 Smile on the peice, and no man dares to frown:
 Your vote swayes both the Cavalier and Clown:
 Yours are the leading voices, in your looks
 We read our fortune better then in books;
 Fare pleas'd, for Heaven's displaid in smiles, so thā
 I need say nothing to you, Gentlemen.

101/2

ERRATA.

Page the 8. last Line, for *comet*, read *comes*. Page the 13. Line the 2. for *follow*, read *fellow*. Page the 21 Line the 7. for *unworthly*. read *unworthly*. Page the 24. Line the 11th, for *querched*, read *quenched*. Page the 29. Line the 8. for *trough* read *through*. Page the 39. Line the 16. for *wit* read *with*. Page the 74 Line the 6. for *she*, read *the*.

АТЛЯЭ

~~The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to membership since the last meeting of the Association.~~

101/3
101/4
THE ENCHANTED LOVERS



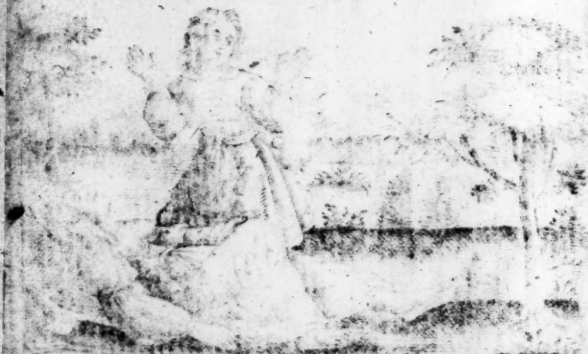
THE ENCHANTED LOVERS



THE ENCHANTED LOVERS



THE ENCHANTED LOVERS



THE
ENCHANTED
LOVER'S

A
PASTORAL

By

ST. WILLIAM LOWER
Knight.

Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina.



HAGE:

Printed by ADRIAN VLACK,
1658.

- Thersander.* } A Cavalier disguised in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Diana.
- Thimantes.* } Disguised also in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Ismenia.
- Clidamant.* } Disguised also in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Parthenia.
- Melinus.* } A Shepherd of the Island in love with Diana.
- Mercator.* --- A Merchant of Sevil.
- Diana.* } A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardesse.
- Pythia.* } Neece to the Princess, in love with Clidamant.
- Ismenia.* } A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardess.
- Melissa.* } The Princess of the Island, and Inchantress, in love with Thersander.
- The Goddess Diana.*

*The Scene is in the Island of Erithrea
in Portugal.*

THE

121/5

THE ENCHANTED LOVERS.

A PASTORAL.

ACTUS I.

SCENE I.

MERCATOR, MELINTUS.

MERCATOR.

IF you have any service to command me
At *Sevil*, honour me with your Com-
mission,
To morrow I embarke, and leave the Ile,
Until you Mart returns, and games renew.

MELINTUS.

But first you'l kisse the fair hands of the Nymph,
And take her passport with you?

MERCATOR.

That's a duty

I dare not fail in, though my interest
Were not concern'd in't. I intend this day

A 3

To

6 THE ENCHANTED

To carry her my casket of my richest
And choicest merchandise ; when she hath
bought

What best pleaseth her fancy, I shall be
Dismiss, having no more commodities
To sell unto the Shepheards of her Court.

MELINTUS.

Have you sold well ?

MERCATOR.

To what end should I feign ?
The trade goes well enough, I complain not :
Rich Rubies, Pearls of price, bright Diamonds,
Store of fair Coral, costly Amber-greece,
Portraits, and other such dainty devises,
Have passed through my fingers at good rates :
Diana's festival is still kept solemn ;
And as the games which fail not every year
To be renew'd, invite unto those woods
The neighbouring Shepheards, to dispute the
prizes

Proposed on those dayes, I saw among them
Some noble strangers clad in pastoral weeds
That for the honour of this Island chose it
Their sanctuary and repose.

MELINTUS.

You need not
Wonder at this, the place which they have chosen
Denotes their judgments ; here ambition
Hath no imployment ; if at any time
We sigh here, 'tis for love, no other passion
Is seen among us ; though this Island be
A part of *Portugal*, we have our laws,
And Empire to our selves ; she that rules here
Hath not the name of Queen, we subjects are
Our Sovereigns companions, and her vertue
Makes us to taste so much repose, that she

Hath

Hath put the Sheephook into the hands of
 A hundred Hero's, who wearied with Lawrels,
 And the noise of the war, are here retir'd
 From the four corners of the World: she rules
 So sweetly, that crime onely feels her anger.
 And as she is descended from the blood
 Of *Zoroastres*, she knows well the vertue;
 Of Herbs, and th' influence of every star;
 She understands the secret misteries
 Of Magick, and sometimes makes use of it
 To serve her interests; there is no Prince
 Nor Monarch that stands not in fear of her.
 And suffereth her not to raigin peace
 For his own safety.

MERCATOR.

I know this Asyle,
 And charming residence looks not with envy
 Upon the Court o' th' King of *Portugal*;
 Besides I am not ignorant that the fair
Ismenia, drawn here, by the sweet report,
 Of these enchanting pleasures, to enjoy them
 In quiet, left the favour of her Queen;
 And that this beauty by a sudden change,
 Adds no small lustre to this Paradise.

MELINTUS.

See where she comes, *Diana* too with her,
 I must in private speak unto this fair one;
 An interest of love obligeth me
 Continually to make her my devotions.

MERCATOR.

Go Sir, and prosper, may your Saint prove sweet
 And gentle as those South-gales I expect
 In my embarkment. ---- Exit *Mercator*.

THE ENCHANTED

SCENA II.

DIANA, MELINTUS, ISMENIA.

DIANA not seeing MELINTUS.

DIANA.

TRue, I hate that horrid noise;
Now my free thought releas'd from such a
trouble,
Enjoies it self.

MELINTUS to DIANA.

So soon to quit the sports,
What was your fancy?

DIANA.

To avoid discourse
That troubled me, and here I meet with new.

MELINTUS.

Can such a subject as brings homage to you,
Produce th'effect you speak?

DIANA.

What doth not please me,
Both troubles and offends me.

MELINTUS.

You will one day
Quit those disdainful rigours?

DIANA.

Yes, when you
Have neither hope, nor love.

MELINTUS.

D'ye entertain
Every one thus that loves you?

DIANA.

If he be such
As you, I use him just in the same manner.

MELINTUS.

Surely the Shepherd Clidamant speeds better.

DIANA

DIANA.

'Tis then assuredly because he doth not
Resemble you.

MELINTUS.

He entertain'd discourse.
With you in gentle whispers at the Sports.

DIANA.

I do confess it,
We talk'd of you, and of your little skill.

MELINTUS.

Your subject was more serious, without doubt.

DIANA.

What e'r it was, yours, I am sure, offends me.
Remove this hated object from mine eyes;
Your presence will at last provoke my anger.

MELINTUS.

Can one displease you, speaking of your Loves?
Thou Husband'st for him that so sweet dis-
course.

ISMENIA.

Every one knows that who but speaks *Melintus*,
Speaks jealous.

MELINTUS.

It is no secret what men think of thee;
Every one knows, that who speaks but *Ismenia*,
Speaks cocket.

ISMENIA.

Really thou hast much reason
To be afflicted at that late discourse,
Clidamant merits much, and I'll oblige him.

DIANA.

Leave us.

MELINTUS.

He doth expect you, and I trouble you;
But wee'll find out a way to cross his fortune.

Exit *Melintus*.

DIANA TO ISMENIA

He thinks that *Clidamant* enjoys my love.

ISMENIA.

Thou hast no reason, Shepherdesse, to draw him
 Out of his errour: in the mean time wilt thou
 Not yield thee to the faithful services,
 The prayers and tears of the devout *Thersander*?
 Wilt thou not love him yet? he that encourag'd
 By thy fair presence, only to please thee,
 Hath gain'd so many prizes, who to give
 Thy anger no pretence, though he loves much,
 Can more be silent, since the ardent flame
 Wherewith he burns for thee, is only known,
 To me, unto *Thimantes*, and thy self.

DIANA.

Ne'r speak unto me of it.

ISMENIA.

What! still cruel?

But hearken, I will give thee an advise
 Shall touch thee; whilst we may, we should lay
 hold of

The flying time; he only maketh beauties,
 And he destroys them; in the lovely season
 That thine lasts, use the gifts which nature gives
 thee;

Thou wilt one day lose this fair lustre which
 So charmeth hearts, and be an object of
 Contempt, as now thou art of adoration.

DIANA.

Rather that love, whose Orator thou art,
 Yet know'st his use so little, doth times office;
 'Tis he that withereth a face; the cares,
 The troubles and the griefs, which by his means
 Possess a heart, deface the lovely features,
 And mow the flowers, he is like time the Tyrant
 Of all things; he in a few dayes dries up
 Our Roses, and our Lillies.

ISME-

ISMENIA. Shepheardess,
 Such fear hath smal foundation, quit this thought
 For thy own interest; when love is once
 Lodg'd in the heart, the ey hath then more light
 The face receiveth thence its full perfection;
 Then we esteem us, then we please our selves,
 And know our utmost value, we correct
 By art even to the least defect, we call
 Our Glasse to counsel in the ordering
 Our gate, our carriage, and our countenance;
 There our eye cheers with smiles, or kills with
 frowns,
 Or faintly darts its glances, or with strength,
 Either to wound neer hand, or further of;
 Therefore once more for thy own interest,
 I say unto thee, love, at least a little,
Thersander that adores thee.

DIANA. Really,
 Thou dost surprise me, to speak thus unto me,
 Thou that hast never yet had love, nor thought
 Tending to that sick passion, thou that mak'st
 So many Lovers only for thy glory,
 Without remembering one of them, thou that
 Pleasest thy self by turns in their discourse,
 Thou that wilt gain all, & conserve thee nothing.
 Thou sufferest *Thimantes* to adore thee
 To day; but tell me wilt thou entertain
 His love to morrow? ISMENIA.
 I love, but I have alwayes had my method
 In love, the Lover that is troublesome
 Unto me, is my Lover for a day;
 I burn not yet for love, nor do I sigh for't:
 I make a sport on't still, but ne'r a torment;
 In thrusting no one of, I'm every day.
 Attended by a multitude of servants
 That present courtship to me, and all strive

Who shall be formost, on whom I command
And reign as Princess; they suppose they please
me

In putting up my praises; when I go
Unto the Temple, they fail not to follow,
And carefully to tread in all my steps.
I am not pleas'd to see in such brave Shepherds
A troop of slaves attending on my train;
I please them all in flattering their desires:
I'm much delighted, when I make them jealous,
Provided that their jealousy extend not
So far as, to betake themselves to arms
For th' honour of my beauty; this high point
Of evidences might, perhaps, enrage
Even all my other lovers.

DIANA.

Ha! how ill
Thou know'st love, and his maximes, I behold
Thy changes as so many crimes; for my part,
If my heart were ta'en with an object once,
I could not pass from love unto contempt;
I should be fix'd unto my first Idea,
And that God wholly should possess my
thoughts.

ISMENIA.

Well then, *Diana*, love, if thou think'st fit,
Beyond the grave, and make so fair a fire
Arise beneath thy ashes.

DIANA.

Oh, alas!

ISMENIA.

What signify those sighs?

DIANA.

They signify
The sorrow of the heart.

ISME-

I S M E N I A.

But whence proceeds
 That sorrow ? is it from thy brothers death,
 Or from some lovers ? come, deal plainly with
 me,
 Dost thou not love *Thersander* yet at last ?

D I A N A.

No, I assure thee.

I S M E N I A.

Speak, I'm very secret.

D I A N A.

I'll tell thee then, in *Sevil* I receiv'd
 Both life and love, *Cleagenor*, *Ismenia*,
 Is the name of the Conquerour, whose image
 Is graven in my heart.

I S M E N I A.

O Gods ! how this discourse
 Hath cosened my thought, I was about
 To give instructions ; --- but pursue.

D I A N A.

Our parents
 Approv'd our love, and the day for our marriage
 Already was appointed, when *Nearshus*,
 Provoked by an infamous desire,
 Came to solicit me unlawfully
 In favour of his flame ; this favourite
 Unto the King after a passion painted,
 And coloured with sighs, called his presents
 To the assistance of his faith ; but this
 Proving effectless, he resolv'd my ruin ;
 He came with open force to satisfy
 His beastly and unruly appetite ;
 And to that end would carry me away.
 My Mother having notice at that instant
 Of his design, made me to take a drink,
 To frustrate it, and then, her subt'le policy
 spread

Spread through the Town the rumour of my death:

Indeed the vertue of this drink procur'd me
So long a sleep, that it appear'd to be
The sleep of death; *Nearchus* terrified
With this sad news, came to behold it painted
Upon my face; remorse of conscience
Within his heart then, quarrel'd with his love:
His sad despair arm'd him to kill himself:
But whilst his soul was troubled herewith,
I was conveyed secretly into
A Bark; scarce had I yet finish'd my sleep,
But at my first waking I saw my self
Upon the Sea. My Mother then related
The whole adventure to me, and the secret
Imposture of my feigned death, when suddenly
A storm brake the discourse, horror and death
March'd on the floods: alas, what shall I say?
Our vessel being carried by the fury
O'th' winds and waves, was split upon a rock,
The several pieces floated on the waters;
I know not which o'th' Gods took care of me
In putting one under my trembling hand,
Which making me pass on those moving graves
Through the disturbed empire of the winds,
Carried me to the shore in all apparence
Devoid of life; here in this quiet Island
Of *Erythræa* where *Melissa* reigns
My body found a receptacle; she
Returning at that instant from the chase,
Perceiv'd it lying, which th'enraged Sea
Yet threatened on its banks, and that same God
Which would compleat his miracle, inclin'd
Her heart to pitty at this spectacle:
She caus'd me to be carried to her Court:
It is unto her succour that I owe

The

The remnant of my dayes : here I first chang'd
My name, the better to assure my flight,
And so to disappoint *Nearchus* pursuit.

ISMENIA.

How Shepherdes, is not thy Name *Diana*?

DIANA.

No, *Celia* was my true and only name ;
But for my safety I made to *Melissa*
A feign'd relation of the miseries
Of my sad life ; since she receiv'd me
Into her palace, where I live with her,
And am now of her Court. Seven times the Sun
Hath finish'd his Carier, since I have seen,
Or heard news of my mother.

ISMENIA.

Was *Cleagenor*
Inform'd of all this ?

DIANA.

Oh, alas ! this is
One of the points that causeth my affliction :
Cleagenor surpris'd by the same
Imposture, came to see me in my bed,
As in my grave : I wonder that the noise
Of his redoubled cries brake not my sleep :
The heat to revenge me dry'd all his tears :
He found his rival, and assaulted him ;
They fought on equal terms ; *Nearchus* fell
Under his arms for dead ; *Cleagenor*
Was forc'd to fly t'avoid the fury of
Th'offended King : his sudden flight gave not
My Mother opportunity t'inform him
(As she intended) with the fiction
Of my pretended death : since his departure
'Tis now seven years compleat, in all which time
I've heard no news of him ; so that I know not
Whether I mourn the living, or the dead ;

TO THE ENCHANTED

In the mean time to weep my fate more freely,
And to conceal my miserable fortune,
I feign'd a Brothers death.

ISMENIA.

I'm sensible
Of thy misfortune, and will bear a part
In thy sad grief, if that will make it lesse;
I no more now condemne thy sighs, nor tears;
But yet at last preserve thy beauty from
Those murthering sorrows; in this doubtfull
case
Fix thy fair thoughts upon some other object;
If death hath seiz'd thy Servant, sure thou lovest
Too many tears and sighs; or grant he live,
Is't probable that he will keep his constancy
For thee whom he thinks dead? but here's my
 Lover.

SCENA III.

THIMANTES, DIANA, ISMENIA.

ISMENIA TO THIMANTES.

What busines brings thee hither?

THIMANTES.

Here I come

A little to divert my thought.

DIANA.

What thought?

THIMANTES.

'Tis a disease which doth assault my sense.

ISMENIA.

What is't, without more circumstance?

THIMANTES.

My plaint

Without words would express it; at the sports
Too many Shepheards had unto my grief

Too

Too long thy free ear, and perhaps, thy heart ;
 A World of people pressed round about thee :
 The Shepherd *Dorilas*, me thought, discours'd
 Too long with thee, I saw so many others
 Prostrated at thy foot -----

ISMENIA.

Without more words

Thimantes is become a jealous fool.

Since thou wilt love me, learn to know me well :

Thimantes I am free, and will no Master ;

I'll ne'r depend on any but my self.

Tell me, I pray thee, did I ever promise

To speak to none but thee ? dost thou imagine

So vainly, that thou art the only Lover

That serves me ? have not I yet some which
 ought

To be conserv'd ? and amongst all the Shepherds,

Whose faith I have receiv'd, if I should open

My mouth and eyes on none of them but thee,

And that one of those dayes thy mind should
 change ;

And mine change too, (as all this well may
 happen)

Would all the others, jealous of this kindness

Express'd to thee thus in particular,

Be still my Lovers, though I had lost thee ?

And if my liberty were not expos'd

For all, which of them would commiserate

My fortune in thy losse ; I think upon

Th'event of things, which thou canst not assure :

At least if one quits me, another takes me :

Consider if this humour pleaseth thee,

If thou canst serve me all thy life time thus,

And not be jealous ; if thou canst, hope one day

Both mouth and hand, and happily the heart

May flatter thy affection.

THE ENCHANTED
THIMANTES.

This way
Seems very strange unto me, but almost
Every fair evening some appointed place
Of meeting seems t' assure me of thy love
Sufficiently, and not to flatter me
With frivolous hope.

ISMENIA.

Yet hitherto it is
But airy words.

THIMANTES,

I hope all things from time
In waiting for that day, our names engraven
In every place, will speak my love, *Ismenia*,
I promise -----

ISMENIA.

But no more, here comes *Thersander*;
That Shepheard, whose enflamed heart thine eyes
Hath rendered ashes ----

DIANA.

Well *Ismenia*,
I leave you.

ISMENIA.

This is too much rigour, trust me,
At least afford the face, if thou deny' st
The heart.

SCENA IV.

THERSANDER, DIANA, THI-
MANTES, ISMENIA.

THERSANDER TO DIANA.

O H stay, dear object stay, thou that art cause
Of all my torments, I have but one word
To say before I dye, the Nymph hath crown'd
My valour with these prizes, here I come

To

To lay them at thy feet, with them my heart:
If thou wilt triumph on this festival day,
Suffer at least thy conquest in thy sight,
That's all th' ambition of this captive heart.

DIANA.

Captive to me? if so, make it change Master,
I freely do release it; break its chain
Thy self, if thy design be not to have me
Free it with my own hand.

THERSANDER.

Alas! it is not
Its liberty that I desire.

DIANA:

Then let it
Live still a slave, and sigh.

THERSANDER.

How, Shepherdes! !
Refuse a heart, this precious present which
Is alwayes worth a Temple, and the Gods!
Think well upon it, it becomes thy justice
Not to despise this noble sacrifice,
Since I give but the same victime and incense
Unto the powers above; in my opinion
Our Goddes in the Temple is lets fair,
And thou dost bear the bright name of *Diana*,
As well as she.

DIANA.

Since this rich present is
Of such high value, as 'tis worthy of
A Temple and the Gods, I believe, Sheheard,
That it becomes my justice not t'accept
This noble sacrifice, and I should wrong
Our puissant Gods in daring to partake (them.
Their glory, and to share their incense with
My name's *Diana*, to thy eyes I'm fair;
But I am not a Goddes like to her.

THER-

THERSANDER.

Although thou hast no Temple, nor no Altars,
 Thou mak'st thy self adored ; 'tis to day
 Thy festival which I have celebrated :
 I have no other worship, nor no other
Diana, the fire of my love is not
 A profane fire, and if some spark thereof
 Warm not thy breast a little, I must suffer
 The violent heat on't.

DIANA.

Rather I advise thee,
 Quench it with my contempts, this remedy
 Will cure thee, that thou shalt complain no
 more.

THERSANDER.

Good Gods ! what remedy is this which thou
 Offerest me here ? I must dye, Shepherdes,
 If thou cur'st so ; flatter at least, I pray thee,
 With one sole word the love which thou hast
 rais'd ;
 If I'm, not happy, make me think I am so.
 Alas ! I cannot hear a single syllable
 To succour me ; if thus thou curest, Shepher-
 des,
 I must dye, there is no prevention for't.

ISMENIA.

Why carriest thou a heart still so rebellious
 To love ?

THIMANTES,

Why dost thou persecute with scorn
 This faithful Shepherd ?

DIANA.

It is best begone.

THERSANDER.

Yet thrust of thy disdain, if thou wilt spare
 My hand, my death, finish the forming of

The

The sword that kills me, one word more of hate,
And I die presently before thine eyes;
Speak, answer me.

ISMENIA.

No more, here comes the Nymph.

DIANA.

Happy arrival, which hath freed me from
So great a trouble!

THERSANDER.

Well for my part then,
I'll try the temper of the marble rocks;
My plaints may pierce them, though they could
not move
A Virgins heart to pitty, much lesse love.

SCENA V.

MELISSA, PARTHENIA, DIANA, ISME-
NIA, THIMANTES, CLIDA-
MANT, MELINTUS.

MELISSA.

Since a full year and more that I have govern'd
This happy Island in the right and lawful
Line and succession of my Ancestours
By the death of my Sister, and since first
Diana's feasts were celebrated here,
Never so many Laurels crown'd your heads,
Nor ever any day ordain'd for pastime
Hath entertain'd mine eyes with such delight.
Every one striving to bear hence the prize
Propos'd to his contention, shew'd his skill,
Both at the Course and Lute; how handsomly
Thersander did behave him at these exercises!
With what a grace he acted every thing!
How charming was his port! and if I may

Say

Say what I think of him, he must be sprung
 Either from Kings or Gods : how happy is
Thimantes in his friendship !

THIMANTES.

This happiness which I enjoy 's not new,
 It hath a longer date then from to day :
 His name is precious to me ; 't was my fortune
 To have the benefit of his acquaintance
 At my last voyage, I saw his arrival
 From his own native country at the Court
 O' th King of *Portugal* ; the sympathy
 Of humors which one man hath with another
 Tied us together in so firm a friendship
 That having met him sad and full of thought,
 I prevail'd with him as to bring him here,
 In hope that in this quiet region where
Melissa reigns, he should lose all his grief.

MELISSA.

Indeed although that prosperous Shepheard hath
 Received all the prizes from my hand
 Wherewith he's crown'd, I find him notwithstanding
 Still melancholy may not this be in him
 Some sad effect of love, blest Shepheardess,
 Whoe'r thou art ! thrice happy is thy fortune,
 In which this noble stranger bound his choice !
 He is so far above the common merit,
 That a Nymph should not much abase her self
 In loving him.

CLIDAMANT.

Indeed he merits much,
 And we esteem him all, we love his virtues,
 Without being jealous of them.

PARTHENIA.

Clidamant

Comes nothing short of him in my opinion.

I S M E

LOVERS.
ISMENIA.

Thimantes too will go as far as he.

DIANA.

Another time, *Melintus* without doubt
Will perform better.

MELINTVS.

Yes, when you shal turn
Your eys on that side.

MELISSA.

Shepheards, once again
Prepare, I pray you, for the Nuptials
Of *Thirsis* with *Parthenia*; Neece, that Shepheard
Is worthy of you, and you are not ignorant
That I intend, as soon as he returns,
To make him (as I hope) your happy husband.

PARTHENIA. *aside*

Yes, if my heart can suffer violence.

MELISSA.

In the mean time, let's go unto the Temple,
Our thanks and our deuotions to pay
Vnto the Gods on this so glorious day.

The end of the first Act.

Actus

ACTUS II.

SCENA I.

ISMENIA, THERSANDER, THIMANTES.

ISMENIA.

T Is true, *Thersander*, I have done for thee
As much as possibly I could, I made
Thy sighs, thy constancy, thy faith appear
For to persuade her, but I lost my labour,
Diana is insensible, her heart,
Which loves sweet applications cannot touch,
Among so many rocks, is become rock.

THERSANDER.

What shall I doe, *Thimantes*? what a rude
And rigorous fortune steers my destiny?

THIMANTES.

Quit that ingrateful, and come forth of slavery.

THERSANDER.

How shall I come forth? I'm born miserable
Under the frowning, and the fatal aspect
Of an ungentle Star, which in despite
Of all my studies to defend me from it;
Pursues *Cleagenor* under the name
Of poor *Thersander*.

ISMENIA.

Softly.

What is that I hear!
Good Gods!

THIMANTES.

Thersander, what hast thou discover'd?
Hath thy own mouth betrayed thus thy secret?
See into what great danger thy imprudence
Puts thee at present; fearest thou no more,
Nearchus, and his power?

THER-

THERSANDER.

No, I fear nothing
 After this sentence, but seek death, for since
 It is resolv'd by fate that I must die,
 What matter is it, by what arm it be,
 Whether *Nearchus*, or *Diana* kill me.

ISMENIA.

Oh Gods! how happy is he? -----/softly.
 Hath not she
 For whom thou diest had some intelligence
 That thy heart loves elsewhere? if it be so,
 And that thy inconstancy procures thy torment,
 Thou wrongfully accusest her of cruelty.

THERSANDER.

Quite contrary, this love wherewith thou seest
 My heart disturb'd, is a sure testimony
 Of my fidelity: 'tis true, alas!
 I sometime lov'd an object of such beauty,
 That the Gods never fram'd so fair a peece:
 The Roses and the Lillies form'd the colour
 Which dy'd her cheeks, and in her sparkling eys
 The Sun was painted; to express unto thee
 Yet better her divine perfections,
Diana is her Portrait to the life
Celia is seen in her; she like *Diana*
 Had a Magestic carriage, she had
 A mouth, and eys like her, she had an air,
 Fierce too like hers, but amiable; lastly
 In every thing she seem'd *Diana's* self:
 My heart is constant therefore as before,
 Since still I love her in her living Portrait.
 I thought at first then, that her death was false,
 And that *Diana* was that lovely object;
 But when I saw *Diana* entertain
 With such contempt the fervent love wherewith

B

My

My heart was taken, when I saw her rigours,
 And infinite hatred, I perceiv'd my error,
 And said this is not *Celia*; so that
 I saw well by her cruelties indeed
 That I pursu'd her picture, and had passion
 But for a Portrait.

ISMENIA.

What! is *Celia* dead then?

THERSANDER.

Alas! that's my affliction, I saw her
 Stretch'd out upon her death-bed dead, *Ismenia*;
 And more dead yet than she, I saw those places
 Shine with a certain rest of brightness which
 Her eyes had darted: presently on this
 I had a Combat with *Nearchus* for
 This charming Beauty; that proud favourite
 Unto the King by infamous desires,
 Form'd him an object to his filthy pleasures,
 This outrage was intended to her sweetness:
 We fought on this occasion, it was
 My fortune to disarm him; but the death
 Of *Celia*, and the anger of the King,
 (To save me from the rigor of the Law)
 Enforc'd me to a flight, and made me wander
 Seven year from Province unto Province: last-

to see the Court of every Prince,
 I thought to free me of all dangers here
 Under the feign'd name of *Thersander*, and
 The habit of a Shepherd: to disguise me
 Yet better, the afflictions of my heart
 Have chang'd my Visage.

ISMENIA.

Hast thou nothing with thee
 That formerly was *Celia's*?

THER-

THERSANDER.

Yes, one day
 I receiv'd from her hand this pretious pledge
 Of her unfeigned love, behold this Portrait,
 And judge, I pray thee, if I love *Diana*,
 Or *Celia*.

ISMENIA.

Let me have this Portrait; with it
 I'll cure thy evil, *Diana* seeing it
 Will become gentle, I'll go shew it her.

THERSANDER.

What wilt thou do, *Ismenia*? but I see
Diana: O Gods! end my misery.

SCENA II.

DIANA, THERSANDER, ISMENIA, THIMANTES.

DIANA.

I sought thee every where.----- to *Ismenia*.

THERSANDER.

You will oblige me,----- to *Ismenia*.

Ismenia, to restore my Portrait to me.

ISMENIA

Troublesome Shepheard!

I have much to say----- to *Diana*

To thee in private, therefore let us enter

Into this Wood.----- Exit *Ismenia* and *Diana*.

THERSANDER.

Shew her that Portrait! oh my martyrdom!

Traitrous *Ismenia*, is this that faith

For which *Thimantes* alwaies answered

To me for thee? yes it is by thy counsels,

Thimantes, only that my seduc'd soul

Left her the conduct of my faithfull love :
Nothing from thee or me can work upon her ,
She jeers at all ; but let us find her out.

Exit Therfander and Thimantes.

Ismenia returns with Diana.

ISMENIA.

I see w' are private here, we may speak freely.
A Mistrefs yet at last sighs for *Therfander*,
And one too in this Island far lesse cruel
Then thee ; accept his service, and embrace
His faith : this portrait which thou seest here ,
He receiv'd from her as a faithfull witness
Of their reciprocal and mutual fires.

DIANA.

What do I see ?

ISMENIA.

That portrait (as I take it)
Whereof *Therfander* is so proud.

DIANA.

I gave
Such a one to *Cleagenor* ; *Ismenia*,
Who gave it thee ?

ISMENIA.

Cleagenor himself.

DIANA.

O Gods ! what saiest thou to me ? thou art in
An extream error.

ISMENIA.

I tell thee again
Cleagenor himself gave it to me.

DIANA.

This discourse holds no credit.

ISMENIA.

Every day
Almost I see him, and thou seest him also

As

As well as I.

DIANA.

I comprehend not these obscurities.

ISMENIA.

He loves thee, and thou fliest him.

DIANA.

I fly

None but *Thersander*.

ISMENIA.

Well, henceforth accuse

None but thy self of these disasters, 'tis

The same *Cleagenor* that loveth thee,

And whom thou fli'st.

DIANA.

Cleagenor! Ismenia;

That cannot be, is 't possible that I

Should have been two moneths without know-
ing him,

For so long 'tis since he arriv'd among us.

ISMENIA.

Thy grief hood-winck'd thine eyes, thou couldst
not see him.

Think'st thou that since those seven years thou
hast liv'd

Upon those fair banks, time that changeth all
things,

Hath not yet chang'd a face? there comes *Ther-
sander*;

Take a full survey of him, whilst I hold him

In some discourse; make shew as if thou'dst en-
ter

Into that Wood, and have a care thou do not

Discover thee till I have ordered;

Thy meeting with him.

DIANA.

Happy pledge of love! *Entering into the Wood.*

SCENA III.

THERSANDER, THIMANTES, ISMENIA,
DIANA.

THERSANDER TO THIMANTES.

THou seest what she hath done; unto *Diana*
Sh' 'as given the Portrait.

THIMANTES.

See she enters there
Into that Wood.

ISMENIA.

A word with thee *Thersander*,

THERSANDER.

Perfidious, finish here thy crime, and be
My murderer; strike, strike this heart, I pray
thee,That hopes no more; but by what interest
Hast thou betrai'd me?

ISMENIA.

Why complaineft thou?

THERSANDER.

O gross dissimulation! dar'ft thou yet
To ask what is my plaint?

DIANA.

He bath his gate. } *Softly, looking on him, where
she was hidden.*

ISMENIA.

Thy heat hears nothing, give me leave to speak.

THERSANDER.

Yes, to feign more, and to lie at thy pleasure,
Am I oblig'd stil to thee for my life?

ISME-

ISMENIA.

How soon love doth degenerate into folly?

THIMANTES.

Thersander, hear her.

THERSANDER.

What is't she can say?

ISMENIA.

Since th'art so obstinate, let thy love go
Which way it will, I'll have no more to do in't.

THERSANDER.

Speak then, what wilt thou?

ISMENIA.

I have nought to say now.

THIMANTES.

Thou would'st speak to him.

ISMENIA.

'Twas to laugh a little.

THIMANTES.

I pray thee, speak unto him.

THERSANDER.

I conjure thee,

Ismenia, in the name of all the Gods,

Jeer not my Passion.

ISMENIA.

It is now my turn

To be perverse.

THERSANDER.

I hear thee, speak, what sai'st thou?

ISMENIA.

Since thou wilt have it, know then that a Rival
Hath caus'd thy grief and torments.

THERSANDER.

How, a Rival!

At that Word I'm all fire, a Rival!

ISMENIA

Yes,

A Rival, good *Thersander*, but a lov'd one.

THERSANDER.

What ! loved of *Diana* ?

ISMENIA.

Yes of her,

And more too, of thy self.

THERSANDER.

That's very strange ;

How should I chuse but bear a mortal hatred
To him my Mistress loves ; whoe'r he be,
I must revenged die.

DIANA

Softly.

If this should be

Cleagenor, O Gods ! how is he chang'd ?

THERSANDER.

Where is that Rival ?

ISMENIA.

With thee, *Thersander* ;Thou would'st defend him, if occasion were,
At the expence of all thy blood ; believe me,
Thou never leave'st him.

THERSANDER.

Without dissembling, ----- to *Thimantes*Tell me *Thimantes*, art not thou that Rival,She means ? I think thou art my friend, deal
plainlyAnd freely with me, art not thou that cruel,
That false and traiterous Rival ?

THIMANTES.

Answer him,

Ismenia.

THERSANDER.

Well, what wilt thou say at last ?

ISME-

ISMENIA.

Thersander hath for Rival in his love, ~~---~~

THERSANDER.

Speak, whom?

ISMENIA.

Cleagenor,

THERSANDER.

Cleagenor!

Ismenia, ha! my joy, sure, is extream;
 True, I confess, I love this Rival equal
 Unto my self, and if he may beloved
 Of th' object whom I serve, I will adore
 My chains without condemning her of ri-
 gour.

ISMENIA.

Thou hast lost nothing by this bout, thy for-
 tune

May create envy, fair *Diana* hath
 Yielded to *Celia's* portrait.

DIANA.

Sofly,

Who, to see

Those decay'd features, could have known that
 face?

But my love hath at last drawn them afresh
 Within my memory; I must draw near him,
 And yield to my impatience.

THERSANDER, to ISMENIA.

Pardon me,

I can't believe thee; but here comes *Diana*;
 See if her eyes ha' n't the same cruelty,
 Always the same pride, and the same disdain.

DIANA.

Ismenia, I am come to tell thee something.

ISMENIA.

Me *Celia*?

B;

THER-

THE ENCHANTED
THERSANDER.

How, *Celia*?

ISMENIA.

Yes, *Celia*.

THERSANDER.

Alas! I'm in an error; 'tis her eyes,
Her gate, her countenance, but not her heart.

ISMENIA.

'Tis she, *Thersander*, whom thou do'st behold,
It is her very self.

THERSANDER.

How! is't a custome
To call forth from the bosom of the Grave
Departed souls? and by what priviledge
Hath that God, who at the eternal sleep
Presides, ordain'd her waking?

DIANA, to THERSANDER.

'Though thy faith
Finds this point strange, is not love stronge-
nough

To make thee to believe a Miracle?

Cleagener sees me, and knows me not:

How comes it, is my Portrait false? have I

No more attractions? see if't be thy *Celia*,

As I trust it be not she; it is no more

That beauty which was late so cruel to thee;

Cleagener!

THERSANDER.

My *Celia*!

DIANA.

Is it possible,

O Gods! that I should see again what I

Best love i' th' World?

THERSANDER.

Is it you that I see?

ISMENIA.

ISMENIA.

Take heed, be moderate, one may die with joy.

THIMANTES.

Ismenia, follow this example here;
Grant only at this instant but a kisse
To my impatience, see at last *Diana*
Ceaseth to be unkind.

ISMENIA.

What! doth the object rouse thee, and th'ex-
ample

Provoke thy spirits? thou wilt have but one kisse?

THIMANTES.

I will be satisfied.

ISMENIA.

Give me then

Some verses, or at least a nose-gay of
The choicest flowers.

THIMANTES.

Ismenia, I'll not fail
To bring them thee.

ISMENIA.

Then trouble not thy self,
The kisse is thine.

THIMANTES.

Wilt thou withhold from me
So long what is my due?

ISMENIA,

It will be better

When it is much expected, and long'd for.

THERSANDER.

Behold my whole adventure in few words.

DIANA.

I've made thee too a full description
Of my misfortunes; thou seest how I feign'd
(To give my grief full vent) a Brothers death

In weeping of my lovers.

T H E R S A N D E R.

What felicity

Do I enjoy now?

T H I M A N T E S.

Use your utmost skill

To make it lasting to you, and beware of

The sickleness of fortune, and her wrongs.

T H E R S A N D E R.

What! have we yet any thing more to fear?

Is not that blind inconstant Goddess weary

Of persecuting us?

T H I M A N T E S.

Love is a child,

He must be govern'd well, *Diana's* beauty

Hath gain'd her lovers, they may hurt, *Thersander*;

Melintus hath a subtle wit, and we

Both know he loves *Diana*, and besides

Is jealous of her; fear some foul play from him,

If thou appear his Rival; he disposeth

The spirit of *Melissa* at his pleasure;

When he shall see you serve as obstacle

Unto his love, he will take speedy order

For your removal.

T H E R S A N D E R.

But to hinder him

To hurt me, I conceive *Diana* hath

No less power on the spirit of the Nymph.

T H I M A N T E S,

But if the Nymph loves thee, as I observ'd

Her heart expressed some such matter lately,

When at her last return home from the Games,

Her free confession to us all, declar'd

How much she did esteem thee, but at last

With

With such an esteem that love followed
 Close at the heels in plain terms, and indeed
 Spoken by her of purpose, if she loves thee,
 I say (as I'm confirmed in that thought)
 How wilt thou steer thy course?

ISMENIA.

'Tis very true,
 Her discourse comes into my memory.

THERSANDER.

O Gods! what's this you utter?

DIANA.

For my part
 I begin to believe it, and remember
 The passage too, I fear all things from thence:
 This is the only mischief we should shun.

ISMENIA.

What can she not do 'gainst your interests,
 When your refuse shall come to arm her anger
 Against you? Know that with a single word,
 I'th twinkling of an eye too, she can calm
 The floods and make a mutiny amongst them,
 Call forth corrupted bodies from their graves,
 Make their cold ashes speak, and their pale ghosts
 To walk; these were the secrets, *Zoroastres*
 Taught, whil'ft he reign'd, to his posterity;
 She is descended from him; and to give
 Her self content, will make use of her art
 To serve her passion.

THERSANDER.

I know that her skill
 Extends to Magick. Yes I fear her love
 With so much power, and yield unto thy counsel
 Advise us what to do.

THIMANTES.

Disguise your selves

Under

Under the names of Brother, and of Sister,
In the mean time we'll spread abroad the rumor
Of this event that every one shall hear it
Within the Island.

THEERSANDER.

I approve this project.

DIANA.

My life lies on it.

ISMENIA.

I go to begin

To lie unto *Parthenia*.

SCENA IV.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA, DIANA,
THEERSANDER, THIMANTES.

PARTHENIA.

I *Smenia*, (ment.
I would speak one word with thee but a mo-

ISMENIA.

Immediately when you have born a part
In the contentment of this pair; *Diana*
Hath for the future no more cause to weep
Heaven hath been pleas'd that she hath found her
brother,

It is this happy Shepherd, they acknowledge
Each other.

PARTHENIA.

This event, I must confess
Confounds my spirit; *Theersander* found her bro-
ther?

DIANA.

Yes Nymph, it is the same,
For whom my grief was hitherto extream.

The

The Gods at length have heard my prayers and
THERSANDER. (sighs.)

Yes, Madam they have granted our desires.

PARTHENIA.

J'm very glad on't, and my soul is ravish'd
With this good fortune of our friends, which
makes

Our lives content, *Diana* will oblige me
If she please at her leisure to inform me
with the discovery; but acquaint the Nymph
Therewith, and to that purpose go to see her.

THERSANDER.

We owe that duty to our Sovereign.

Exeunt *Thersf.* and *Diana*.

PARTHENIA.

In the mean time *Ismenia* and my self
May entertain each other in discourse,
Thimantes, J believe, will not be jealous.

THIMANTES

Let not a third come, Madam, and J fear
Nothing from you. -----Exit *Thimantes*.

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, J know not,
If J may safely tell a secret to thee,
Alas!

ISMENIA

J know it well, since the heart sighs; & it,
When one would say J love, and dares not speak
The heart at the nam'd point gives an Alas.
Have not J well divin'd?

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia,
I do confess it, see too, if thou canst
Divine the object that procures my grief
Let me not speak him, spare my cheeks those
blushes.

ISMENIA

ISMENIA.
 I cannot, a sigh carries not so far;
 You love; but what more, is beyond my skill
 To understand, unless your self unfold
 That sigh unto me by its cause.

PARTHENIA.
 'Tis true
 I love.

ISMENIA.
 But whom?

PARTHENIA.
 'Tis-----

ISMENIA.
 Out with't.

PARTHENIA.
Clidamant.

ISMENIA,
 Behold a handsom way to name a Lover;
 Ha! how you fear your lips should touch upon it!
 One must draw 't word by word out of your
 mouth;

You have then but one lover; really
 'Tis well as't happens; had you lists of them
 As I have, which I name, and reckon over
 Every hour of the day, your bashfulness
 Would well become you; love is a fair fruit,
 But then it must be gathered, modesty
 Leaves it to fall and wither, but I pray you
 What will *Melissa* say to't, who intends
 To match her Niece to *Thirsis*?

PARTHENIA.
 Oh! I hate
 That *Thirsis*, and shall be even in despair,
 If the Nymph force me to observe my duty
 In that particular; yet I would keep it

Without

Without disturbance, if the love I bear
To *Clidamant* should not return me his;
For to speak truly I am violent
Where honour doth ingage me, therefore would

I

Have his heart to be sounded, and as I
Find it dispos'd, I should pursue my love,
Or quench my flame.

ISMENIA.

Speak unto him your self,
Nothing's more easie.

PARTHENIA.

But, *Ismenia*,
Thou hast a wit would help me; if I should
Speak to him, he hath little understanding
If he should not know that I first was taken,
And I should sin against the rule of maids
To make such a confession.

ISMENIA.

You may write then,

PARTHENIA.

That is all one, still the same point of honour
Forbids it me; my Letter would discover
My love, and make him boast thereof, perhaps,
To my dishonour, if he might have once
That mark on't in his hand.

ISMENIA.

Let him then
Divine it, if he be Astrologer.

PARTHENIA.

Treat not my passion thus with railery.

ISMENIA.

I must then serve you in it, I perceive;
Well I'll about it with my best invention;
I'll write a Letter to him, and invite him
By a feign'd love, as soon as it is night,

To

To meet me at the Eccho of the Garden,
To entertain us there.

PARTHENIA.

So in my absence
Thou shalt discern his thought.

ISMENIA.

This business (sence.
Concerns you, Madam, and requires your pre-
You shall speak softly to him, and in those
Sweet moments, you shall understand much bet-
ter

What his thoughts are, and thus you may your
self,

To find out if he loves, speak of your self.

PARTHENIA.

Thou wilt be present too?

ISMENIA.

Yes, J'l so well

Contrive it, that he shal believe undoubtedly
That it is I that speak.

PARTHENIA.

But how can we

Speak to the Eccho, for thou know'st the Nymph,
As soon as it is night, retires her self,
And then we cannot come there, what devise now
Hast thou that we may speak to him?

ISMENIA.

Cannot we

Speak to him from the terrass which joins close
Unto the Garden; you know that you can
Conveniently come there at any hour
From your apartment; 'tis upon this ground,
And these conjunctures, that I've ta'n the plot
For my invention.

PARTHENIA.

I admire thy wit,

'Tis

Tis wonderfull industrious and ready.

ISMENIA.

I'll write the Letter here before your eyes,
Behold the paper for it.

PARTHENIA.

How, these are

Thy writing Tables!

ISMENIA.

They can speak of Passions
Discreet and secret; J'l about my business,
And use my smoothest stile.

PARTHENIA.

Especially

Appoint him wel the hour and place of meeting:

How redevable am J to thy wit

For this great favour? what do J not ow thee

For this good office, thou giv'st me again.

Life, and repose.

ISMENIA.

See what J write unto him

In two words for you, they are very pressing,

And will ingage him to betake himself

Unto the place appointed to know more.

PARTHENIA.

'Tis very well; it rests now how to giv' t him.

ISMENIA.

Leave me the care of that; but here he comes.

SCENA.

SCENA V.

MELINTUS, CLIDAMANT, PARTHENIA,
ISMENIA.

MELINTUS, to CLIDAMANT.

YEs, J have heard *Diana* is his sister.

CLIDAMANT, to PARTHENIA.

Madam, *Melintus* and my self are going
To seek *Thersander*, to congratulate
With him his happy meeting with his sister.

ISMENIA, to CLIDAMANT.

Thersander's happy, and thou art no lesse,
Since thy good fortune offereth it self
Unto thy hand, from whence thou mai'st expect
All that thou canst desire without that jealous.

PARTHENIA, to ISMENIA.

Come, let us go, the Nymph expecteth us.

ISMENIA, *sofly* to CLIDAMANT.

Having no opportunity at present

To speak unto thee, read, J think 't will please
thee.

CLIDAMANT.

Read it, J think 't will please thee, what i'th
name

Of wonder doth she mean?

MELINTUS.

Take but the pain

To open, and to read it thou shalt find.

CLIDAMANT.

J think, J may make thine eys witnesses
Of what it doth contain, there's nothing in it
Secret or serious, *Ismenia* lov's
To jest, and to be talk'd of; and this is

Some

Some new piece of her wonted merry wit.

MELINTUS.

I am impatient, prethee open it.

CLIDAMANT.

Let me see what divertisement is here,
Which she expounds good fortune, what is this?

He reads.

List of my Lovers by an exact order
Of Alphabet.

'Tis very well put of;
But so far forth as J can see yet, neither
Observe J here *Melintus* or my self.

MELINTUS.

For my part, J reuounce there; turn the leaf,
Go on.

CLIDAMANT, *reads.*

Stanza's of Dorilas upon inconstancy.

'Tis true, *Ismenia* thou art fair,
But more inconstant then the air;
And every Lover is a Mark
Exposed to thy humourous dart;
As soon as he meets thy disdain,
He flies to death to cure his pain,
And makes but one large step in all
From his bright glory to his fall.

With these defects yet thou canst charm;
But I'll not love, for fear of harm;
Yet J approve all things in thee,
Yea even to thy inconstancy;

And

And will not, to incur thy hate,
 Jealous *Melintus* imitate,
 Whose humour every thing offends,
 And nothing pleaseth but its ends.

CLIDAMANT.

Melintus, what sai'st thou unto them?

MELINTUS.

J see for what design she put those Tables
 Into thy hand, J call'd her cocket lately,
 And that, it seems, provok'd her to return me
 The injury with one of the same nature.

CLIDAMANT, *continues to read.*

Sonner of *Silvie*, my most faithfull Lover.

A Madrigal of *Thirsis*,----- what's this follows,
 Unto the Shepheard *Clidamant*.

CLIDAMANT.

Melintus,

Am J not purblinde, see if this name doth
 Strike thine eyes thus like mine!

Melintus looking into the writing Tables.

MELINTUS.

Nothing's more certain,
 It is address'd to thee; thou art more happy
 Than thou imagin'st.

CLIDAMANT, *reads.*

*As soon as the dark shadows of the night
 Hang o'r the light,*

*At th' Eccho of the Garden let us meet;
 But be discreet;*

*'Tis love invites thee; more anon,
 When w' 're alone.*

Ismenia.

Melintus would take the writing Tables.

MELINTUS,

Prethee let me see them,

Grant

Grant me this favour-----not, then J, believe
Thou do'st disguise the truth, and read'st *Ismenia*,
When 'tis subscrib'd *Diana*.

CLIDAMANT.

Oh fond jealous!
How long wilt thou thus be thy own tormenter?

MELINTUS.

Yet shew them me.

CLIDAMANT.

To cure thy troubled spirit,
I'll first o'come thy curiosity;
And since the discreet Lover, what vain heat
So ever presseth thee, never shews thus
His Mistress name-----

MELINTUS.

But-----

CLIDAMANT.

Quit those blind suspicions; as soon
As it is night I'll go unto the Eccho
Alone, and with our noise; I'm all a fire
To know what she will tell me, in the mean time
Let's go unto the Nymph to seek *Thersander*.

MELINTUS,

softly

To be more sure, and to inform my self
Yet fuller of thy faith in this my doubt,
I'll to the Eccho too, and find it out.

The end of the second Act.

ACTUS III.

SCENA I.

MELISSA, DIANA.

MELISSA.

I Say to thee again that J receive
 Much pleafute at this news, that thou, *Diana*,
 Art fister to the generous *Therfander* ;
 He hath inform'd me with the ftrange misfor-
 tune
 Which separated on the churlish Sea
 The Brother from the Sister, in what place
 Upon a plank, escaped from the wrack,
 The storm remov'd him from the anger of
 Th' intraged Sea, what countries he hath feen,
 What pains and troubles he hath undergone ;
 Laftly he nam'd the happy fortune which
 Conducted him to us here ; I thank Heaven ,
 That made thee know him, I'm as sensible
 Of this content as thou canst be thy self;
 He is fo highly qualified, that he's worthy
 The name of King, ye both shal find with me
 A Sanctuary, and what ever fortune
 Ye have, I will partake it good or bad ;
 My fortunes, ye shall ~~have~~ ^{share} too, fo that all things
 Between us shall be common : I believe
Diana towards me will be fo well
 Dispos'd of her part, and that whatfoever
 Concerns me, will touch her.

DIANA.

Madam, I should
 Be barbarously ingratefull otherwise ;

I still remember that being on the Shore,
 Cast as a wretched wrack there by the floods,
 Expecting every minute death's approach,
 I met with you my port and sanctuary:
 Oh that I have not power for all this goodness
 T' express how much acknowledgement I have!

MELISSA.

Thou hast.

DIANA.

How Madam?

MELISSA.

In expecting nothing
 But death as I do now, thou canst be to me
 At thy turn both my port and sanctuary;
 Thou canst subdue the enemy that braves me,
 That of a Sovereign will make a slave;
 He's in thy power, thou canst abate his courage.

DIANA.

What is that enemy which troubles you?

MELISSA.

He's one whose Magick can enchant the arms
 Of the most Valiant; he can draw tears from
 The most Heroick; nothing is so strong,
 Which he can't compass; and without respect
 To any place or person whatsoever,
 He equally distributeth his flames.

DIANA.

I know him not yet by this Character.

MELISSA.

How know'st thou not that tyrant of great Mo-
 narcks?

That famous Conqueror of Conquerours,
 Who notwithstanding is but a blind child?

DIANA.

If I durst to express me, I believe,

C

J

I know him.

MELISSA.

Speak it freely.

DIANA.

I'm mistaken,
Or I have seen love painted in such colours,
Blind and a child, yet a great Conquerour.

MELISSA.

'Tis the same love whereof I speak unto thee

DIANA.

Who is the happy Lover that procures
Your martyrdom?

MELISSA.

Alas! could'st thou not spare me
The shame to speak him? cover, gentle night,
Immediately those places and my brow
With the same colour, so to please my heat;
I love; but let us finish since I've said
I love, *Thersander* is my object.

DIANA.

What,
My Brother?

MELISSA.

He. If his heart be a prize
Not easie to be gain'd, there's nothing which
I would spare for him, I would arm to have him;
Nought should oppose me, every obstacle
I would o'rcome; already by some words
Which he observ'd not, spoken by the bie,
My love was half expressed.

DIANA.

As he should not
Dare to pretend unto so great an honour,
He would be criminal, if he believed
To understand you;

MELIS-

LOVERS.

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MELISSA.

Well then, be thou here
The mouth and true interpreter of my heart,
Express the kind heat of my timorous soul;
Tell him that I'm a subject to his Laws,
That he may boldly fix his thoughts upon
The person of *Melissa*, and not fear
To be condemn'd, that his ambition
May soar so high a pitch, and not be check'd,
That he may sigh the same sighs with a King;
Husband thar heart for me, to which mine aims;
But let him not think that it comes from me;
My honour would receive a prejudice
By such a thought, thou only shalt acquaint him
With this, as from thy self.

DIANA.

I understand you,
He must needs yield to this; I'll do your will.

MELISSA.

As soon as he appears, I will retire me,
And from one of these places I shall hear
Every word that you speak one to another
In reference to my flame.

DIANA.

I should methinks
Act with more freeness, if J were to treat
With him alone.

MELISSA.

No, J will hear my self
What he thinks of me, J can best of all
Trust mine own ears and eyes in this affair.

DIANA.

But, Madam, after all-----

MELISSA.

Shepheardests,

The thing's resolv'd, thou need'st not say no more.

Untill he come, I pray thee, entertain
These woods here with some air, and let us see
If the Eccho will answer to thy discourse ;

DIANA.

Your prayer is a command ; some plaints of love
Shall make the subject of it.

MELISSA.

What thou wilt.

DIANAS Song.

*Ye Trees, ye Rocks, perfum'd Valleys, sweet
And charming Zephirs, murmuring fountains
keep*

*My griefs close in your bosome, you alone
Are witnesses unto my fires and moans,
Tell me if my sad heart, not daring to
Declare it it self, at least may sigh its woe ?
May sigh its woe----Eccho.*

*Will then my sighs, make no noise as pe passe
The airy Regions only breath alas
Unto the heart that sent you forth ; since I
Can't speak to thee, dear object of my cry,
Let th' Ecco, that's attentive, say for me
That if I love (as sure I do) 'tis thee.*

'tis thee----Eccho.

SCENA.

SCENA II.

THERSANDER, MELISSA, DIANA.

THERSANDER.

Diana's here about, her voice assures me.

MELISSA to DIANA

softly

Thy Brother comes here, take this opportunity.

Be sure thou speak unto him loud enough;

Thou art my only hope; I go from hence

To hear, and to observe thee.

DIANA.

softly.

We are undone,

Thersander will discover all in speaking.

THERSANDER.

'Tis now no longer time to utter sighs,

Let us resume our joy, and dry our tears,

Crown our sad spirits with flowers, and think no
more ofOur pass'd misfortunes, let's form our discourse
Of the most pleasant thoughts, and let us chat
Of love.

DIANA.

Let me alone, I'll entertain thee

Upon that subject.

THERSANDER.

It belongs to me

To speak of that, and when I do consider

With what darts in my heart-----

DIANA.

I know it well

'Tis of a longer date than from to day,

That I have read thy heart; and I believe

That never any one hath seen a Brother
To love his sister so.

THERSANDER.

The love wherewith
I am assaulted, and would make thee see,
Exceeds that of a brother, it begets,
Complaints and Sighs, it driveth to despair,
And kills; the love we bear unto a Sister,
Makes not so many sufferings; but I love-----

DIANA.

I divine whom, thou burnest with desire
To speak unto me here of *Celia's* love.

THERSANDER.

Thou do'st divine right, I take a great pleasure
To speak of it with thee; methinks I see her
Still when I look on thee; how fit I find thee
To be the faithfull guardian of my love,
Assur'd of thy fidelity, and that
Thy heart is alwaies mine.

DIANA.

Thou need'st not doubt it.

THERSANDER.

O my dear !

DIANA.

Brother I'm not ignorant
How dear I am unto thee.

THIMANTES.

Thy fair eyes-----

DIANA.

How ! flatter and court thy sister
By thy discourse ?

THERSANDER.

I cannot speak, unto thee
Thou interrupt'st me still.

DIANA

DIANA.

Th' advice is worth it, and I'll give thee notice
 That from esteem they pass to love for thee,
 That scarce arriv'dst thou unto this place
 But thy good fortune without any trouble
 Gain'd thee the conquest of a heart, for which
 Great Kings will envie thee, it is *Melissa's*.

THERSANDER.

O Gods! what dost thou say?

DIANA.

What doth astonish thee,
 I see how thou art troubled to believe it.
 This great heart finds no place yet in thy
 faith:

To make thee happy in't, I must imbrace thee.

*She speaks softly to him, in imbracing him.**The Nymph hears our discourse, 'tis fit thou feign.**She speaks loud again.*

Wilt thou not yield to this excess of honour?
 Think that thy *Celia* in this conjuncture,
 Hath no resentment in her heart, against thee,
 Nor murmurs at it.

THERSANDER.

In this extasie

Wherein I am through this excess of honour,

I'm seeking of my self, but cannot find me.

How! dare to love the Nymph? t'aspire to her?

No my ambition's not so criminal.

DIANA.

Under those high respects, I see thy love.

THERSANDER.

How can I otherwise express it, Sister?

If the Nymph tempts me, and will make a crime
 on't,

It shall then have the name but of a lawfull

Respect; and if I see occasion
 T'express me further on this point, this lawfull
 Respect shall bear the bolder name of love.

D I A N A.

Brother, it hath that name, and J am ready
 To boast unto her, her illustrious conquest:
 But the Sun, J perceive, plungeth himself
 I' th' waters, and the shadows seise the tops
 O' th' Mountains, it is time now to betake me
 Unto *Melissa*; but behold, she comes.

*Melissa comes forth from the place
 where she was hidden.*

M E L I S S A.

What serious discourse have you together?

D I A N A.

Our subject is of Love, of Mistresses,
 Of Servants, and of Sighs.

M E L I S S A.

What! hath *Thersander*
 Already gotten him a Mistress?

T H E R S A N D E R.

Madam,
 I have too little merit and address:
 Besides to serve, to honour and obey you,
 I have no other thought; our discourse was,
 Your goodness for us, which my heart shall ever
 Record as in a Register of Brass,
 Where my acknowledgements shall never pass.

SCENA

SCENA III.

MELINTUS, MELISSA, DIANA, THER-
SANDER.

MELINTVS.

calling.

HO, *Clidamant!*

MELISSA.

It is enough, let's go,

I hear some noise, and would not be seen
- here

I' rh' night.---

Exeunt Melissa, Diana, Thersander.

MELINTUS,

continuing to call.

Ismenia, Clidamant! they hear,

But flie me, and the night robs my sight of
them;

But this is not *Ismenia*, and I am

Deceived much, if I saw not the gate,

The stature, and the gesture of *Diana*;

Yes, *Clidamant* abus'd me with a lie,

Diana builds his fortune at my cost,

And that note which he would conceal from me

Without doubt was subscrib'd with her fair
hand;

Yes, 'twas *Dianaes*, though he read *Ismenia*,

To spare my grief a little, and my trouble.

How simple was J that J followed

Not close upon his steps: but soft, methinks,

J hear a noise, perhaps it may be he.

THE ENCHANTED

SCENA IV.

CLIDAMANT, MELINTUS.

CLIDAMANT.

O Night, lend me thy silence, make these woods
To hold their peace in th' absence of the day,
And let no sound be heard here but my love:
At last I'm happily delivered from
A troublesome companion, that would
Obstruct my fortune, that same jealous Shep-
heard
Without respect and faith.

MELINTUS.

I'm much oblig'd
Unto thee for this noble character
Thou giv'st me; in despite of all my care
And cunning thou art come without my com-
To see thy lovely Mistress. (pany

CLIDAMANT.

I came here
To meet another person: for my Mistress,
I have already spoken with her fully.

MELINTUS.

Yes, if mine eyes deceiv'd me not, thou talk'd'st
Unto *Diana*, and seeing me follow,
Ye both fled at one time, these Woods conceal'd

CLIDAMANT.

Good Gods! what saiest thou to me? (you.

MELINTUS.

But I'll be
More wise another time, and heed you better.

CLIDAMANT.

I understand not what this language means,
But this distrust doth me an injury:

Why

Why cover'st thou t' accompany me thus,
 Since th' object that expecteth me, forbids it;
 Desirest thou to publish secret passions?
Ismenia in thy sight gave me those Tables;
 'Tis she that doth expect me at the place
 Appointed; for *Diana*, she knows nothing
 Of this invention: if thou canst, injoy
 That lovely Shepherdes and think not me
 Guilty of any treason, I seek only
Ismenia, and shun society:
 In this affair, Shepherd retire thy self
 And leave my love in peace, why wouldst thou do
 So ill an office? (me

MELINTUS.

This appointed meeting
 Denotes some artifice; I observ'd lately
 At our last Games the amorous commerce
 That pass'd between *Diana* and thy self,
 So many kind respects, such gentle glances,
 And private whisperings forming the suspicion
 That still awakes me.

CLIDAMANT.

Cease to trouble me,
 And thy self too unnecessarily;
 Our discourse only was an effect of
 Civility; I say again, I leave
Diana to thee; oh how perfectly
 I hate those vain suspicions and condemn them!

MELINTUS.

Ismenia's very free she would have had
 Boldness enough to express her love by day,
 Why should she make choice of the night to
 speak it?
 Why dar'd she not to utter it in words,
 But writ it to thee?

CLIDAMANT.

In vain jealous Shepherd,
 Thou askest me that question, all that I
 Can say unto thee, is that I am sent for;
 I cannot tell thee more if the occasion
 Be good or bad; if J could satisfie thee
 Upon that point, believ't thou should'st excuse
 me.

MELINTUS.

I'll follow thee where ere thou goest.

CLIDAMANT.

Oh Gods!

What a Tormentor have I?

MELINTUS.

I attend thee,

CLIDAMANT.

Then stay thou here, I'll leave the place unto
 thee.

I feign to withdraw, to withdraw him also. *safely.*
Exit.

MELINTUS.

What! leav'st thou me alone? and cunningly
 Hid'st me those secrets, which yet I must know?
 Feign as much as thou wilt, in spite of thee
 I will find out to which of those two objects
 Thou giv'st thy faith, and dost direct thy vows;
 I'll be a witness of thy secret love;
 Another shall inform me on't, *Thimantes*
 Will tell me all the Plot; to him I'll go,
 And give him notice of the assignation;
 He'll come to let me know sure, if *Diana*
 Appareth there; or if it be *Ismenia*,
 I shall do him a mischief; when *Thimantes*
 Shall see his Mistress appoint secret meetings
 To others then himself at such an hour,

He

He hath a poor spirit if he loves her still:
 So shall I have pleasure in my resentment
 In weakning the fierceness of *Ismenia*,
 And of her servant, I'll to him immediately.

SCENA V.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA.

PARTHENIA, *upon the terrass.*

I Hear a noise, *Ismenia*, is't not *Clidamant*?

ISMENIA.

Fear not, we shall hear of him presently.

PARTHENIA.

I hear no more noise, all is hush and still;
 Only the night, and silence raigneth here.

ISMENIA.

Hark, I hear something, let us handsomly
 Dissemble now.

PARTHENIA.

Oh how I feel my soul
 Seised with love and fear!

SCENA VI.

CLIDAMANT, ISMENIA, PARTHENIA.

CLIDAMANT.

NO person follows me,
 I am at liberty; jealous *Melintus*
 Haunteth my steps no more.

ISMENIA.

Madam, 'tis he.

CLIDAMANT.

CLIDAMANT,

Well I'll go on to instruct me what *Ismenia*
Hath to impart unto me in these Gardens:
Ismenia!

ISMENIA,

Clidamant.

CLIDAMANT.

Is it thee, *Ismenia*?

ISMENIA.

Yes, I expect thee.

CLIDAMANT.

Thou may'st have pretence
T'accuse my tardy coming, but a jealous-----

ISMENIA.

It is enough, thou art belov'd, assure thee;
Draw neer; but let us speak soft, I'm afraid
We should be heard.-----

*Put yourself in my place and
take this opportunity.* } softly.

SCENA VII.

THIMANTES, CLIDAMANT, PARTHE-
NIA, ISMENIA.

THIMANTES.

*Speaking to Melintus
behind the Stage.*

I Am oblig'd to thee for this advertisement;
If I find at the Echo either of them, *CLID*
Diana or *Ismenia*, believe me,
I'll faithfully report it, to remove
Thy trouble, if I can: *Ismenia*
Appoints me very often here to meet her,
Where, notwithstanding her inconstancy,
Her mouth in secret giveth me the hope
Of a most constant love, and for a pledge

of

Of her faith, never any but my self
 At those hours entertains discourse with her :
 I'l to her now, and charge her with this crime
 Of comming here without acquainting me.
 I'l approach softly without making noise
 Lest it wight raise a scandal in the night;

Ismenia,

CLIDAMANT. *quitting Parth.*

Some noise hath struck mine ear,

I'l return to you-----

Exit.

PARTHENIA.

O what feat is comparable
 To mine ! *Ismenia*, come to me presently.

CLIDAMANT, *speaking to Thimantes,*
whom he takes for Melintus.

Melintus, really I can no longer
 Suffer your importunity : why should you
 Imagine that I am the Author of
 Your tronble ? I speak to no person here
 But to the Shepheardests *Ismenia* ;
 I tell thee once again, she sent for me ,
 And I am certain that the note is written
 And signed with her hand ; 'tis true, this fait one
 Sighs only for the love of me, her mouth
 Hath told it me already, and I answer
 Unto her fires with a mutual heat ;
 Assure your self, and settle upon this
 My faithfull protestation, that *Diana*
 Ne'r made me sigh.

THIMANTES. *softly.*

O most perfidious !

CLIDAMANT.

See what an injury you do me now,
 To satisfie you yet more fully hold,

There

There are the writing Tables, see her name.
 Examin't well, and take repose at last
 Without disturbing mine. D'ye place your glory
 In persecuting me?

THIMANTES.

softly.

Shame of my love,
 Depart my memory, J have wherewith
 Both to reproach, and to convict thy falshood;
 And when I've done it, treacherous spirit, I'll
 quit thee,
 And then J shall be satisfied.

CLIDAMANT.

Melintus,
 What is't thou murmur'st yet? J must break
 with thee,
 If this strange humour lasts, in acting thus,
 You will lose all your friends, your jealous head,
 And strange fantastick humours, but he's gone;
 I will return unto the object which
 Both charms and loves me.

PARTHENIA, to ISMENIA.

There's our discourse,
 Make an end on't thy self.

CLIDAMANT.

I'm rid at last
 Of my impertinent; jealous *Melintus*
 Hath left me now.

ISMENIA.

Adieu, let us retire.
 I'm certainly inform'd that thy ambition
 Aspireth to *Parthenia*, in vain then
 Thou holdest me discourse.

CLIDAMANT.

In two words J will tell thee, that J have

Too

Too full a knowledge of the eminence
Of her condition, as to dare to lift
My hope so high: Oh if I durst to love her;
But being less ambitious, I obey
My duty, and I better know my self,
Adieu until to morrow.

PARTHENIA, to ISMENIA.

Oh *Ismenia*!

What content have J? and how skilfull art thou
In this affair of love? I do admire
Thy wit, and thy invention; the thing
Answered my wish.

ISMENIA.

By this discourse of his
You may perceive love under that respect,
Like fire under its ashes; 'tis not lately,
Your charms have taken him.

PARTHENIA.

In the mean time-----

ISMENIA.

In the mean time, live all fair wits, say J;
Without me, you had been reduc'd unto
A sad condition, to die with grief,
And love, without expressing it.

PARTHENIA.

'Tis late;

Come, in the absence of the day let's prove,
If sleep will follow on the steps of love.

The end of the Third Act.

ACTUS IV.

SCENA I.

THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

THIMANTES.

HOW! in the night, perfidious, to exasperate
My anger, dar'st thou to grant private meet-
ings

To any but my self? yea in the night
Without light and attendance in the Garden,
Thou entertain'dst the Shepheard *Clidamant*.

ISMENIA.

How's this! *Thimantes* in a rage, O Gods!
Who would have thought it?

THIMANTES.

Wilt thou say that J
Complain now without reason, that J have
A crack'd brain, and bleer'd eyes? it is too long,
Inconstant, to arrest thy spirits, behold
This witness, it hath told mee every thing;
Yet J should not believe that thou wert guilty,
If such an evidence accus'd thee not,
But since J dis-engage my faith to thee,
This very instant, J restore thy papers
And will have nothing more to do with thee.

ISMENIA.

Well, let it be so then, J doubt it not,
But J shall be provided in good time;
When one forsakes me, presently another
Offers his service, otherwise J should,
In this unlucky moment of thy change,
Be destitute of an officious Lover;
But thanks unto the Gods, more then one calls
me His

His Mistress, and J shall have no less courtship
And press for thy departure, these notes here
Express the names of those that I've subjected,
I'll blot thee presently out of my Table-book.

THIMANTES.

Light Shepherdeſs!

ISMENIA.

For all this J am tronbled
For thy disquiet, without further jesting,
Know that this trouble which possesseth thee
Proceeds but from a fiction, speedily
I'll clear it to thee, only have but patience
To stay here till the Shepherd *Clidamant*
Arrives, before whom I have order to
Discover the deceit; and then I know
Thou wilt excuse me for it.-----*here he comes.*

SCENA II.

CLIDAMANT, ISMENIA, THIMANTES.

CLIDAMANT.

HAve J not staid too long? suspect me not,
Thimantes, J was sent for: well what is
Your pleasure?

ISMENIA.

Thy misfortune is extream
Thimantes cannot suffer that another
Should love me, and one that accompt intends
To measure with thee sword and arm to day.

CLIDAMANT.

He is my friend, and therefore J am loath
To have a quarrel with him; to accodt it,
Chuse of us two him whom thou think'st most
faithfull.

J

I am content to stand unto my fortune.

ISMENIA.

Thimantes, what say you?

THIMANTES.

I agree to't.

ISMENIA, to CLIDAMANT.

Then thus; for him, I do confess I love him

A little, but for thee,-----nothing at all.

My mouth interprets truly what my heart
thinks

CLIDAMANT,

O the most fickle and most wanton issue

Of the inconstant sex! thou lov'st a mome[n] ,

I love a moment also.

ISMENIA.

Notwithstanding

I have a secret to impart unto thee.

CLIDAMANT.

A Secret in thy heart loseth its name

In less time than a minute, without doubt:

ISMENIA.

Thou thought'st last night, that I discours'd with
thee

At th' Eccho of the Garden?

CLIDAMANT.

Yes,

ISMENIA.

But what

If thou wert then deceiv'd, and that another

In my place counterfeited there my voice?

CLIDAMANT.

What hast thou told me?

ISMENIA.

That which may be true.

CLIDAMANT.

J cannot comprehend it, nor find thee;
 Thou dost do nothing but deceive at all times,
 And in all places; thou canst turn thy heart
 And eyes into all senses; how! another
 Possess ^{thy} my place?

ISMENIA.

What if by this advise
 J gained thee the heart of a fair Mistress,
 One that's illustrious, and of noble blood,
 And who after the Nymph hath the chief rank!

CLIDAMANT.

Well feign thy fill, thou may'st speak what thou
 list;

I'm henceforth in no humour but to laugh.

ISMENIA.

If by the greatest oaths wherein my honour
 Can be engag'd, thou wilt believe the truth
 Of what J told thee, that another person
 Beside my self receiv'd thy vows last night
 J hope thou wilt find out some fitter Epithits
 Then false and wavering for me.

CLIDAMANT.

After such
 An obligation, my charity
 Would sway me much.

ISMENIA.

Then solemnly J swear,
 It was *Parthenia* in my place, to whom
 Thou didst express thy love; she borrowed
 My name and shape, and thine eyes suffered
 This sweet imposture.

CLIDAMANT.

Still thou dost abuse me,
 J knew thee by thy voice.

I S M E N I A

ISMENIA.

When we spake loud,
 'T was *I* that spake; then presently *Parthenia*
 Advancing in my place discovered softly
 Her soul and thought unto thee: after this,
 Judge, if *I* have deserv'd from thee, or no.

CLIDAMANT.

How! is it possible that she, to whose
 High rank, *I* should not dare t' aspire unto
 So much as in a thought, that she to whom
I durst not speak a word in way of plaint,
 That she, to whom my high respect conceal'd
 My amity, should yet feel pitty for me?
 Alas! this cannot be, 'tis sin to think it.

ISMENIA.

Thou shalt see if *I* lie, and how sh' esteems
 thee;
I wait her here.

CLIDAMANT.

Therein *I* should obtain
 The hight of my ambition; for this favour,
 Oh let me kiss thy hands and die with pleasure.

SCENA III.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA, CLIDAMANTES,
 THIMANTES.

PARTHENIA.

What spectacle is this? *I* see *Ismenia*
 Sports with my fortune, if *I* trouble you,
I will retire, continue that rare favour;
 Who freely gives the hands, may give the heart.

IS M E N I A

ISMENIA.

Ha! Madam, really you are a novice
 In love; I gave him intimation of
 The arri- fice we us'd, and he at first
 Received my discourse with so much joy,
 That he crav'd from me that civility.
 Unto what jealous strange suspitions
 Are you drawn by this object! he but aim'd
 To kiss my hand, and you are like to die for't?
 Trouble your self no more thus to no purpose.

PARTHEIA.

Ismenia thou restor'st me life, and rest,
 I love thee, *Clidamant*; this jealous fit,
 Methinks, might well have spared me the shame
 Of telling it.

CLIDAMANT.

Fair Nymph, believe-----

PARTHENIA.

But let us
 Enter into this Wood.

CLIDAMANT.

I wish the Eccho,
 Sometimes a friend to Lovers, would redouble
 My voice in saying to you that I love,
 And make you to repeat my words, I love.

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, be a faithful witness of
 Our chaste amours, and come along with us
 To hear what we discourse, *Thimantes* be
 Discreet and secret.

THIMANTES.

Madam, I'm all silence.
 See, what a strange unnecessary evil
 Is that a jealous person doth sustain;
 Foolish *Melinus* how thou art deceiv'd

In thinking that *Diana* is the object
Of *Clidamant*'s affection-----here she comes
Discoursing with her brother, J will leave them.

SCENA IV.

DIANA, THERSANDER.

DIANA.

Let us consider what we are to do,
She loves thee infinitely, and J have
Command from her to speak to thee again,
In her behalf.

THERSANDER.

Advise me what to do.

DIANA.

Since the Nymph loves thee with such passion,
As I perceive she doth, 'tis fit thou flatter
Her grief a little, otherwise I fear
That I shall lose thee after having found thee.
What mischief can she not do, when provoked?

THERSANDER.

Since there needs but to feign all will succeed.

DIANA.

In the mean time, *Ismenia* will be carefull
To inquire for us, when the Merchant-ship
That's bound for *Serill* will be fully ready
To set sail from the harbour; we shall hire him
To land us where we will; till when, our care
Must be not to offend the Nymph, for fear
She ruine us; she'l presently be here.
She's come already; act the Lover well,
Dissemble handsomly, therein consists
All that we can expect.

SCENA

SCENA V.

MELISSA, DIANA, THERSANDER.

MELISSA.

A Word, *Diana*.
Hast thou remov'd that fatal obstacle,
Which came to interrupt the pleasant course
Of my affections? hast thou settled
My lifes content, and razed *Celia*
Out of thy Brothers spirit?

DIANA.

His heart follows
Where my voice and his glory calleth him,
And cheerfully yieldeth obedience
To such sweet Laws.

MELISSA.

Blessed Interpreter
Of a most ardent love! hast thou advis'd him
To keep it secret?

DIANA.

Only that point, Madam,
J have forgotten, but J will redeem it;
And tell him on't before you; if you please
That I go for him.

MELISSA.

Go, and bring him hither.

DIANA.

softly.

Feign handsomly unto her

THERSANDER.

softly to Diana.

Fear it not.

I'll speak before her but of you, and to you,
And yet not make her jealous.

D

The

*Then he saith to Melissa, by whose side
is Diana, whom he looks upon.*

THERSANDER.

aloud.

Could you doubt

My heart should be so stupid, and insensible

Of my felicity how happy is

My fortune, and how gentle was the storm

That gave me this bless'd port, whereof great

Kings

Are jealous? What proud Conqueror would not

Submit and lay his arms down with himself

At the fair feet of such a charming object?

A rude obdurate rock, would be consum'd,

The coldest Marble would be kindled by it:

Yes, Madam, a fair eye but openeth

Its lid here, & 'tis day; the nights black shadows

Fly only from the Sun of those bright eyes,

Her fires too at the sight of them grow pale.

I must confess then, Madam, that I love them,

And that I live more in this beauteous object

Then in my self: my spirit is charmed with

A happiness unparallel'd, when I

Think that I love them, and am lov'd again.

MELISSA.

Come, thou but feignest love? do not abuse me.

THERSANDER.

O Gods! what do you say? Madam, I love

Or rather I adore.

MELISSA.

How hast thou then

Dispos'd of *Celia* that reign'd o'r thy heart?

THERSANDER.

That affair's ordered well, I've put her interests

Into my Sisters hands; she hath promis'd me

To

To make all fair of that side, and will answer
To me for her.

MELISSA.

Hast thou not boasted to me
That her eyes were the object of thy love?
That for thy sake she cherished the light
Of the alternate day, and that they would
Cover themselves with an eternal night,
If thou shouldst cease to live or to be faithful?
Think well of thy part what th'ast promised;
Be firm, be constant, fail not in that point,
Consider not at all this supream greatness;
Stick to thine object, love it for it self,
And have no interest for thy ambition,
Flatter thee with the honour to possess her,
Look only if she loves thee, not if she
Enricheth thee; the beauty whom thou serv'st,
Should be thy crown, all greatness whatsoever
Should be esteem'd in thy accompt beneath it.

THERSANDER.

Ne'r doubt it, Madam, J shall have those
thoughts;
Greatness shall never blind me so far forth
As to oblige me to forget my love;
Which alwaies shall pure as the day star burn
Base interest shall never fully me.

DIANA.

I'll tell my Brother now, what I forgate
To THERSANDER.

If thou know'st well to love, know thou as well
To hold thy peace, love like the other Gods,
Is not without his secrets, he is serv'd
Sometimes by hearts that can't express them-
selves;

Take heed how thou provoke his jealous power,
D 2 Adore

Adore his Altars, but adore in silence;
 For silence is a part of his Religion;
 And oftentimes this fierce God is offended
 At his own name; if any thing hereof
 Should be known in the Isle, thou art undone:
 Love, without speaking of it, that's the law,
 Which is imposed on thee; she for her part
 Will love thee likewise, use the secret well,
Melissa otherwise would die with grief;
 J know th' excess of love wherewith thy soul
 Is filled; but for thy own interest,
 Put a seal on thy mouth.

MELISSA.

Yes, have a care
 That none suspect our love, I'll take my time
 To publish it, in the mean time I'll study
 Thy settlement and thy repose which makes
 That of my life; this free confession now,
 Would call up envy from her Cell, and make
 Our greatest *Hero's*, to dispute with thee
 What J have promis'd thee, thine enemies.
 Judge then how precious thy obedience is;
 Since all thy good and happiness depends
 Upon thy silence.

HERSANDER.

Sure, J should be stricken
 With a strange blindness, if J observ'd not
 This your command; J will obey so well,
 That, Madam, even you your self shal doubt
 Whether J love, or whether you J love.

MELISSA.

In the mean time thy sister shall assist me,
 And have the ordering of our Amours;
 Believe what she shall say, since I will make her
 My only bosom friend, unto whose trust,

J will commit the secrets of my heart.

THERSANDER.

J will make use of her in the same manner.

Enter Melintus, he speaks to Melissa

MELINTUS.

Madam, a Jeweller, that useth still.

To come unto the Games, desires access
Unto your presence.

MELISSA.

Cause him to come in:

This *Sevil* Merchant cometh every year
To sell and traffick in the Island with us.

SCENA VI.

MELISSA, MERCATOR, THERSANDER,
DIANA, MELINTUS.

MELISSA.

S Hall you remain sometime yet on our shore?

MERCATOR.

I stay but for your Passport to depart.

Every year, Madam, by your Highness bounty

My traffick thrives so well, that whatsoever

Commodities I bring unto your Isle,

J carry nothing back, you empty still

My casket: now I'll shew you, if you please,

such rarities, as can be had no where

But in my hands.

MELISSA.

Let's see them.

MERCATOR.

Here's a Diamond

Darts flame of all sides.

C 3

MELISSA

MELISSA.

'Tis a sparkling stone
I like his lustre.

MERCATOR.

Will you have it, Madam?

MELISSA.

I'll tell you presently, shew all at once,
Then I shall soon chuse: let me see that Coral.

MERCATOR.

The piece is very fair; till now your Isle
Hath never seen the like.

MELISSA.

And what's that other?

MERCATOR.

A piece of Amber-greece; Madam, 'tis rare
And of great price; I have pass'd divers Seas
To purchase it; alone 'tis worth as much
As all my casket.

DIANA.

For my part, I cannot
See any thing that's new here.

MERCATOR.

Shepherdes,
This rope of Pearl is very rich and new,
'T would make you look more fair, more gay,
more sparkling.

MELISSA.

Without those Ornaments of Art, she is (ons.
Charming enough, she needs no strange additi-
She maketh all our Shepherds die for love:
But for all this, though you are fair without them
I will bestow them on you, if you like them.
What saies *Diana*.

DIANA.

Madam, your great bounties-----

MELIS-

MELISSA.

Lay them aside.

MERCATOR.

But, Madam, look upon

This Master-piece of Art, it is the Portrait
In little of the King of *Andaloufia*.

MELISSA.

He's one of the best made that I have seen.
And who is this?

MERCATOR.

It is his favourite

Nearchus sometime Prince of *Pichery*,

Who by a beauty fatal through her charms,

Gave up his arms, and life unto his Rival,

A gallant Gentleman, his name *Cleagenor*.THERSANDER, *the first line softly.*

May I believe! good Gods! how he observes me?

But are you certain of *Nearchus* death?

MERCATOR.

He return'd sorely wounded from the fight,

And died four daies after, as all know.

MELISSA.

His valour seems yet painted in his face.

MERCATOR.

But he that conquer'd him had more by much.

Behold his Portrait.

THERSANDER.

softly

Oh! what sheweth he?

MELISSA.

Is this that valiant *Cleagenor*?

MERCATOR.

Yes, 'tis his picture.

THERSANDER.

softly,

O unlucky accident!

MERCATOR.

Of all those that J had, this only's left me:
 Th' offended King commanded me to carry them
 Unto all places where J went, and traffick'd,
 That so he might be known, and then arrested;
 For after this great Combat, to secure
 His head from pursuit, he took flight immedi-
 ately.

MELISSA.

Thersander, in my judgement, nothing can
 Better resemble you, J think your sister
 Will say as much.

THERSANDER.

Madam, we see that Nature (features
 Sports sometimes in her works, and makes some
 In faces to resemble somewhat neerly.

MELISSA.

This Merchant,, I believe, 's of my opinion.

MERCATOR.

Madam, without doubt, 'tis *Cleagenor*,

THERSANDER.

The thing is little certain on the faith
 And bare ground of a Portrait.

MERCATOR.

Sir, you are

The very same, I am confirmed now
 In my first thoughts, all that which hitherto
 Hindered me to judge so, was the name of
Thersander, and the habit of a Shepherd.

THERSANDER.

Who! J, *Cleagenor*?

MERCATOR.

Yes, Sir, J saw you

The last yeer in the fortunate Islands, and
 Not above four moneths since in *Portugal*;

Sevil's

Scyll's your native Country ; since you meet here
Your safety, to what purpose should you cover
Those things with silence ?

MELISSA.

Sure, you need not blush,
Tbersander, at this fair acknowledgement.

THERSANDER.

I confess, Madam, that J blush a little,
Not that mine arm hath not done all that which
It ought to do in the death of my Rival,
Nearchus was too rash, and insolent ;
From the fair and unspotted object which
Made my most chaste desires, he in his thoughts
Formed the object of his filthy pleasures ;
But he hath paid for't, and his death is just :
Only the thing that troubles and afflicts me,
And for which I am sorry at my heart,
Is that J told you nothing of my secret.

MELISSA.

J guess the cause of it, and know your thought.
And what fear troubled it, and that you chose
Another name only to free you from
The penalty o'th' Law ; but fear not any thing ;
I'll oppose power to power for your defence ;
Your interests are mine, J'll make your peace ;
The King of *Andalusia* shall be weary
Of persecuting you ; if he persist
To trouble your repose, J'll invade his :
If he refuse to grant what we demand,
From our request we will proceed to arms.

THERSANDER.

What obligation have you upon me
For all your goodness ?

MELISSA.

But let's make an end

82 THE ENCHANTED

Of seeing all the rarities.

MERCATOR.

Behold

With admiration, Madam, this rare piece,
It is *Diana's* Picture.

MELISSA.

How *Dianaes*?

DIANA.

softly.

O sad misfortune!

MERCATOR.

It is the Divinity,
Whose Temple's here, the Goddess of this place.

DIANA.

softly.

I cease to tremble, all is well again.

MELISSA.

What Portrait's this?

MERCATOR.

It is a Beauties, Madam, (vers,
Whose heavenly graces made two desperate Lo-
That fight for her, arm for the field, and fight;
It is that fair ones whom I told you of
For whom *Cleagenor* and *Nearchus* burn'd,
And who pursued hotly by two Rivals,
Cost the one flight, and life unto the other.
After *Nearchus* death, I bought his Portraits:
This that he had without doubt's to the life.
But who can better then *Cleagenor*
Instruct you in this point?

MELISSA, to THERSANDER.

D'ye know this piece?

THERSANDER.

I know not what to say on't.

MELISSA.

I observe

Much of thy sisters air in't.

DIA-

D I A N A.

O ye Gods!
Turn aside this misfortune.

M E L I S S A.

Really
The glass, *Diana*, which receives thy image,
Represents less thy shape and countenance;
And any other but the Painter would
Believe indeed that he finish'd this Portrait
Upon thy presence.

M E R C A T O R.

There's no doubt of it.
One may admire in this adventure how
Art imitateth nature: It is she
For whom *Nearchus* sigh'd.

T H E R S A N D E R.

safely.

O Gods! where are we?
Our fortunes now are desperate.

D I A N A.

Know'st thou me?

M E R C A T O R.

I am of the same Town, and therefore know you;
Your mother is *Melora*, and she dwells
At *Sevil*; I shal make her a glad woman
At my return, to tell her that her *Celia*
Lives yet, and is in health here in this Island.

M E L I S S A.

How! *Celia*?

M E R C A T O R.

Yes, Madam, that is her name,

D I A N A.

What cloud of error blindeth thy soul thus?
That *Celia* whom thou mean'st, and dost discourse
of,
Died before *Nearchus*.

D 6

M E R -

MERCATOR.

It was believ'd so
 At first ; but since, all *Sevil* knows the contrary,
 And that false death is now no more a mystery
 Unto me ; J know where the mourning went,
 And how a Coffin only was interr'd
 Instead of you, that this apparent sign
 Of your death only could secure you from
Nearchus ill designs ; I know besides
 That you betook your self unto the Sea,
 Where you sight not, but for *Cleagenor*;
 The Sea prov'd false to you, and to your mother,
 And separated you one from another
 By the assistance of a hideous storm :
 She having sav'd her self upon a plank
 Sought you from one end of the World to th'o-
 ther ;

But hearing no news of you, she believ'd
 At her return to *Sevil* that the Sea
 Had swallowed you, and death had made her
 Unprofitable. (search

DIANA.

Thou knowest secrets which
 To me are Riddles.

MERCATOR.

Wherefore should you, Lady,
 Dissemble thus your knowledge of a thing
 Which is no more conceal'd ; one of your people
 A complice of the Plot, divulg'd it lately;
Melora too since her return reveal'd
 The whole Imposture, all impediment
 Being remov'd after *Nearchus* death :
 This that I know, I understood from her.

THERSANDER.

All this thou saiest, is strange news unto us.

MTR-

MERCATOR.

You have the art, I see, well to dissemble;
But by your favour might it not be you
That did imploy a friend unto me lately
To pray me to receive into my bark
Two Shepheards, natives of the Town of *Sevil*?

THERSANDER.

Madam, this Merchant doth compose Romants.
And tells you all these strange adventures only,
To shew his wit, and faculty that way.

MELISSA.

Yet his discourse is not without some ground,
I find good reason so to judge of it;
If I remember well, you willingly
Did put the interest of *Celia*
Into your sisters hands, she promised
To make all fair of that side, and to answer
To you for her: Merchant, another time
See us again. How both of you abuse me
With an Imposture form'd under false names
To carry on your love in a disguise!
What in my Palace, in my Court, my presence,
Sport with my person thus in a contempt!
Insolent wretches, you shall feel what force
My anger hath when thus provok'd, I'll make

THERSANDER. (you---

Oh, Madam!

MELISSA.

Go, Impostor, thou shalt answer
For all the troubles of my heart; none ever
Affronted me yet without punishment:
I'll sacrifice you both to my disgrace,
In such a manner, that ye shal repent
Eternally that e'r ye made me blush:
Depart my sight.

THER-

THERSANDER.

O what misfortune's this !

MELISSA, to MELINTUS.

See that you separate them one from another
 In several apartments, that they may
 Hold no discourse together. O misfortune
 Not to be parallell'd ! What shall I do ?
 Of whom should I take counsel in this case ?
 Shall I hear yet my love that murmureth ?
 Ought I to suffer, or repel the injury ?
 It is resolv'd in my offended heart
 That those black Passions shal succeed my love,
 By which the soul when in disorder, breaks
 The chain wherewith she's ti'd, break forth my
 fury,

And ruine these ingratefull they shal know
 My power, as they have seen my goodness to the:
 They shall not mock at my simplicity,
 Nor reproach me for my credulity:
 How ! treacherous *Thersander*; oh ! that name
Thersander combats yet within my heart,
 In its defence, my spirits at this name
 Are wavering, and my anger's weak, my hate
 Is in suspense ; I am not pleas'd with that
 Which I demand ; I fear what J would most.
 Ha traitor, must J to torment my self
 Suspend my judgement upon thy destruction ?
 Must J dispute the case within my self
 As doubtfull to determine, no pals sentence
 Against him for this barbarous affront :
 Arm my despair, and inspire thou my rage :
 And let me see how faithfully my Art
 Will serve my vengeance in the punishment
 Of these ingratefull Lovers, I intend not
 To give a sudden death to either of them,

But

But they shall suffer that which shall be worse:
By the effect, and strange force of my charms,
They shall have, without dying, every day
A thousand deaths ; I will continually
By turns afflict the sad eyes of the Lover,
And of his Mistress : both of them shal see,
That they may suffer equally, each other
To die and to revive, this punishment
Is strange and cruell ; but 'tis that I use
In my revenges ; come, why loiter we
In our design ? my heart like flint shall be
Insensible of their calamity.

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACTUS V.

SCENA I.

CLIDAMANT, PARTHENIA.

CLIDAMANT.

Mine eyes and ears ne'r saw, nor heard the like
 The miserable cries of those poor Lovers
 Fill all these places with astonishment.
Therjander and *Diana* are so chang'd,
 I could scarce know them, as I now came from
 them :

Pale death by turns skipping from face to
 face,

Can't make them yet to dye unto their love :
 But, Madam, is it true what's publish'd here
 Among the people, that those strange inchant-
 Come from *Melissa* ? (ments

PARTHENIA.

Yes, they are the works (yet
 Of her Art, without doubt; she could do more
 Nothing's too hard for her, the destiny
 Of mortals seems to be held in her hands,
 And as she pleaseth, she disposeth it.
 What can she not do, when she is in choler ?
 The miserable *Thirsis* feels th'effect,
 And rigour of her power by sad experience.
 Hath not fame yet inform'd you with his suf-

CLIDAMANT. (ferings?

Yes, Madam, I have heard them fully spoken.

PARTHENIA.

You know then that belov'd *Roselia*,

And

And so deceiv'd the expectation,
 And desire of the Nymph who hitherto
 Design'd him for my husband, and knows not
 That *I* have love for you; to her commands
 This Shepherd was Rebellious: what did she?
Roselia was fair, she became sick;
 She wept, she pined, she complain'd; the brightness
 Of her fair eyes, extinguish'd in a moment:
 The whiteness of her Lillies as soon faded;
 And of so many beauties there remain'd
 Only the place, where sometime their seat was,
 Her Lover that perceiv'd her taken from him,
 Seeks her in every place, but cannot find her:
 That was a Master-piece of her Apprentiship;
 But this without doubt is another work
 Of higer knowledge; if in her resentment
 But for my interest she made poor *Thirsis*
 A miserable Lover, judge how far
 She may be carried, mov'd at her offence,
 In her revenge for her own interest.

CLIDAMANT.

If the Nymph knew the love *I* have for you,
I could expect no other usage from her;
 She would without doubt cause me to be carried
 unto some fearfull Island where *I* should
 Be rendered miserable all my days:
 But let her art do what it can against me
 Imployed by her hate, it shall work nothing
 Upon my faith, to do it prejudice:
 Oh! could *I* flatter me with the same hope,
 That you would have like constancy for me!

PARTHENIA.

You need not doubt of it, *I*'m wholly yours,
 My love is strong, and little fears her anger;
I'll keep it still sincere and firm unto you:

And

And you shall find me constant unto death:
Should she destroy me with her power, & kil me
I'l rather dye my self, then my affection.
My life can't pay the debt J owe unto you.

SCENA II.

ISMENIA, THIMANTES, PARTHENIA,
CLIDAMANT.

ISMENIA.

WHat strange news do we hear? is it true,
Madam,
That by th' effects of fortune and enchantment,
Thesander and *Diana* dye by turns,
And live again to wail their miseries?

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, tis too true, they are enchanted.

THIMANTES.

If I durst speak my thoughts, & what I've heard,
They impute this injustice to the Nymph.

PARTHENIA.

It is not to be doubted but she is
The Author of it, and this cruel punishment
Denoteth that she studies high revenge,
When she's offended.

CLIDAMANT.

Whatso'er her power be
Which causeth fear, let us go presently
With our complaint unto her: in my judgement,
This is no way to make herself obey'd:
Fear is the parent not of love, but hate.
And that same fatal art which her revenge

Calls

Calls to her aid, establisheth her crime,
And not her power. But here I see she comes.

SCENA III.

MELISSA, MELINTUS, CLIDAMANT, PAR-
THENIA, THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

MELISSA to MELINTUS.

What doth this stroke surprize thee?

MELINTUS.

Truly, Madam,

Their punishment's too great, and all the Island
Murmureth at it.

MELISSA.

Shepherds, what say you?

Can I revenge me of an injury?

CLIDAMANT.

Yes, Madam, and th' estate wheriny' ave put them
Hath made all those their friends that envi'd
them.

Hear our petitions for them, and be pleas'd
To do them justice: what have they committed
Worthy of such a punishment? for having
Hid their love from you, lived in your Court
Under the name of brother, and of sister,
Deceiv'd the hope and envy of their Rivals,
Conserv'd their honour, and, perhaps, their life,
Is this so great a crime, as should be punish'd
By charmes which have no end? must they be
made

To dye, and to revive continually

By turns, and by a strange unworthy fate

The

The living be inform'd successively
 Still to lament the dead? their pittyous cryes,
 And hideous clamours give both souls & mouths
 Unto those rocks to join in plaints with me:
 The whole Isle's moved with them, and disturb'd

P A R T H E N I A.

Madam, I join in this petition,
 Vouchsafe to hear me: O forbear to dart
 Thunder and wrath upon this happy place,
 Where the Gods liberally pour upon mortals
 So many and so great felicities:
 Begin not to disturb the sweet repose
 Of an abode that's favoured by Heaven,
 To please those Shepherds, whose devotions
 May fix upon some other Sanctuary
 More safe, and other Sovereigns more sweet.

T H I M A N T E S.

Yes, Madam, stop the mouth of this sad murmur,
 Let it be smother'd, this enchantment hath
 Continued too long, break, break the charm,
 And pacifie our spirits immediately,
 Which are astonish'd at this proceeding.

I S M E N I A.

If in the freedom which I use too frequently,
 My mouth might dare to speak, and not dis-
 please you,
 I should then tell you that this rigid course
 You take, would leave you here nor Shepher-
 desses
 Nor Shepherds; they would seek this place
 no more
 For their retrait and sanctuary, but shun it
 Like a destroying rock; and this fair Island
 The glory of the world, would be a wilderness:
 To enjoy subjects, rule your passions better,
 And be more sovereign over your self. ME-

MELISSA.

Shepherds, and Shepheardesses, your discourses
Astonish and surprize me, know, my Art,
Is a sufficient warrant for my actions;
I could do greater yet, and stranger too:
Though this which you have seen seemeth unjust
Unto you, have you any right, or priviledge
To complain to me, and to murmur thus?
Much less to reprehend, and censure me?
How! should the bold Shepheard *Thersander* dare
To injure me, and to deride my power?
Should he presume to lay aside his duty
And respect for me, and I wink at it,
That so can punish such an insolence?
Presume it not, the blood of *Zoroastres*
Is not yet born under so ill a star,
I know its influence better, and can use it
To the destruction of those that wrong me:
Yes, Shepherds, *I* am skilful in the qualities
Of herbs and roots, and as *I* have occasion
I chuse them, some for poyson, some for medi-
When *I* wil, I prescribe some to confound (cine:
The memorie, and to distract the spirit;
But those obnoxious weeds I never use
But for their punishment that do offend me;
Have I not reason to maintain my rank
In dignity and honour? those that dare
To brave me, without doubt, hazard themselves:
My scepter's guarded with enwreathed serpents,
Whose fearful aspects bid all keep aloof, (it:
And threaten death to those that dare to touch
Thirsis hath felt their stings: vvhath reason had he
To be an enemy to his own fortune
And interest, in foolishly refusing
The honour of the name to be my Nephew:

I will advance him, and expect that he
 Shall yet accept this honourable title
 Of Husband to my Niece; *Parthenia*,
 Your colour changes, but in vain you hide
 Your thoughts from me, I can discover them,
 I know that you love *Clidamant*, and more
 What you design, and what you do discourse;
 But understand both one and t'other of you,
 That I must be obey'd in what I will;
 My power can force it; take heed ye provoke not
 My anger; if J may not be belov'd,
 J will be fear'd.

PARTHENIA.

Madam-----

MELISSA.

It is enough,
 You know my prohibition.

CLIDAMANT,

I hope

To bend her, but at present let's say nothing.

THIMANTES.

We all know your high rank and quality
 With reverence and respect, so in that notion
 We imploy but our prayers to perswade you;
 They are our onely arms, be touched with them,
 And dissipate these charms: *Thersander* now
 Begins t'awake out of his fatal fit;
 You'll hear his plaints and clamours presently,
 His cries and his despair for his dear Mistress
 This is the hour, wherein he is tormented:
 This object without doubt before your eyes
 Will raise up pitty, Madam, in your heart:
 His sighs will quench your anger, and prevail
 Much more then we; see he begins to move:
 Madam, you will be touch'd, to hear him speak.

Scena

SCENA IV.

THERSANDER, DIANA, MELISSA, ISMENIA, PARTHENIA, CLIDAMANT, THIMANTES.

THERSANDER *by* DIANA'S *body*.

O Lamentable object! why mine eyes
Were ye not cover'd with eternal darkness,
That I might not have seen this fatal spectacle?
Oh! what cause have I to complain of fortune,
That my sleep is not the last sleep of death?
In the night of the Grave I should take rest,
And not be ty'd to die thus all my life,
I should be there but dust, and this sad sight
Should not have martyred my heart and eyes.
Yes, my dear Mistress, sometime my delight,
Thy sight is now my greatest punishment,
And in this sad estate wherein I see thee,
Thou which wert once my joy, art now my grief;
Thy body's but a trunk that gives me horror,
Thy head all over's smoaking with thy blood,
The graces lodge no more there, I see dearth
In every place, where I saw love before: (thee
How dost thou live no more then? have I lost
As soon as found thee? hopes born and destroy'd
With an immortal love, fantosme of fortune
Which lasts good but a day, wealth too soon lost,
Brightness too soon put out, excessive joy,
To which so many complaints so soon succeed,
Why in that splendor wherewith all you flatter'd,
My flame, did you promise so much unto me,
And give so little. Fair eyes, sometimes conquer-
Whose lights are shut up in eternal night (rous,
In

In spite of all my prayers, call me not
 From death unto the light; is't possible
 That I can see here what *Diana* sees not?
 No, no, I live no more since she is dead;
 Yet my heart moves; but this last struggling is
 But a small spark that's left behind, and shines
 A little after death; 'tis but a vapour,
 An exhalation, a wind, a smok,
 Last dying and last kindled; I am coming
 To join with thee, object of my desire,
 To give thee soul for soul, and sigh for sigh;
 Death is my aid, my hope is but in her;
 I will express that I am faithful to thee
 In that, not able to survive thy fate,
 I put my self into the arms of death.

CLIDAMANT.

Adam, you see how great his torment is,
 And whereunto your hatred hath reduc'd him;
 You see besides how far without proportion
 Of the crime to the punishment, the power
 Of your enchantment goes; these woods weep
 at it;
 And these rocks which before heard no complaints,
 Are pierc'd now with his cries, and become
 soft,
 And sensible, the Eccho likewise mourns,
 And should you onely, Madam, be without
 Compassion for him.

MELISSA.

Yes, without compassion;
 Since he took pleasure alwaies to displease me,
 I'll please my self by a most just return
 In my revenge, and never cease t'afflict him:
 No, think not that I will incline to pitty.

I'm too much injur'd to be pacifi'd:
 His sorrow makes my joy, and I am glad
 To see that by this famous punishment

I shall establish my authority.

THIMANTES.

Diana's turn is now ; see she revives
To weep her lover, and immediately
To follow him by the force of your Art:
Sad spectacle ? hearken unto her grief,
And ope your eyes, and heart to her complaints,

Diana upon Therсандers body.

DIANA.

What, my dear Lover, art thou then but dust ?
Alas ! thy mouth wants speech, and thine eyes
light.

But in sight of the plot which makes me sigh,
I have the happiness yet to lament thee :
Flow, flow, my tears, and pour upon this object
Torrents of flame, not water, there is nothing
So cold in the dark bosom of the Grave,
Which the fire of these Rivers cannot warm :
Yes, by my tears at last, my cries, my plaints,
Dear ashes, I will kindle you again,
Though cold now and extinguish'd like the
Phenix

I'll raise you up again by force of sighs,
Which you shall Eccho to me.

THIMANTES.

Madam can you
Behold this sight, and not be moved at it ?

DIANA.

Love, canst thou not answer to my desires ?
Thou art a miracle thy self, and therefore,
Methinks, should'st do one : art thou in the
world

No

No more a source of life ? oh canst thou not
 Restore my lover to me, from whose armes
 They 'ave ravish'd him; which of the Gods can
 call him

Back from the gates of death, if thou canst not?
 My dear *Cleagenor*, J pray thee, answer me
 By these my tender sighs, by *Celia's* name;
 How's this! I can pronounce thy name, and mine
 And yet, O Gods! thou answerest me nothing;
 I see, alas! thy mouth and eyes still shut:
 He's dead, and these names cannot touch him
 now.

Love, since thou hast no power to suecour me
 In that point as to make him live, at least
 Make me to dye: I come, my faithful lover,
 It is impossible I should survive thee;
 I feel that my despair t'enjoy thee here
 Gives me to death; my heart hath lost the
 spirits

Which made it move, J scarce can utter
 more:

Happy thy *Celia*, if her death could give
 Thee life again, if thy sleep might have end
 By mine, and if I could with all my blood
 Redeem thine; J have done, my love is coming
 To meet thy flame, and I expire upon thee
 The rest of my sad soul.

CLIDAMANT.

What! is your heart
 Not touch'd yet with this object? are you still
 Insensible of so much grief as she
 Suffers by your means? oh! let pitty yet
 Disarm your anger, the Inchanted Lovers

Have

Have suffered enough Nymph, break the charm.

MELISSA.

Yes, I am touch'd at last, J must confess,
And really am sorry for the evil
Which they have drawn through their temerity
Upon themselves; but though their grief appea-
seth

My anger now, the charm which I have made
J can't undo; to tell you truly, Shepherds,
It is so strong that only a Divinity
Can break the chance on't; tis decree'd by fate
That it shall last yet longer, and J cannot
Prevent it, though it be my proper work.

THIMANTES.

How! cannot you prevent it? heavenly Gods,
What saying's this? no, no, you have not left
Your anger, but retain it still; and willing
To punish them, and to revenge your wrong,
Will make of them a lasting spectacle
Unto the eyes of all; and to excuse
Yourself the better of this cruelty,
Would put it off to some Divinity;
But the Gods by our prayers and tears appeas'd,
Inspight of your attempts, wil stop your charms:
Yes, Madam, the great Gods condemn your plots,
They are the Sovereigns, and absolute Masters
Of destiny, we hope all things from them,
And that they'l suffer crime no longer here
To reign and tyranize. Thou Goddess, which
Art in this place ador'd which holdest fate,
And fortune in thy hands, which hatest crime,
and whose cares keep the Shepherds that serve
thee

In

In this delightful Island, look upon
 The sad estate whereto love hath reduc'd
 Two miserable Lovers, whom the Nymph
 Pursues with horrid cruelty to death
 By fatal charmes, destroy the power of them,
 And render to this government again
 The liberty to love, and to declare it.

Thunder and lightning.

P A R T H E N I A.

Ha! what a sudden flash of lightning's this,
 That strikes mine eyes, and what a clap of thun-
 der

Shakes all this place?

I S M E N I A.

With what a thick black cloud
 The Skie is cover'd?

M E L I S S A.

I, believe Heaven trembles,
 And its Arch openeth; behold the Goddess
 Descends, and maketh sign, as if she'd speak:
 We must give audience.

Scena

SCENA Ultima.

The Goddess DIANA.

DIANA.

Your prayers are heard, let nothing trouble
you,

Fair *Celia* and her Lover both shall live
And love for ever, their afflictions
Are ended, and I have dissolv'd the charm,
No accident shall henceforth trouble them.
They stir'd up pity in you, now they may
Make you to envy them; search all Records,
You'll find no subject equal to their love.

THERSANDER, to DIANA.

By what enchantment is thy life restor'd?

DIANA, to THERSANDER.

By what enchantment do'st thou live again?

The Goddess continues.

I'll recompense their inexemplar vertues,
And pay the price of their affection;
To consummate their happy Nuptials,
I'll ope my Temple, and assure you all
Of my protection. 'Tis my pleasure also
That the love of the shepheard *Clidamant*
Be at the same time crown'd with *Hymen's* ho-
nours,

And that he end his daies with sweet *Parthenia*,
That henceforth he command in the Isle with
her;

My justice hath made choice of them to reign.

The Nymph I do degrade, she is too criminal,
 And dispense you of your obedience to her;
 I'll make the power of her Art unusefull;
 And free this Island from all future fear,
 And danger; but to save her from the Thunder
 Of the offended Gods, I will receive her
 Into my Temple, which shall be her Sanctuary.
 Her Sex hath long enough ruled the Province,
 I'll change the order of its Government,
 And henceforth it shall be under the power,
 And wise administration of a Prince,
 Which shall be of the blood of *Clidamant*
 From father unto son.

Melissa seeing the Goddess to ascend.

MELISSA.

I confesse Goddesse,
 You do me justice in approving crime
 One makes himself a complice: without you,
 The Gods, high Sovereigns, Masters, and dispos-
 fers
 Of destiny, would, sure, have punish'd me
 With death; I go into your Temple now
 To imploy other charms, to wash away
 My criminal defilements with my tears
 To pray unto the immortal powers, whilst I
 Have breath, and so disarm them at your Altars:
 But to the end her law may be fulfill'd
 In every point, *Cleagenor*, fail not
 To love your *Celia*.

THERSANDER.

O how redevable
 Am I to your rare goodness?

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Clidamant,

Enjoy what you deserve, accept *Parthenia*,
 With her, the crown, and succeed happily
 The rank which I freely resign unto you.

CLIDAMANT.

You command still, and keep your Sovereign
 rank,

When the raig is conferr'd upon your blood;
 And by all my respects, I shall express
 That 'tis but in your name that I'll be Master.

PARTHENIA.

Though Heavens kind hand chuseth a husband
 for me,

Since you allow him, I'll hold him of you,
 And will possess no honour here, nor power,
 But to express the more my service to you,
 And my acknowledgements.

THIMANTES.

Ismenia,

Must we not couple too?

ISMENIA.

Yes, if the Goddess
 Had said it; we'll defer our marriage,
 Till she descends again.

CLIDAMANT.

Ismenia,

I command in this place now, and J will it.

ISMENIA.

Since you will have it, I accept his vows
 Offaithfull service. If *Melintus* too
 Hath shaken of his jealousy, J must
 Be reconcil'd with him..

Mr.

MELINTUS.

Well, I agree to 't,
Let us remain friends.

CLIDAMANT.

Heaven hath promis'd us
That we shall all be happy, let us go
Forthwith unto the Temple to conclude
This triple marriage, and henceforth we shall
Honour this day as a great Festival.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

*P*age the 5. for Scene I, read Scena I. page *ibid.* line the 5.
for you, read your. p. 48. l. 20. for baye, r. share. p. 69.
l. 5. for my, r. thy. p. 74. l. 20. for lov'd, r. belov'd. p. 99. l.
4. write in the margin Clidamant. p. 102. l. 25. for name,
r. flame. p. 96. l. 8. for exaltation, r. exhalation. p. 97. l. 2.
for he, r. she.

THE AMOROUS FANTASME
TRAGIC COMEDY



THE AMOVROVS FANTASME
TRAGI-COMEDY



164/3 THE AMOROUS
FANTASME;
A
Tragi-Comedy.

By Sir *William Lower* Knight.

Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina.



L O N D O N:
Printed for *Fr. Kirkman* at the *John*
Fletchers Head over against the
Angel-Inn on the backside
of *St. Clements* with-
out *Temple-Bar*,
1661.

THE AMOROUS
FANTASME

A
Tragi-Comedy

By Sir William Jones Knight

Amicus Rols, Ingenious Spinn



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. Knapton at the
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104/4
TO
HER HIGHNESSE
THE
PRINCESSE ROYALL.

MADAM,

IN presuming to dedicate this
imperfect Peece to the most
accomplish'd Princeesse of the
Earth, I confesse to shew much
more ambition then discretion,
more rashnes then solid reason
and moderation; but seeing or-
dinarily that the greatest Per-
sons have the least pride, and
the most charity, I cast my selfe
wholy upon your clemency,
and fly the test of your judg-
ment, which being so exact,
would doubly condemne me,
first in the designe it selfe, next
in the conduct, and consequen-
ce of it, as being a composition

weak, and unworthy of so high
a Patronage. If it may serve to
divert Your Highnesse in some
vacant hower when your sub-
lime thoughts are suspended, I
have the onely end I aime at,
and shall glory in the honour
and happines to introduce
some thing with the New
Yeere, which may give you the
least satisfaction : My conclu-
sion is a most humble petition
for pardon, and a favourable
censure of the bould ambition,
which I have to entitle my selfe,

M A D A M,

*Your Highnesse most humble, most
obedient, and most Faith-
full Servant*

WILLIAM LOWER.

P R O.

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PROLOGUE

To the Court.

HA! what divine shapes strike mine eyes, and make
My tongue to falter, and my limbs to shake,
Through a respectfull awe and reverence,
Which thus so strongly seizes on my sense?
These are no Fantasmies, such as we present,
But true Divinities from Heaven sent
To grace our Earthly Theater; then I,
Who cannot stand before such Majesty,
Fall on my knee, and in this posture pray
I may be heard to speak before the Play:
Madam, to you then, from whose beauteous sight
Those lesser Starrs derive their borrow'd light,
First I addresse me; and although I'm sent
From the proud Poet with a complement
To let you know that he protests and saith
His Sceanes will please, I cannot have that faith:
He swears that he prepares a Peece so rich
In high conceptions, that it will bewitch
Your eyes and eares, a Banquet that may please
The Danity Pallats of the Deities:
Unheard of vanity! I cannot chuse
But undeceive you, know tis an abuse,
You'll meet with no feast here, since the chief dish
Which he presents, is neither flesh nor fish,
But a moere Fantasmie, garnish'd like a coarfe,
Larded, and serv'd up with some love discourse,
Unsolid matter flourishes of vult,
And airy fancies, in my judgment fit
But for the publick Stage, not to appear
Within the verge of this illustrious Sphere,
Where nothing but the quintessence of vult
Should dare to enter: humbly I submit

PROLOGUE.

To your transcendent judgment my advise,
 And wish it may be found more rash then wise,
 For daign t'applaud the Play, and I'm content
 To suffer for it any punishment,
 t'Appease the Poett, whose rage will be hot
 Vpon my head, if you protect me not:
 Auspicious Planets, rule this night, and shed
 Sweet influences on your board and bed.

A C T O R S.

CARLOS.	<i>Lover of Isabella, and Friend to Fabritio.</i>
CLARINA.	<i>Woman to Isabella.</i>
FABRITIO.	<i>Lover of Climene.</i>
CLIMENE.	<i>Mistresse to Fabritio, and to the Duke.</i>
JACINTA.	<i>Woman to Climene.</i>
FERDINAND.	<i>Duke of Ferrara.</i>
VALERIO.	<i>Captaine of the Dukes Guards.</i>
ISABELLA.	<i>Sister to Fabritio.</i>
ALPHONSO.	<i>Father to Fabritio and Isabella.</i>
LICASTES.	<i>Servant to Alphonso.</i>
CELIN.	<i>Servant to Carlos.</i>
GUARDS.	

The Scene is at Ferrara.

THE

THE
AMOUROUS
FANTASME.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Carlos, Clarina, in a street.

Carlos.

Art sure of it, *Clarina*? is it possible
That *Isabella* now is sensible
Of what I suffer for her, and resents
In my behalfe the fire which her faire eyes
Have kindled in my heart?

Clarina.

Sir, I assure you,
Tis an undoubted truth, which I receiv'd
From her owne mouth.

Carlos.

I'm much astonished

A 5

With

TO THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,
With a successe so charming.

Clarina.

For my parte,
I wonder that you are astonish'd at it:
Is it so great a miracle, I pray you,
To see a Mayd to chaung? we have a mind
Alternatelie to turne love into hatred,
Or hatred into love, such an effect
As this so common in our Sex, should not
Seeme strang unto you: *Isabella.* is
Of age sufficient to feele the effect
Both of the fire she kindles, and o'th'evill
Which she procures; the end, Sir, of her coldnes
Should not surprise you: who gives love, can easilie
Take it againe; and when a young heart never
Hath loved any thing, at the first fire
That spatkles, tis inflam'd; my Mistresse is
As sensible as faire: you will be happie,
If you are faithfull.

Carlos.

But com'st thou by her order?

Clarina.

To speak truelie,
She willed me to speak as from my selfe;
But, Sir, your goodnes is a gage that makes me
To tell you all, tis by her expresse order
That I have uttered this secret to you
Of such importance; but you must be silent
And discreet, if you'll profit by the knowledge.

Carlos.

But may I not at least acquaint her brother
With my good fortune? he is bound by friendship
To favour me, and I should doe him wrong
To disguise any thing to him.

Cl-

Clarina.

Oh! Sir,

That's it my Mistresse, dreadeth, believe me,
Above all things: so farre you must be from
Acquainting him therewith, that you should feare
Least he might have the least suspicion of it:
Know you not yet that her inhumane Father,
Will not permit her to give you her hand,
That to uphold the splendour of his house,
He'll raise his Sonne unto his Daughters cost,
And, (as tis often practis'd now a dayes)
To th one designs his goods, and to the other
A Monasterie?

Carlos.

I know well that her Father
Hath such a purpose, but though he be of
A nature so inhumane, sure, her brother
Is not so barbarous: we are tyed together
By such faire bonds of friendship, that I know
He'll mix his interests with mine.

Clarina.

If I

May frelie speak my thoughts here, I must tel you
That interest can break the strongest bonds,
That commonlie men better keep their wealth
Then their fidelitie, and that there is
No friend which they love equall with themselves
Be sure you trust no person now a dayes,
Daunger still followes too much confidence:
The lesse a good is knowne, the sweeter tis:
Lastly Sir, keepe your secretts to your selfe,
My Mistresse doth desire it.

Carlos.

Oh! *Clarina,*

It is ynough, there is no reason more

12 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

In this point to examine now, but I
Obey without dispute; the name of Friend
Must yeild to that of Lover; but shall I
See our faire Mistresse by thy meanes this evening?

Clarina.

Sir, it is verie late.

Carlos.

I know thy skill.

And thou know'st ---- puts gould in her hand.

Clarina.

Yes, your liberalities.

I'le goe t'advertise her, as you desire,
And presentlie returne, if you will stay,
Either to bring you up, or to persuaide her
To come downe to you. ---- *Exit Clarina.*

Carlos alone.

Carlos.

Oh how sweet it is
To mollifie a hard and cruell heart!
How charming is Love, when tis mutuall?
what high content, what extasie of joy
Feels a poore captive in his troubles, when
The hand that tames him, helps to beare his
chaines?

A good gain'd easilie is not esteem'd:
The more it costs, the more tis pretious:
Although th' Horizon's covered with darknes,
I easilie discern the dore to open;
Doubtles, tis *Isabella*, I'le advaunce.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Carlos, Fabritio.

Carlos.

My happines is greater then I dar'd

To

To fancie is, I can't expresse unto you,
By what soe'r indeavour I can use,
The fullness of my passion and my joy.

Fabritio.

Deare friend, I doe beseech thee let us leave
Vaine complements, I know thy goodnes for me.

Carlos.

Good God! how I'm confounded! tis her brother

Fabritio.

--- a side.

Fabritio.

Thou knowest then, it seemes,
How highlie fortune is propitious to me,
My marsiage is concluded and agreed,
And thou com'st without doubt to wish me joy.

Carlos.

Friend - - - -

Fabritio.

I'm certaine, it is this that brings thee hether:
Thou wilt congratulate my happines.

Carlos.

How readie, and ingenious he is
To draw me out of trouble? - - - a side

Fabritio.

Thou comes to take part in my ravishment.

Carlos.

Thou should'st doe me a great wrong, to judge
otherwise.

Fabritio.

Know then that our desires did jump together:
I was a going hastilie unto thee
To tell thee the glad newes, I did believe
Thou knew'st it not, and did not thinke to be
Prevented, I am highlie redevable
To thy rare friendship.

Carlos.

I doe nothing for thee
That is considerable, my interest

Alone

14 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Alone bringeth me hither, and thou needst not
To thanke me for it.

Fabritio.

How! what interest
Canst thou have in this place?

Carlos.

The same which friendship
Enjoyneth me to take in thy contents.
Betweene two faithfull friends, such as we are,
Everie thing should be common, joy and happines
Possesseth both, when one of them enjoys it.
Know when I beare a part in thy good fortune,
I more oblige my selfe then thee, and am
So well paid for my care and tendernes,
That there needs no addition of thanks.

Fabritio.

Know also of my part when Fortune doth
Conferre her favours on me, they are dabled
When *Carlos* shares therein, and would diminish
If he should not partake them; but who comes
So late forth of our house?

SCENA TERTIA.

Clarina, Fabritio, Carlos.

Clarina addressing her selfe to *Fabritio* thin'ing
to speake to *Carlos*.

Clarina.

Sir, enter quicklie;
My Mistresse *Isabella* in her chamber
Expecteth you and will. -----

Fabritio.

How, what will she?

Clari-

Clarina.

Misfortune ! tis *Fabritio*, I must
Dissemble. - - - *a side.*

Fabritio.

Well, what will she, finish uow.

Clarina.

Sir, she would speak with you,
T'expresse the joy whereto her love engageth her
On the conclusion of your marriage.

Fabritio.

I know her tendernes, and what I owe her;
Carlos and I will see her presentlie
To give her a good night.

SCENA QUARTA.

Climene, Iacinta, Carlos, Fabritio.

Climene comming out of her house.

Climene.

IT is *Fabritio's* voice this which I heare,
I cannot come forth in a fitter time.

Carlos.

I willinglie waite on you, your desires
Are mine, you need not doubt them -- *to Fabritio.*

Fabritio.

Let us enter.

Carlos.

How this successe favoureth my flame! - - *a side*
Fabritio stopped by Climene.

Fabritio.

But who doth stop me? Heaven! it is a Woman,
It seemes she Would speak with me *Carlos* stay.

Carlos.

I waite you heere.

Fabritio

16 THE AMOUROUS FVNTASME,

Fabritio.

How comes it she withdrawes
When I advaunce ?

Carlos.

Withour doubt she hath something
To speak to you in privatc.

Fabritio.

In the hope
Wherein I am that I am he you seek ,
Be not offended that I dare t'approach :
I've courage and civilirie ynough
T'esteeme me fortunare if I could serve you :
T'engage me , Madame , to the offer which
I make to use my utmost cares and paines
T'accomplish your desires , it is sufficient
That Heaven hath given you the advantage to be
Of that faire Sex unto which all owe homadge :
If I may notwithstanding without giving you
The least offence be honoured to knowe
Your name, you will encrease my Zeale in giving
So faire a satisfaction. (me

Climene

Take it then ,
My deare *Fabritio* , and know *Climene*.

Fabritio.

Climene , my faire Mistrresse , what occasion
Could bring thee heere at such an hower as this ?
Thou doublest my feare and perturbation ;
The more thy voice assureth me ; the more
Vncertaine am I : and so farre am I
From comming forth of errour , that I enter
Into new Labyrinths , aud doubts , I was
More happie when I knew thee lesse ; oh what
Designe hast thou , I cannot comprehend it ?

CLIMENE.

Climene.

Leave me to speake , then , I will tell it thee.
 I will not say what joy and happie rapture
 Seised me when I understood the newes ,
 That by a joynt accord our friends and parents
 At last had yeilded to our marriage ;
 My love , which thou shouldst not forget. exemp
 me
 To discourse this unto thee , and enjoynes me
 To a relation much more important ,
 And much lesse pleasing,

Fabritio.

How ! what thing is there
 In nature that can trouble our repose ,
 Since as our hearts , our parents are agreed ?

Climene.

Tis of a longer date then from to day
 That Love useth to mingle with his sweets
 Much bitternes , those whom he flattereth
 At first . are seldome happie , his deceit
 Is equall to his blindnes , and like Fortune ,
 H'is constant onelie in inconstancie :
 This is a truth , which thou shalt but to sensibly
 Conceive : one day which was the fatallest
 Of all my life , wherein my father burthened
 With age and sicknes had the sorrie honour
 To be by the Du'e of Ferrara vissited :
 This Prince knew me in this extremity ,
 And thought to see some charmes upon my pale
 And blubbered face , myne eyes unluckily
 Wept unto his , and from the sources of
 My teares his flame took birth ,

Fabritio.

Oh *Climene* ,

I feare

Clime-

18 THE AMOUREOUS FANTASME,

Climene.

That feare offends me; my heart wholie
 Was thine, I gave it thee, and the *Dukes* passion
 Stir'd up in me nothing but my aversion:
 Though I conceal'd this fire, thou hast no cause
 To complaine at it, for before twas knowne,
 I hop'd to quench it, and I scarce should yet
 Reveile it to thee, if thy interest
 Oblig'd me not to speak: on the report
 Which was spread of our marriage, the passion
 Of the *Duke* was converted into rage;
 He came unto me in his first transport,
 Sware to me solemnelie that my choice was
 The sentence of thy death, that Love opposing
 My punishment, he thought to doe more in
 Destroying what I lov'd; and to the end
 He might with the more rigour punish me,
 He would even to the bottome of thy heart
 Goe for to seek me: Lastly knowing well
 That his desire is to assault my life
 In threatening thine, conducted here by love,
 And more by feare, I come to conjure thee
 T'avoid his furie; fly hence, what soever
 Care for me keeps thee back heere, and to save
 My life, preserve thine.

Fabritio.

This discourse is cruel
 As much as it appeareth sweet: should you
 Advice me to absent me from your person?
 Sure I should little know what tis to love,
 T'obey you in this point: Come, come, say all,
 Confesse your love is chang'd, that my remains
 Of hope must vanish, and that the *Dukes* flame
 Hath dazled you, I see well that mine heere
 Is troublefom, that you abandon Love
 To follow Fortune, and that poore *Fabritio*
 With all his fetters pleaseth your faire eyes

Lesse

Lesse then a crowned Captive: I condemne not
This signall rigour; you deprive me of
A happines whereof I was not worthy,
And in receaving of a Scepter offered
Vnto your beauties, you obtaine much lesse
Then you deserve. Raigne, nothing is dishonou-
rable.

To gaine a diademne; and as I love you
More then my selfe, I shal esteem my death
A faire designe, if entering into
A tombe, I leave, ou in a throne.

Climene.

Fabritio,
Canst thou love me, and speak thus? reallie
Thou detract'st from my glorie in this thought
That I can be unfaithfull, bannish it,
It is thy enemy and mine; suspicion
Between us two should be a hideous monster;
Canst thou be ignorant with any justice,
That I love lesse a scepter then Fabritio,
And find more joy in being captive with thee
To raigne over thy heart, then ore the universe?

Fabritio.

It is ynough, Climene, my devout
And amorous soule, which ever must adore thee
Although thou should'st abuse it, would believe
thee:

And though a lye carries a swarthy face,
In islung from thy mouth it would have char-
mes;

But how comes it to passe that when thy sweet-
nes

For my sake flies a crowne, thou dost ordaine me
To depart, and to leave thee? how to leave thee.
And in a Rivalls power to! no, this remedie
Is worse then the disease. Suffer my presence,
Or suffer my despaire, what matter is it

Whe-

20 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Whether the *Duke*, or absence kill *Fabritio*
Climene.

When two inevitable dangers meet
To invade us at once, tis wisdom still
To think of the most pressing, here thy ruine
Is certaine, being absent, thou canst live;
Consider this, that to what punishment
Soer our love exposeth thee, thou canst not
Suffer but I must suffer too, nor dye,
But I must cease to live, for know absurdlie
My dayes shall finish with thy destiny;
When we are dead, the grave shall be a wittnes
Of our reunion? where I see thee not
No object pleaseth me; if thou art yet
Incredulous of words and protestations,
At least believe my teares.

Fabritio.

Oh open not
Those pretious sluces, keep that treasure in;
Encrease not my affliction with thy grieve:
Not all the blood which runneth in my veines
Is worth the least drop of these liquid pearles,
The evils wherewith my life is threatened
Are too well payed with a single teare.

Climene.

Oh leave those vaine discourses, and depart.

Fabritio.

Well, well, *Climene*, I must then obey.

Climene.

I have as much cause heere to be afflicted,
As satisfied, I feare more thy departure
Then wish it, and I give my faith unto thee,
That thou shouldst not depart, if I could keep thee
And expose but my selfe. Let's separate;
But what! this fatall image robbeth me
Already of my strength, spare me, I pray thee,
In parting hence the danger heere to dye

In

TRAGI-COMEDY: 21

In bidding thee adiew. ----- Exit *Climene*.

Fabritio

Climene flies me;

O lamentable destinie!

SCENA QUINTA.

Carlos, Fabritio.

Carlos.

FRIEND, comfort thee.

Fabritio.

I am inconsolable.

Aud must die, *Carlos*, since I must absent me.

Carlos.

Thou shalt be happier, if thou wilt heare me,

I have a meanes that thou shalt not depart,

And yet, in safetie too, shalt see *Climene*,

Alone, and without trouble.

Fabritio.

To abuse

Thy friend, is but an odd way, in my judgment,

T'affist him, tis to aggravate my evill,

And not to heale it: is there any art

To render me invifible?

Carlos.

For once then

Believe that I will doe for thee a thing

Which seemes impossible, give me leave to speak

And in a moment thou shalt lose chy griefe,

And thy astonishment: Thou knowest well

That *Italie* hath for a certaine time

Bene troubled with two factions, whose partakers

In everie citie name themselves a loud

The *Guelphs* and *Gibelins*: on this occasion

My

22 THE AMOUROUS FVNTASME,

My Father and *Climenes* 'gainst each other
Took an immortall hatred; through their credit
And their condition, each made himselfe
Head of a faction; the *Duke* receiving
Advertisment thereof, and apprehending.
The issue of this enmity, so stronglie
Conceived, made them both to be arrested,
Not without, reason, and confined them
As prisoners, each one to his owne house.
My Father who saw his pretension vaine,
Knowing his house was neere unto the others;
Had recourse unto cunning, and believed
That everie thing was lawfull to destroy
The greatest of his enemies; to work then
His ruine, and in private too, he caus'd
A close Mine to be digg'd even underneath
His adversaries garden; being finish'd,
My Father fell sick, and soone after dyed;
I was, as thou knowst by the right of birth
Heire of his goods, and not of his revenge;
But though I should now have a hatred for
Climene, I should sacrifice it wholie
Vnto thy love; in opening this Mine,
Thou may'st, without being seen, have easie access
Vnto thy Mistresse, and to execute it
Securelie, we will make all men believe
That thou art gone.

Frabitio.

How infinitlie am I
Indebted to thee? how shall I acquit me?

Carlos.

My friendship is offended verie much
At these expressions of acknowledgments.
I'll to the *Duke* expresse t' understand
What his intentions are concerning thee.
Enter into my house. *Exit Carlos.*

I'll

Fabritio.

I'll goe t' impart
This secret to *Climene*. But what heare I?

SCENA SEXTA.

*The Duke, Valerio, Fabritio,
Iacinta, Guards.*

Duke.

Doe that which I commaunded.

Valerio knocks, at the dore of Climenes house.

Fabritio.

Tis the Duke.

Rage overcomes my reason.

Duke.

What averſenes

Soc'r *Climene* hath unto my flame
Some little hope yet flattereth my ſoule,
I've gain'd her woman; who hath promiſed
This night to bring me privatelie into
Her chamber, the dore openeth, *Iacinta!*

Iacinta coming from Climene.

Iacinta

Yeſe eve'ie thing ſucceedeth to your wiſh,
My Miſtreſſe is deceiv'd and takes you for
Fabritio, ſhe commanded me to open
Withour delay, her order doth excuſe me
In letting you to enter, loſe no time;
But I heare her deſcend, ſpeake not a word,
Withour doubt, ſhe'll miſtake her ſelfe.

Duke.

We will

Be cleer'd therein, let us approach a little.

SCE-

24 THE AMOUREOUS FANTASME,
SCENA SEPTIMA.

*The Duke, Climene, Fabritio, Iacinta,
Valerio, Guards.*

*Climene addressing her selfe to the
Duke and thinking to speake
to Fabritio.*

Climene.

W^Har would'st thou, my deare Lover?

Fabritio.

a, deare Lover!

Heavens! what is this I heare!

Climene.

I have cause, reallie,
To complaine of thee, could'st thou not one night
At my request refraine my companie?
Yet I excuse thee upon this presumption
That who loves well is little Master of
Himselfe, and can, & deny but my charm'd soule
Complaines heere but of being too much lov'd.

Fabritio.

May I believe this? Heaven! am I enchanted?

Climene

Thou need'st not doubt this truth; when I would
be

Angry against thee, suddenlie I check
My selfe, and when my mouth accuseth thee,
My soule defends thee.

Duke.

Fortunate *Fabritio*

---- *a side*

Fabritio.

O happie Rivall!

---- *a side.*

Climene.

Thou dost know my love.

Fabri-

TRAGI-COMEDY:

FABRITIO.

I knew it ill.

aside

CLIMENE.

What / answereſt thou nothing?

Doubts thou my flame, or fearſt thou that another

More pleaſing object drives thee from my ſoul?

What ever happens, reſt thy ſelfe aſſur'd

That my loue and my life ſhall have one courſe

And that it is impoſſible for me

No more to love thee.

DUKE.

How unhappie am I?

----- *aside.*

FABRITIO.

How miſerable am I?

----- *aside,*

CLIMENE.

What obligeth thee

To murmur ſtill thus to thy ſelfe? muſt I

Conſirme my love unto thee by ſome oathes?

If my flame for thee make not all my glorie,

If thou alone poſſeſſeſt not my heart,

And all my thoughts, let -----

FABRITIO.

Sweare not ingrate full and perfidious Woman

It needeth' not, I doe believe thy words.

DUKE.

Thy death ſhall ſoone follow thy insolence:

My Guards.

Fabritio flyi

FABRITIO.

It is in vaine to make reſiſtance.

Valerio and the Guards goe after Fabritio

DUKE.

Purſue, and kill him.

IACINTA.

Alas! I'm dead with feare.

CLIMENE,

I faint, I faint, *Iacinta*, hould me up.

B

D

26 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Duke.

Let him dye , tis but jult , too great a merit
Is often a great crime , in ruining
This Rivall , I may gaine what I desire ;
And if he perish not , my hope must perish :
Let's see if the successe answereath my wish.

SCENA OCTAVA.

Valerio , The Duke , Iacinta , Guards.

Valerio.

OH, Sir , tis done , he's dead , in vaine he did
Indeavour to defend himselfe , he fell
Peirc'd with a thousand mortall stroaks , his soul
Found overtures ynough to sallie forth
His bloody body , covered o'r with wounds

Iacinta.

Oh ! stay Sir.

Comming forth of Climenes house.
Duke.

Thy cares are superfluous.
I am reveng'd , *Iacinta* , and *Fabritio*
Is dead.

Iacinta.

Oh if you love *Climene* , enter not
Into the house , she's scarce recovered yet
Of a great faintnes which seif d on her spirits.

Duke.

The blood which I have shed , will cost her teares ,
I will not goe , to add unto her griefes ,
But retire me , a while , in the meane time ,
Valerio , let it be your charge to goe
Vnto *Fabritios* Father , to acquaint him
With his sonnes death , and further let him know
That for his rash and sawcy insolence ,
He hath receav'd but a just recompense.

The End of the first Act.

ACTVS

ACTVS SECVNDVS
SCENA PRIMA.

Isabella, Clarina, In a Chamber.

Isabella.

Who enters there?

Clarina.

Madame, it is *Valerio*,

Who from the Duke Discourseth with your Father

Isabella.

What pressing busines might bring him here?

Clarina.

To tell you, I should be a Prophetesse.

Isabella.

A message at this hower's not ordinarie.

Clarina.

It doth appeare as strang to me, as you.

Isabella.

Let us expect the issue on't, and change
Discourse.

Clarina.

You faine would have me speak of *Carlos*;

Madame, confesse it.

Isabella.

I cannot deny

But I am pleased, when I heare him pra;f d.

Clarina.

I should not be in my right sense if I

Should speake ill of him, he is a brave man,

And of a Liberall and obliging nature,

He merits much.

Isabella.

But in what manner did he enertaine

Th' intelligence thou gav'st him that my humour

28 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Towards him was inclined to more sweetnes,
And that my heart at last dispos'd it selfe.
To love him?

CLARINA.

With transports, and extasies,
Which cannot be express'd.

ISABELLA.

Hast thou bene careful
To tell him cunninglie, according to
Those rules I gave thee, that to doe him service
Thou didst betray thy Mistresse, and gav'st him
That notice without my consent?

CLARINA.

Yes, Madame
I told him so, and verie handsomlie;
But your strang love surpriseth me, you feare
that he should know it, and yet tell it him:
If he lessè knew it, would you be more pleas'd?
What humourous fancies are in Lovers spirits?

ISABELLA.

Though I love *Carlos*, (be it reason, or
Fancie that guides me) I believe I doe
My selfe wrong, when I doe justice to him;
The bashfulnes which Heaven hath put into
Our Sex, for bids us to be free in what
Concernes the point of love, nor must we think
any thing lawfull in relation to't:
And by that power, which I know not my selfe,
I cannot without blushing say, I love:
It seemeth that our eyes made to tame hearts,
When those that were our captives doe become
Our conquerours, although they finde the dart
Lovely and charming that subjected us,
Cannot without some shame, behold this change
The art to despise love, my heart no longer
Can practise, but o Heaven! whom see I *Carlos*?
So late here in my chamber.

SCENA

SCENA SECUNDA.

CARLOS, ISABELLA, CLARINA.

CARLOS.

Pardon me

This bold intrusion, seeing the dore open,
I could not but lay hould of the occasion;
And following my love, I thought I might
With out offending you with disrespect
Enter, to cast my selfe at your faire feet.

ISABELLA.

How fancie you that I can be so little
Respectfull of my honour, as to suffer
A vifit from you without being offended?
No, Sir, your hope deceives you, and this libertie
You take, denoteth in you little love,
Or too much Vanitie; can I believe
You love me well, in giving to your selfe
A licence thus to make foule-mouth'd detraction
Inveigh against me, or can you imagine,
Without great follie in your selfe, that I
Can approve this designe so little modest,
And not b'offended at it?

CARLOS.

Though I can
Produce some reason here for my defence,
I should me criminall, since I offend you,
And should but little profit to persist
In the opinion of my iannocence
When your faire mouth condemnes me,

ISABELLA.

I condemne you,

30 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Tis very true, and for your punishment
I bannish you; you must goe forth.

Carlos.

I dare not

Appeale upon your sentence, but retire;
I obey with regret, but without murmur.

Isabella.

How Sir, begone so soone, what motives pray you,
Induce you thereunto?

Carlos.

Since you ordaine it
I must depart, tis fitt that I obey you.

Isabella.

I should think, Carlos, that you obey here
Some what too quickly for a perfect Lover:
Believing that you lov'd me, I appear'd
Too proud, and scornfull: 'tis an assur'd maxime,
That one loves coldly what he quitterh easily;
Love is but il exprest by respects;
Who readilie obeyes, knowes not to love

Carlos.

I am astonished at this discourse;
Can you Complaine, I say, you, *Isabella*,
When I obey you gaine your punishment
When my love glittereth in my submission,
And when by a kinde heat, which is not common,
My happines displeaseth me, when it
Offendeth you? what would you then have said,
If seeking onelie my owne satisfaction,
I had preferred my desires and wishes
Before yours? in what manner can I please you,
If in obeying you, I anger you?

Isabella.

You argue too well for a man in love.
VWhere love is strong, reason is impotent;
The one can't be establish'd, whilst the other

Sub.

Subsists; sometimes a mayd would be resisted;
And obstinatelie lov'd gainst *her* consent;
And as *her* close desires are verie seldome
Express'd, *she* often speaketh with intent
To meet a contradiction, and to be
Enforced unto that which *she* desires:
According to this maxime, possibly,
I have on this occasion discours'd
Contrarie to my sentiment, and perhaps,
I should be so farre from believing me
Injur'd thereby, that you would have oblig'd me,
In not obeying me.

Carlos.

I'm rap'd in pleasant wonder, if those words
Astonish me, they charme me more; if I
Must stay to please you, nothing is more easie,
Then to content you fully in that point:
Seeing obedience is not pleasing to you;
I will stay, Madame, and will not obey.

Isabella.

It is too late; begone, my mind is chang'd;
Occasion is lost as soone as pass'd;
You would have too much pride, and I should have
Too little, if after such a confession
I should detain you here.

Carlos.

This order is
Severe and rigourous.

Isabella.

But it is just:
I love not alwaies to be disobey'd.
Follow *Clarina*, goe, and have a care
You be not seen. O Heaven! I heare my Father.

Clarina.

Alas! we are undone; perhaps, he doubted

32 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,
Of your intelligence, enter forthwith
Into this closet.

SCENA TERTIA.

Alphonso, Clarina, Isabella.

ALPHONSO.

O h Daughter, daughter!

ISABELLA,

He appeareth furious. ---- *a side.*

I read my sad misfortune in his eyes.

ALPHONSO

Can I live after such high injuries?

ISABELLA.

What is the Matter, Sir?

ALPHONSO.

How! demandest thou?

Dost thou not plainlie see in the excessse

Of my quick griefes, that I am burthered with
The greatest of misfortunes?

ISABELLA.

What misfortune.

Oh! Father?

ALPHONSO.

Isabella, Isabella,

I must no more be called by that name.

ISABELLA.

I feign'd in vaine, tis best to confesse all.

ALPHONSO.

O fatall chang, Heaven, who could'er have
thought it?

ISABELLA.

Sir, I beseech you, heare me

ALPHONSO.

What would'st thou

That

That I should heare, I know now but too well
What that love costeth me which taketh pleasure
In blood and teares, and hideth deadly poisons,
When it shewes flowers.

Isabella.

I confesse - - -

Alphonso.

Oh how often.

Our expectations are deceiv'd, in wishing
Children, we wish troubles, and punishments.

Isab. If his death

Alph. Yes, his death is certaine,

Isabella.

Suffer

That by my teares - - -

Alphonso.

Thou sheddest them in vaine.

Isabella.

Father, revenge is easie.

Alphonso.

But alas?

What should I enterprize against the Duke?

Isabella.

The Duke? What say you?

Alphonso.

Art thou ignorant,

That my sonne by his order receiv'd death?

Isabella.

I know it not; oh miserable destinie?

Alphonso.

Valerio from him brought me the sad newes,

And would enforce me to agree with him,

That he in killing him did not unjustly:

B 5

Isab.

34 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME

Isabella.

What crueltie is this? wast not ynough,
Through an unjust and barbarous constraint,
To forbid you a just revenge, but even
To complaine of the injurie?

Alphonso.

True, Daughrer;
To punish yet my sonne after his death,
They will I understand it, and not murmur:
It seemes they have a minde, that I should goe
To kisse the hand that murthurs me, as being
Stained, and smoaking yet writh my sonnes blood.

Isabella.

But Sir, consider in this sad conjuncture,
That my deare Brothers body doth expect
Interment.

Alphonso.

Yes, I have tooke care for that,
By order from me it is to be brought
To this apartement.

SCENA QUINTA.

Licastes, Alphonso, Isabella.

Clarna.

Licastes.

THe death, Sir, of your sonne is but to certaine
W've brought his body into the next chāber.
Some little distance from this place we found it
Stript, and so much disfigured with wounds,
That we should not have judg'd it to be his,
If seeking carefully we had not found
His coate not farre of, and a little further
His hatt: The thing which troubleth me most
In this misfortune is, that having made
A fruitles search all over for the rest

Of

Of his habillements, I could not finde
Any one of them, and can not imagine
Who should have tane them thence.

Alphonso.

Vnhappie Sonne
Of an unfortunate Father!

Licaster.

Sir, you may
From hence see this sad object, if you please
To cause that curtaine to be drawn aside.

Alphonso.

Draw it. *Licaster*, let me see my sorrows;
We would be private, everie one retire.

*The curtaine is drawne, and he sees upon a
bed a murdered body.*

I cannot in this Lamentable object
Discerne one feature of my Sonne, and scarce
Will my confusion give me leave to know
Him whom I have begotten, lying thus
In such a mangled condition.
Sonne, if it may be lawfull in the sad
Estate wherein our miseries have put us
For me to use that name sometime so sweet,
I must then say unto thee, that this spectacle
Makes me to feel thy wounds more sensibly
Then thou thy selfe didst when thou didst receive
them:

Thy miserable destinie and mine
Differs not much, the blood which thou shedst is
The purest in my veines, the arme whose rigour
Hasted thy death, gave not the fatall stroak
Through thy heart, but it entered in my bowells:
And if we differ any thing in such
A miserable fortune, tis in this,
That I still feel the pressing evils, which thou
Sufferest no more. Sources of my afflictions,

36 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Deepe wounds, which appeare now but bloody
mouths,

Whose silent accents seeme here to solisfit
My arme to a reveng, know that a subject
Houlds not his Soveraignes fate betwene his hãds:
In vaine ye aske reveng' gainst such a blood;
Alas here I can offer you no other,
But what my heart makes to flow from mine eyes.

Isabella.

The crueltie o'th' Duke, Sir, should be punish'd.

Alphonso.

He is my Prince, although in my concernement
A tyrant, subjects destinies depend
Vpon their Soveraignes, a crime becomes
Iust in their hands; and if at any time
Those earthlie Gods ought to be punished',
It must be by a thunder bolt from Heaven:
In this case I should make but vaine attempts.
If the Duke dye, shall my Sonne live againe?
But what chance brings *Clarina* here in such
Distracted haste?

SCENA QUINTA.

Clarina, Alphonso, Isabella.

Clarina.

Oh Signeur, oh Madame! ----

Alphonso.

VVhat ayles thee, art thou mad?

Clarina.

Oh, I have seene ----

Alphonso.

what hast thou seene that troubleth thee so much?

Clarina.

I have seene, I have seene: ----

Cl-

Alphonso.

What hast thou seene?
Speake, I conjure thee.

Clarina.

Since then I must speake it,
I've seene a dead man walke.

Alphonso.

Th' art lost thy reason.

Clarina.

Nothing's more true, that fearefull Fantasmefol-
lows

My steps, I heare him, he pursues me; save me.

Isabella.

It is my Brother - - -

Alphonso.

Straung! it is my Sonne.

SCENA SEXTA.

Alphonso, Fabritio, Isabella.

Alphonso.

Sonne, is my soule sure, or am I deceiv'd,
Is this but an illusion which I see
But a vaine object formed by my fancy?
If so, finish my life heere with my error?
Mayst thou yet be i'th' number of the living?
Fabritio, ist thy body that I see
Or ist thy shadow? comest thou to fill me
With joy, or with affright? come satisfie me,
Let me embrace thee.

Fabritio.

I see the light, Sir, and I finde here charms;
Since you esteeme my life at such a rate
As to lament it lost; not but as injur'd
By love and fortune, they should not doe to me
A favour to deprive me of the light;

But

But though they should oblige me vety much,
 In the condition wherein my soule
 Is now, to quench my seirce flame with my blood,
 And though my blood thus shed would make my
 fortune,
 More sweet, I would conserue it, since tis yours.

Alphonso.

How comes it that thou hast so strong a hatred
 For life? thou canst not doubt Climenes love;
 The passion of the Duke alarumes thee
 Too much; if thou lou'st much, thou art no lesse
 Belou'd.

Fabritio.

A faire appearance oftentimes
 Bearer of false wittnes, I assur'd my selfe
 Too much of her fidelitie, and though
 I could doubt the report my senses made me,
 I have too sure a testimonie of her
 Perfidiousnes, since her owne mouth confirm'd it;
 She entertain'd in amorous discourse
 My happie Rivall with so passionate
 An air, that I forgate both my respect
 Vnto the Duke, and the care of my life,
 In uttering my despight; the Duke possess'd
 Strongly with love and hate, gave expresse order
 Vnto his Guards to kill me; but I knowing
 That my defence then was unprofitable,
 Vnder a dark porch sought my sanctuarie,
 Whilst an unfortunate stranger walking that way
 They took to apprehend me in the darke,
 Was suddenlie environ'd with the Guards,
 And peirc'd through with halbards. asloone as
 Those murderers were gone, to draw my life
 Out of such hazards, and to make this errour
 More probable, I took the bloodie cloaths
 Of that deplorable body, and was readie

To

To leave it mine, having cast his into
The current of the river, when a noyse
Of voices crossing my designe. I was
Constrain'd to leave that body naked and
Without life, to come speedilie to you,
And to advertise you of this event.

Alphonso.

I feare the issue of this blest successe;
Know that the Duke boasts of thy death alreadie;
He thinkes it just, which maketh me to judge
That thy preserved life is still in danger;
If thou desirest to obey thy Father,
Stay not a minute here, but seek thy safety
In sudden absence,

Fabritio.

But What! must I leave
Climene?

Alphonso.

She hath left thee, her example
Shewes thee the way to infidelitie;
If to betray a person that doth love us
Be a base act, to love one that betrayes us,
Is no lesse weaknes.

Fabritio.

I am stil a Lover,
Though an abused Lover, and she hath.
More beautie then injustice, her crime puts
No fearful object in her eyes and countenance.
Although she cease to love, she ceaseth not
To be belov'd, and my heart charm'd by her,
Deceives it selfe, if it thinks to be able
To hate her, though she hath betrayed it.

Alphonso.

I finde that absence is the onelie remedie
For this disease, tis fitt thy passion yeild
To my desires; fly through obedience,

Or

40 THE AMOUREOUS FANTASME

Or through resentment, oh assure thy safety
By thy remove, tis that which I desire.

Fabritio.

And which I feare.

Alphonso.

That matters not.

Fabritio.

But Sir -----

Alphonso.

But I command it thee: for feare to be
Perceiv'd, goe forth without attendance and
Without noyse unto Carlos house, and there
Passe the rest of the night; to morrow earlie
Before the day break, take the way to Florence,
VWhere I have many Friéds that will defend thee.
In the meane time I'll send thee by a friend
A horse and money for thy journey; haste.

Fabritio.

My Sister.

Alphonso.

Add not to my miserie
By sad regretts: be gone, be gone; adiew;
Let me embrace thee, I deprive my selfe
Of my most deare support, but though I lose thee,
Tis with intent to save thee. --- *Exit Fabritio.*

SCENA SEPTIMA.

ALPHONSO, ISABELLA.

Isabella.

By what crueltie
Banish you my deare Brother?

Alphonso.

Isabella,

Then

Thou speakest like a Sister, and I act
 As Father, it is *fatré* more pleasing to me
 To have an absent Sonne, then none at all:
 I will deceive the Duke by taking of
 His unjust pursuit gainst his life, when he
 Shall fully understand his death: I will
 To morrow that my house be all in mourning;
 That this corps be interred for my Sonne;
 And to the end that all *Ferrara* be
 Deceived with the Duke, I'll honour it
 VVith funerall pompe, this is a debt we owe.
 Vnto a blood, whose losse hath conserv'd ours,
 Although we had no further use of it.
 Lastly ----

SCENA OCTAVO.

Fabritio, Alphonso, Isabella.

Fabritio.

Sir ----

Alphonso.

VVhat is it that troubles thee?

Fabritio.

I met the Duke, Sir, at our dore, he follow'd
 A torch, which might, perhaps, discover me,
 I heare noise, he pursues me, oh receive him,

Alphonso.

O duty too unjust! cruel constraint!
 Goe quicklie with thy Sister *Isabella*
 Into that closet.

Isabella.

He goes to Carlos house, what shall I doe?

Fabritio.

Come along with me, what should hinder you?
 feare

42 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Isabella.

I feare you should be scene, and there fore would
That the light might be put out in this place.

Fabritio.

I contradi& not, les us enter then.

SCENA NONA.

Carlos comming out of the closer.

Carlos.

They are both entered, I must quickly forth ;
Fortune no longer seemeth to be contrarie
To my designes ; the way is free ; but what !
I heare the Fathers voice : oh how unhappie
Am I ?

SCENA DECIMA.

*The Duke , Valerio , Alphonso ;
Carlos , Guards.*

Du'e.

A *Lphonso*, I am not deceiv'd,
Your sone is Living, I have scene him: having
Vnderstood, that *Climene* in a soowne
Fainted, being carefull of so faire a life,
And guided by my love, I went unto
Her house, where happilie I saw your sonne:
I know that she adores him, and dare say
That her disease wil Vanish, if he Lives:
Lastly I wish it, and am come of purpose
To be informed cleerelie of this truth.

*Alphonso shewing the Duke the body which is
upon the bed.*

Alphonso.

S Ir, you may easilie be cleerd herin ;
Behould my sonne, judge if his losse be certaine:
You

You fear'd him living, doe not feare him dead.
See, his congealed blood smoaks at your presence?

Du'e.

It is too much. I'm fullie satisfied
That he is dead; but what did *Carlos* heere
Without light?

Carlos.

To secure my Friend, I must
Feign hand somlie

aside.

He seemes to be astonish'd.

Duke.

Sir, tis not without cause that I am so.
For comming here to understand the newes
of my deare Friend *Fabritius* destinie,
Assoone as I entered that open chamber,
Hls Ghost appear'd before me in a posture
So dreadfull, that I tremble to thinke on't:
He had the figure of a fearefull *Fantasme*,
His bosom was opened with a large wound,
His colour pale, and all his body bloodie.
He came towards me with a staggering pace,
And darted forth a look though languishing
Yet seirce; a bleak, and black blood issued
Out of his mouth, and in his eyes grim death
Walked the round.

Duke.

I also saw just now
Fabritius shape, but much lesse horrible,
Mc thought he was alive.

Carlos.

I dare engage
My credit, that your Highnesse saw his shadow
Aswell as I.

Duke.

44 THE AMOUROUS FVNTASME,

Duke.

Tis that which doth confound me.
I still held for a fable what the vulgar
Report, of vaine ghostes, and could not imagine
That a spirit once departed from a body,
Should leave the dead to come among the living.
Cease to be simple, and be visible,
Having no more a body. Norwithstanding
This successe startles me, I could not think it,
And now I cannot doubt it. Bnt adiew,
I see your grieve encreaseh by my presence.

Alphonso.

Sir, I waite on you.

Duke.

I know what is a Farher, and that nature
VVill not allow him to pay homadges
To him that robbs him of a Sonne.... *Exit Duke.*

Alphonso.

How highly ----

Am I indebled to you for this favour? - *To Carlos*

Carlos.

It is not great; twere requisite *Fabritio*
Should instantlie betake him to my house,
From whence he may unseene make his escape,
I'le goe unto the Duke now, to confirme him
Yet stronger in his errour. ---- *Exit Carlos.*

SCENA UNDECIMA.

Alfonso, Fabritio, Isabella.

Alphonso.

GOe, and chuse
Florence to morrow for retraite.

Fabri-

Fabritio.

Sir ----

Alphonso.

Let me

Receive no more replies, doe what I bid thee,
All my desires should be strong lawes to thee,
Adiew, let me give thee the last embrace.

Isabella.

Sir, notwithstanding all your care, I feare
My brother can't submit himselfe unto
This severe order; by his last discourse
I comprehended too well that he loves
Climene still after all her contempts,
And that his blinded soule is still resolv'd
To lose all, rather then to lose her sight.

Alphonso.

I will be satisfied heerin, and know
The meanes to doe it, faile not thou to morrow
Towards the evening to goe to *Climene*:
The evill, that hath surpris'd her, invites thee
Vnto this Duty; for my part, I wil
Make *Carlos* a viffit at that time:
If my sonne stayer, I doubt not but to finde him
In one or to ther house; but it is late,
Adiew, in humane Fortune give unto thee
As much rest, as I have unquietnes,
And trouble at my heart. ---- *Exit Alphonso.*

Isabella.

Las! mine doth bleed
with double grieve, though the first wound be hid.

The End of the Second Act.

ACTVS

ACTVS TERTIVS,
SCENA PRIMA.

*The Duke, Iacinta, in Climenes
Garden.*

Iacinta.

THis is the Garden, Sir, where presently
My mistresse comes to walke her melancholie:
The grieve she taketh for her Lovers losse,
And her decayed health distracts her judgment;
Although the danger of her maladie
Be great, she walkes, and would even fly herselfe.
Be you assur'd her griefes will suddenlie
Conduct her here to weep her sad misfortunes,
And you may see her without witnesses,
And without trouble, if your Highnes please
To fetch a turne or two in this close Alley.

Duke.

Thy care augments my trouble, nor my hope;
I burne, and feare to see her equallie:
I burne to see her when I represent
Vnto my amorous soule a charming Image
With all its beauries, and I feare to see her,
When my sad fancie represents unto me
The rigour of those faire offended eyes:
Tis an undoubted truth, I feare to see
That faire afflicted one to reproach me
The evils wherin my flame hath plunged her,
To say that hatred is the onelie fruite
Of my addresses, and that with my Rivall
My spirit is destroy'd.

Iacinta.

Your Highnesse, Sir
Should be prepar'd against the bloody taunts

Of

Of a beblubbered Mistresse : to speak truelie ,
And not to flatter you , I cannot see
The least hope that she will be wrought to love
you

By this sweet way you take ; I should advise you
Vnto another course, make use of force ,
Where kindnes cannot work ; ravish a good ,
Which is denyed to you ; take her hence ,
Who is so foolish and so rigourous ,
And force her to be happie gainst her will.

Duke.

How, take her hence by force ? oh no , I cannot
Consent unto it, force can never be
Compatible with love, I would be lov'd
Without constraint, and cherish'd with out feare.
So farre would her disdain be by this meanes
From ceasing , that it would take deeper roote,
As having juster ground to propagate.

Iacinta.

Your reasons are not altogether lawfull ;
Our Sex, Sir, hath strang maximes , oftentimes
It feesles not what it doth expresse , and seldome
Loveth Deaths fatall wracks , after a fortune
Of such a nature , love in womans heart
Turnes unto grieve, and that grieve vanisbeth :
Her oaths and cries are of no consequence ,
Her passion dies, when th' object is no more.
Perhaps , *Climene* at this verie hower,
Feesles that ambition from loves ashes springs
Within her heart, and that she is prepar'd ,
In sight of her just mourning to proferre
The glorious possessor of a throne
Before the sad inhabitant of a tomb.
And, possibly, wearied with her affliction,
She would be forced to embrace your love.

Duke.

To take her hence, and force her unto marriage.

48 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Are the last meanes which I will try; before
I use towards her the least violence,
I'll see her.

Iacinta.

Sir, she comes there.

Duke.

How she studies,
And how her slow uncertaine paces speak
The violent troubles of her spirit, her palenes
Depaints her griefe.

Climene.

Leave me alone, and passe
Into that alley.

SCENA SECVNDA,

Climéné, Iacinta, The Duke.

Iacinta.

Madame,

Climene.

Once againe
I say I will be private for a minute;
Retire, and leave me to my selfe.

Iacinta.

Bur if
The Duke.

Climene.

Be gone, and speak no more of him,
His name is odious to me.

Duke.

How nnfortunate
Am I?

Iacinta.

I tould you, sweetnes would doe nothing
Vpon that stubborne spirit.

Duke.

TRAGI-COMEDY.

Duke.

I will follow

Thy counsell, let us speedilie goe forth,
My presence would encrease her crueltie.

Iacinta.

For feare you should be seene, be pleas'd to
Till she goes in; till when I cannot hand so
Draw you from hence; in the meane time y
Highnes

May in those shadie walkes divert your sad

SCENA TERTIA.

Climene alone.

Stanzas.

THou which they say canst with facilitie
Act what includes impossibilitie,
Blind Guide. false Child which canst have no part
At all unto the state of innocence,
Tyrant of hearts & Love, which hast boasted still
That Death submits unto thy power and will.
Make her to know that she muader thy right
In robbing my Fabritio of the light
And cause him to returne againe, or give
Me passeport the Shades where he doth live.
The sweetest objects that now strike mine eyes,
Encrease the number of my miseries,
The Sunne tells me Fabritio's but a shade,
The Lillies at his losse look black and fade,
Those Rose. Queen of the flowers, seemes to be
Stain'd with my Lovers blood, and neerer with
Deare Lover, thou sad object of my cries,
Whose image still dwells in my heart and eyes.
Rep. each me not that I live yet to mourne,
After thy ashes sleep in their cold urne,
Death without doubt ere now had joyned me
To thy sad shadowv, if I could agree

50 THE AMOUROUS FVNTASME,

That thou shouldst dye within my heart, oh no
I cannot leave th'y adored Image goe.
Thy cruell Rivall when he murthered thee
In his conceit, mistook, and murthered me:
His furse was deceiv'd, not satisfied,
In cutting of thy dayes, Climene dyed,
The Duke betrayd his vovres, for I expire
In thy cold ashes, Thou liv'st in my fire.

Climene.

What's that I say, Thou livest in my fire,
Thy living Image is carv'd in my soule;
But those immortall characters, alas!
Which flatter me, are dead *Fabritios*.
Vnjust and rigourous fate, was't reasonable,
That death should sease him so neere marriage?
But why dispute I in such great misfortunes?
I'le suffer my sad sighes, forbid my teares,
And to enueneome my affliction,
I'le cease complaint, nourish my sorrow, and
By prudent cares for feare to weaken it,
I'le strengthen it within, Ile signalize
My griefes by silence better then by speech.
When one hath lost all who complaines, receaves
A kinde of comfort, therefore I'le for beare;
Yes, my deare Lover. to deplore thy death
In stronger termes then plaints and exclamations
But what! I heare a fearfull noyse beneath me?

a noyse under the Stage.

It seemeth that to joyne me to *Fabritio*
A sudden thunder doth prepare it selfe
To come forth from the center of the earth:
The noyse redoubleth, and renewed stroaks
Makes me believe that underneath my feet
They dig graves, I perceive the flowers to fall
The plants to be unrooted, the most settled
And firmest oakes to tremble; it is time

To

To fly hence, but I cannot, feare for bids me;
 Heaven! the disorder growes, and the earth cleaves
Fabritio comes forth thence, my strength failes here,
 And I am almost dead with feare and weaknes.

SCENA QVARTA.

FABRITIO CLIMENE.

Fabritio comming out the Mine.

Fabritio.

THanks unto *Carlos*, and in spight of destinie,
 I hope to see *Climene* in this garden
 But to conceale the meanes on't I must cover
 Most carefullie the opening of the Mine:

Those stones, and those greene boughs will make
 the hole

Invisible, I need but seek the ingratefull,
 Before I vent my anger; I le reproach her
 With my pass'd services, with her inconstancie,
 And her false oaths; for feare my death should
 give her,

Some satisfaction, and to th'end t'afflict her,
 I will appeare unto her, and protest
 That I will live yet to abhorre her; yonder
 I see that faire Inconstant; but alas!
 I see her pale, cold, and in dying posture;
 At this sad object which confoundeth me.
 A tender pittie doth succeed my passion;
 And if this pittie caus'd by her misfortune,
 Is not yet love, tis something, sure, that's neere it,

Climene thou faire object of the flame
 which riseth up againe, when almost dead,
 Cast yet a languishing look upon *Fabritio*;
 For all thy anger and inconstancie,
 I never sought any reveng gainst thee;
 Returne, and if thou wilt not that I live,
 At least with one sweet look honour my death:
 I heare some comming, I must hide my selfe.

52 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

If I should goe into the Mine againe,
There's danger I might be surpris'd.

SCENA QUINTA.

The Duke, Climene.

Duke.

I have heard stroaks which troubled me much
The noise came from this side, let us aduance
I see *Climene*, who sleeps; but alas,
Vnparalel'd misfortune! she is dead,
And underneath a thick vaile, her faire eyes
Are shut up never to be opened:
Tyrannick destinie, by what law is it
That such a rare and exquisite beautie hath
So tragicall a fate, and that the Star
Of my nativitie, which hath produc'd
My fires, findes in its morne eternall night?
But I am in an errour; Master peece
Of all perfection, fate is innocent,
And I alone am guiltie, tis this arme,
This barbarous arme that hath rane hence my Mi-
In murdering my Rivall. (stresse)

Climene.

Oh, alas!

Duke.

She breathes, she breaths, and openeth her eyes
Love, be propitious to me.

Climene

Is it thee,

My deare *Fabritio*, Fantasme of my soule,
Sweet Shadow of my Lover? what wilt thou?

Duke.

Her grieve distracts her judgment.

Climene.

Commeest thou to reproach me suddenlie,
That thou hadst lived, if thou hadst not seene me,
And that the fire sometime so faire, which kindled
our

Our hearts with mutuall love, serv'd but to light
To descend to the grave ? (thee

Duke.

You are mistaken,
Adoreable *Climene*.

Climene.

Tell me then

The cause that brings thee, Com'st thou to sollicit
My heart and arme a while yet to deferre
My death, unto the end to revenge thine !
Wilt thou that this had plung'd in the *Dukes* blood
Make my destruction just, and thine reveng'd
Speak speak ; he shall not long be in condition
To triumph in thy death, in the midst of
His Court, and in the eyes of all *Ferrara*,
I'll pierce the bosom of that barbarous Prince.

Duke.

My heart feares but the stroaks of your faire eyes ;
Know me, and recollect your wandering senses
The excess of your sorrow wrongs you much.

Climene.

Whom doe I see ?

Duke.

A Prince that loveth you.

Climene.

What fatall accident, what cruell destinie
Presenteth me, in stead of my Lover,
His murtherer, Sir, you must pardon me
This language, as a person highly injur'd :
I can no more respect you : is it possible,
You are not fullie satisfied yet
In barbarouslie depriving me of him,
I lov'd more then my selfe, but you must come
To robb me of his Shadow ?

Duke.

This vaine shadow
You speake of, is but an illusion

54 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Form'd by your feare and your affliction;
 And when I've dissipated from your fancie
 This fatall image, you will finde that I
 Have more advantaged, then injur'd you.
 For dead *Fabritio*, please you to remember,
 That twas your interest made me punish him;
 The insolent discourtse which he held forth,
 Carried me justlie to that violence:
 If I had spar'd him, I had injur'd you,
 And if I had done lesse, I had lesse lou'd.

Climene.

By this accompt then I'm indebted to you
 For giving, me the greatest of misfortunes,
 In killing even before mine eyes the object
 Which I adore, without whom the faire light
 Is odious to me; you are much deceav'd
 In your pretentions, you have gained nothing
 In ruining a Rivall, and the art
 Whicch you use to asperse his reputation,
 Can't hinder him to live with in my soule:
 Though this death which I feel livelie with in me
 Had not express'd so much hate and contempt
 As you shew love and tendernes, I should
 Have loved him so much as I hate you.

Duke.

I condemne not your just transports, but beare
 them,

He was your Lover, though he was my Rivall;
 And I repent my rage in that I wrong'd
 Your charming Image, printed in his soule:
 I know that Rivall, which was odious to me,
 Pleas'd your faire eyes more then I, his merit
 Was that which onelie rendered him guiltie:
 I hated him for being too amiable;
 But in that hate, I fully did expresse
 My love to you in offering you a heart,

And

And with that heart a crowne. But I offend you,
Your looks speak your disdain. not to provoke
you,

I leave you, and hope yet, that you will one day
Have lesse aversion for me.

Climene.

Time can never
Cure my disease, death onelie is its terme.

SCENA SEXTA.

Iacinta, Fabritio, Climene.

Fabritio.

I will approach, I see the Duke retire,
My trouble is pass'd; and *Climene* lives;
But, heaven: who cometh here againe to crosse me,

Iacinta to Climene.

Iacinta.

The Funerall is comming.

Climene.

What, *Fabritio's*?

Fabritio.

It is *Iacinta*, I need not for her
Keep a loofe of. ----- *aside.*

Iacinta.

Yes Madame, you may see
The coffin which encloseth your dead Lover
From your Balcony at this very instant:
His Father, who intends to celebrate
His mourning, honoureth *Fabritio's* death
With funerall pompe, and whilst they carrie him
Vnto the Temple, yon may, if you please.
See that unfortunate body passe.

Climene.

I will so,
It is my last desire,

56 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Fabritio, *discovering himselfe.*

Fabritio.

Enjoy it, Madame,

Behould heere the unfortunate *Fabritio.*

Iacinta

Heaven! where shall I fly safely from this Fantasme.

I dare not stay.

----- *Iacinta flies away.*

Climene.

What! will *Iacinta* leave me;

Iacinta.

I have no other Mistresse now but feare-

Fabritio houlding *Climene.*

Fabritio.

False and ingratefull Beautie, doe you fly me?

This makes your lightnes. To appeare too much:

If any justice yet raignes in your soule,

After you have betray'd me, give me leave

To complaine my misfortune.

Climene.

I betray you?

What doe I heare, Heavens! how astonish'd am I

At this so strang event? if I may heere

Believe mine eyes, it is the living portrait

Of my *Fabritio*, but if I believe

His voice, it is but a deceitfull Fantasme

Of such a faithfull Lover:

Fabritio.

I am that verie Lover, who against

Your will could not, in losing all his hope,

Lose his life too; yes, I live yet, Ingratefull,

And feare I live for you still in despight

Of my just anger, I know not what power

Opposeth it, in steed of murmuring,

I sigh, and all the heat that rests with me

Resembles anger lesse then love,

Cli.

Climene.

Now I
Begin againe to know *Fabritio* ;
His heart in spight of him doth secretlie
Render me justice ; and when the false mouth
Condemnes me , it seemes resolute in thought
That I am faithfull.

Fabritio.

Faithfull ? oh it is
Vnto the Duke that this speech is address'd
He onelie is to hope for all your love.

Climene.

Canst thou impute those base thoughts unro me ?

Fabritio.

They are truths , if I may believe your oathes ;
I should doubt yet of this extreem misfortune ,
If I had understood it from the mouth
Of any other but your selfe.

Climene.

An evill

When it is knowne , is easie to be cur'd ;
I know thy errour , cease to be abus'd ;
If the last farall evening I express'd
Kind words unto the Duke , I did believe
That I discour'd to thee , and so upon
That faith all that I said to him , was wholie
Intended unto thee , thy onelie Image ,
Which can possesse my heart , my memorie ,
And all my senses with so much renowne ,
Was onelie guiltie in that farall moment ,
If but a little blindnes may be said
To be a crime in Love.

Fabritio.

Vnto a Lover ,
Whose soule resignes it selfe unto suspicions ,
Any excuse is good ynough , and passeth ,

58 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

A lye that pleaseth deceives pleasantlie,
 And everie thing is easilie believ'd,
 Which is desir'd; though all thy reasons were
 As false as faire, so sweet it would be to me
 To see my feares to end, and in my fancie
 To flatter the affliction which thou
 Might'st cause me, that thou wouldst oblige me
 stronglie
 To ~~make me~~ yeild to be abus'd.

Climene.

Let thy heart be
 Free from those Low suspicions; if thou wilt
 Absent thee, I am readie heere to follow thee;
 I'le manefest unto thee everie where
 The clecrenes of my faith, be it to live,
 Or dye with thee, let Heaven blesse, or deceive
 Our expectations, I'le live satisfied,
 Or dye content.

Fabritio.

What owe I -----

Climene.

Thou ow'st nothing;
 Nothing of thanks, in following thy desires,
 I follow my owne sentiments; but how
 Wer't thou secur'd?

Fabritio.

Fortune did favour me,
 A straunger passing that night perished
 Instead of me, and this Mine gives me meanes
 From *Carlos* house to enter into thine.

Climene.

Thou mayst a while heere entertaine thy thoughts
 In the meane I'le goe to fetch my Jewells:
 Passe underneath this arbor, I believe
 I heare a noyse; as soone as it is night,
 I'le come to thee againe.

SCE.

TRAGI-COMEDY:
SCENA SEPTIMA.

59

Iacinta, Fabritio.

Fabritio.

IF I am not deceiv'd, heere comes *Iacinta*,
Climene trusts her with her neereſt ſecrets :
Forrune, it ſeemes, to day in everie point
Will be ſweet to me, if I can oblige her
To goe away with us.

Iacinta.

Scarce freed yet
From my firſt feare, I tremblinglie returne
Vnto *Climenes* houſe: *Fabritio*
Was murdered through my meanes, and without
doubt
He cometh to revenge himſelfe upon me
From th' other world: my ruine were inevitable
If I ſhould meet that fearefull Ghoſt againe.

Fabritio.

Stay. -----

Iacinta.

Tis the Spirit, good God, I dye with feare!
Oh Gentle *Fantaſme*, have compaſſion of me;
I doe confeſſe my fault, and promiſe faithfullie
N'er to betray you, nor my Miſtreſſe more.

Fabritio.

Strang! but I muſt know more. Diſguiſe me no-
thing,
If thou doſt -----

Iacinta.

Touch me not then, I beſeech you,
And I will tell you all: tis true, I alwaies
Indeavoured ro hurt you, that I ſtudied
To ſerve the Duke in his amours againſt you,
And that indead I was cauſe of your death.

C 6

Vabri-

60 THE AMOUROUS FVNTASME,

Fabritio.

Pernstious spirit. ----

Iacinta

Enter not into furie,

This is not all yet, lend your care, I pray you,
I had forgot to tell you that the Duke.

By my advise this day hath fix'd upon
Climenes rape, and that this verie evening
He will attempt this unjust enterprife,

Fabritio.

Horrid perfidiousnes!

Iacinta.

I have tould all my faults, now may it please you
That I leave you in peace: for know that nothing
Is so unpleasant to me as discourse
With people of another World. If you
Were not dead, you would be so good unto me,
To grant me pardon upon my repentance.

Fabritio.

It would not suite well with a generous spirit
To punish a weake woman. Go. ----

Iacinta.

Monfieur Fantafme,

God will receive your foule. ---- *Exit Iacinta.*

Fabritio.

The Duke this night

Intends, it seemes, to take away *Climene*,
Heaven, must my hope be yet againe destroy'd?
But my heart leaves it selfe to be assaulted
With a vaine feare, seeing I am belov'd,
What should I doubt; nothing is strong ynou
To disunite two hearts which love hath joyn
This God doth miracles for those that be
His faithfull Votaries, and such are we.

The End of the third Act.

AC.

ACTVS QVARTVS.
SCENA PRIMA.

Fabritio, alone.

BEshould the hower, wherein I hope to see
The Beautie which my soule loves and adores;
The Snnne alreadie having run his course,
Darteth no more heere but a feeble light:
With his last rayes he now adornes the West
He settis with glorie, shines when he is lost
And the fair remnants of his dying brightnes
Maketh his fall and losse illustrious,
Pardon, thou glorious Star, whose splendour
hurts me,

If my hope comes, when thy light vanisheth:
Ingenious Love, to hurt me more, assembles
That masse of lustre which so charmeth me
In faire Climenes eyes, and presentlie
Her looks wil give me brightnes which surpasseth
That which thou takest from me: But she staves,
Heaven. she neglects me, she appeareth not:
The Moone is well advaunc'd; and all my hope
Dyes with the day; this long delay denotes
A fault of love: I heare one walk, and if
My eyes are faithfull witnesses, I see
This miracle of Faire ones come at last.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Climene, Fabritio.

Climene.

Fabritie

Fabritio.

Heere, faire subject of my flame.

Here's he, who is as faithfull as he's happie.

Clim.

62 THE AMOUREOUS FANTASME,

Climene.

I did not think to have bene so long absent.
I feare that I have put thee to some trouble.

Fabritio.

Believe, indeed, that to *Fabritio*
The least remove of *thy* faire eyes is grievous.
I did expect thee sooner, and to speak
The truth resolved to complaine unto thee,
Vpon this point; but to forget it quite,
It is sufficient that I see thee now;
I have no power to complaine before thee,
The present pleasure flattering my thought,
Takes wholie from me the remembrance
Of my pass'd trouble.

Climene.

Since love forceth thee
Not to accuse me, the same passion
Obligeth me too to excuse my selfe.
It was not the care of these Diamonds
Wherewith I'm loaden, which caused my stay;
It onelie was the care to take a time
Proper for our departure.

Fabritio.

Let's referre
The prosecution of this discourse
Vnto another time, and think we now
To finish our designs, and t'haste our flight;
I feare the stroaks yet of injurious chaunce,
She should be rusted least, when she smiles most.

Climene

Let's haste, I willinglie consent unto it,
I feare least that torch should discover thee,
Oh bide thee!

Fabritio.

I will dye rather then hide me;
An outrage is intended to *thy* person.
I must prevent it, being advertised

That

That the Dukes readie by a barbarous order
To carrie thee away by violence.

SCENA TERTIA.

*The Duke, Valerio, Climene,
Fabritio, Guards.*

Valerio.

He must be heere

Duke.

I'll draw a side a little,

But so, that I'll heare all: Goe, speake from me.

Fabritio.

What suffer thee to be tane hence by force,
And in my presence?

Climene.

No, if any Violence

Be offered, step forth unto my ayd,

In the meane time hide thee, and make me not

To feare for any but my selfe; Valerio,

What seek you heere at such an hower as this?

Valerio.

I could not wish to meet a better object

Then your faire selte, a coach neere hand attends
you,

I must conduct you there, having for it

An expresse order.

Climene

How! from whom have you

This order?

Valerio.

Madame, from the Duke my Master,

Whom everie one is bound here to acknowledge
For Soveraigne.

Climene.

Let him be n'er so Soveraigne,

Yet he must know that the free soule of *Climene*

Is

64 THE AMOUREOUS FANTASME,

Is not within his power; my heart depends
Vpon another, and say what he will,
That is no lawfull subject to his Empire.

Valerio.

Madam, I'm sorrie ---- but I must obey,

Climene.

What! thinkeith he to make himselfe belov'd.
As one makes himselfe hated? Losing libertie?
Believetb he that I should be so simple
To take so many marks of hatred for
Effects of love? what from his enmitie
Might I not feare, if when he loveth me,
He seeks to persecute me?

Valerio.

I am forc'd

As much as you are, but it is in vaine
For you to give your selfe o'r to complaints,
Follow me quicklie where I goe. ----

Duke.

Stay, stay;

Her beautie will not suffer any outrage
To be done to her person, in my presence,
Or rather I have too much passion
To suffer that she should be injured.
Tis true that troubled, much, and desperate
At your contempt I was prepar'd to take you
Away by force, I did expect the issue,
And will confesse, Madame, that in my soule
Love vanquished respect; but presentlie
At your first words love vanquish'd at its turne,
Yeilded unto respect: cease, cease to feare,
Thou charming wonder, the heate of that love
Soomewhat too violent: should your heart be
Hard as a rock, I onelie would imploy
Respect to rouch it, there's more passion in me
Then hate in you: in all the places where

I reigne, you shall be Souveraigne, and I shall
Esteeme me happie, not to give you lawes,
But to take them of you.

Climene.

I should give thanks
Vnto the Duke for such a declaration
If I could flatter heere *Fabritios* enemye.

Duke.

Although his losse hath reason to oblige me;
Since it afflicts you, it afflicteth me;
But there runnes a report upon this point
which terrifies me, tis that to your eyes
His *Fantasme* doth appeare.

Climene.

There's nothing false
In this report, *Fabritio* since his death
Appear'd before mine eyes.

Duke.

To dissipate
Obnoxious feares which might cause evill visions
Within your fancie, some of my attendance
Shall presentlie have order not to leave you,

Climene.

Oh! Sir, this is not it which I demaund.

Duke.

Tis the least duty I must render you:
Suffer them for to guard you.

Climene.

Sir, it needs not.

Duke.

Your quietnes concerns me, and I must
Take care of it.

Climene.

So farre you would be from obliging me
By this designe, that you would hurt me rather;
Of this care therefore I dispense your Highnes.

Duke.

66 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Duke.

To condescend to your desires heerein,
Were to betray you, the sad vision
Of a dead person doth encrease your griefes.
Permit ----

Climene.

No, Sir, command them not to follow;
The vision doth please me, and I feare
To be deprived of its companie.

Duke.

This Spirit will alwaies distract your reason,
As long as you stay in the house alone.

Climene.

If but to chaunge house will give you content,
I'le satisfie you, *Carlos* is my neighbour,
I will retire to him.

Duke.

If you fix there,
I contradict it not, his mother is
A verie prudent Woman, and her counsells
Will be a great helpe to your timourous spirits;
Permit me to conduct you to her house.

Climene.

This prayer is a command, Sir.
I cannot

Refuse to follow him, especiallie
Seeing *Fabritio* likewyse hath designe } *Softly.*
To goe there.

Fabritio.

What discourse i'th' name of wonder
Might she have all this while there; but good God!
The Duke drawes her away, I'le succour her.

Duke.

This *Fantasm's* nothing elce but the effect
Of a sad thought, the senses are all hurt,
When the soule's troubled.

Fabri-

Fabritio.

I'll put out the light.

Duke.

Lastly I promise you that there's no *Fantafme*,
Nor ever was; but what is that I see?

O prodegie! o Heaven! how am I troubled?

Fabritio.

It is *Fabritio*, who is come to take
Climene from you.

Climene.

O *Fabritio*,

Vnto what danger comes thou to expose thee?

----- *aside.*

Fabritio.

Climene, save thy selfe, or leave me perish.

Climene.

My life's in danger, when thou hezardeſt
Thy selfe. I doe withdraw now, follow me.

Duke.

Advance, Guards, I'll be cleered in this point,
Leave me not, I comand yee.

Fabritio.

She is gone,

I'll follow her.

Valerio.

Sir doubt not on't, it is

Fabrotio's shadow.

Duke.

No matter, I'll be satisfied therein.

SCENA QUARTA.

Carlos, Valerio, the Duke, attendance.

Carlos comming out of the Mine.

Carlos.

I'll goe to ayd my friend, this noyse doth make me
To judge that his life runnes some danger here.

Vale-

68 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Valerio.

It is impossible to take a *Fantasme*;
Yet he is taken, and it is a sensible,
And solid body.

Duke.

Traitor, and the greatest
Of all my enemies.

Carlos.

Oh Sir! what fault
Hath *Carlos* committed? never had you
A subject yet more faithfull.

Duke.

What is that?

Tis *Carlos*, strange! this is a new surprise:
Heere all my arguments are vaine. Come you,
Carlos, to take *Climene* from my hands?

Carlos.

I, Sir? by no meanes; the noise which I heard
Drew me unto this place to know the cause on't.

Duke.

Who came into this garden then to stop me?

Carlos.

It was *Fabritios* shadow, can you doubt on't?
We can give you a certaine testimonie
Thereof, as knowing well his voice and visage.

Duke.

I observ'd them my selfe verie distinctlie.

Carlos.

Assure yee, Sir, it was *Fabritios* shadow.

Duke.

I'm stranglie troubled at this prodegie;
Climene was perswaded by my reasons
To quit this house, and I was bringing her
Vnto thyne, when that spirit came and parted us.
So that we have lost each other in the darke.

Car-

Carlos.

This successe, Sir, strikes me with terrour too.

Duke.

Carlos, we must finde out this charming Beautie,
And for her safetie bring her home to thee:
Seek thou of that side, the rest follow. *me.*

Carlos.

Oh heaven! we are undone, the plotts discover'd:
If the *Duke* finde *Fabritio*, his ruine
Is certaine, but if in spight of the night
I'm not abus'd, I see a woman coming
Towards me.

SCENA QUINTA.

Carlos, *Climene.*

Climene.

F *Abricio*, is it thee?

Carlos.

No.

Climene.

Oh, my grieffe!

Carlos.

Although it be not he, at least it is
His second selfe, tis *Carlos.* -----

Climene.

Oh! deare Sir,
How misetable am I?

Carlos.

I know, Madame,
All your misfortune, having understood it.
From the *Dukes* mouth, who verie much in passion,
Seeketh you with no ordinarie care.

Climene.

Fabritio's heere about, if he should be
Vnfortunatelie found, it were impossible
To save him afterward; Sir, if you love him,

Divert

70 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Divert his daunger, overtake the Duke;
To draw him hence, tell him that I am readie
To come forth of this fatall place, and that
I've promised to stay here till you come,
To goe with you unto your house.

Carlos.

I fly;
In the meane time, find, if you can your Lover,
And tell him what hath happened, above all
faile not to be here presentlie, your selfe.

Climene.

Fortune; I feare is not propitious
Ynough unto me, to permit me now
To finde *Fabritio*, with too much heat
Her anger doth pursue me, to consent
That I shall have this happines, notwithstanding
I heare a noise, perhaps Love favorable
To my chaste flames, guideth my Lover here:
But what, they are two women; they have seene
me,

Or I am much deceiv'd, I must begone
To seek *Fabritio*, and to shun their presence.

Exit Climene.

SCENA SEXTA

Iacinta, Isabella.

Iacinta.

IT is my Mistresse, Madame, approach bouldly,
And give me leave to goe immediatelie
Into the house, my conduct, and my cares
Are here superfluous.

Isabella.

Stay, she goes away,
And I see her no more, come, let us follow.

Iacinta

Iacinta.

Good God ! if I should meet the spirit againe
Which I so dread ?

Ifabella.

Thou knowest all these turnings ,
And thou canst guide me ; Goe before.

Iacinta.

Who , I ? defend me , God , from such a rudenes ,
I know my duty well , though a grosse Girle ,
Madame , you are to goe first , I'm to waite you
Oh if the spirit should come to punish me
For my late treason ! - - - softly

Ifabella.

But thou tremblest.

Iacinta.

Alas ! there's reason for it.

Ifabella.

Stay here then ,

I'll follow her without thee , ho , *Climene* !

Iacinta.

She leaveth me alone , oh , I am lost !

Madame , where runne you ?

Ifabella.

Doe not stay my stepps.

Iacinta.

Should you be n'er so angry , by your favour ,
You shall not follow her.

Ifabella.

Thy importunitie

Is really , extreme , why dost thou stop me ?

Iacinta.

Because I love you , you would be in danger ,
Should you goe on , your safetie's deare unto me ,
And I'll take care on't.

Ifabella.

Leave me.

Iacinta

72 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Iacinta.

No, I must not:

I'll tell you a strang thing a fearefull Spirit
Haunteth those places,

Isabella.

Ist a waggish Spirit?

Hobgoblin, or a Robin-Good follow?

Iacinta.

No, he's not pleasant, rather on the contrarie,
It is an evill, and a mischievous spirit.

Isabella.

Who could it thee?

Iacinta.

Mine eyes, which did not lye.

And I sweare to you that I've twenty times
Seen it in severall figures, sometimes like
A man, and somerimes like a ravenors beast,
And still at everie hour mischievouslie
Readie to break my neck.

Isabella.

Climenethen

Is not in safetie here.

Iacinta.

I know not that;

But I believe there is a league betweene them

They agree verie well: But see the spirit

In forme now of a Giant; Heaven protect me.

SCE-

TRAGI-COMEDY
SCENA SEPTIMA

Fabritio, Iacinta, Isabella.

Fabritio.

IT is *Iacinta*, and *Climene* is
Without doubt with her.

Iacinta.

It approacheth to us,
Oh let us fly, tis death to meete with

Isabella.

It stopps at me, o Heaven, what is

Fabritio.

Climene, stay, and heare me. I'm

Isabella.

It is my brother, strang surprise! I
Speak soft and contereit my voice
What his designe is, ---- aside.

Fabritio.

The injurious Duke,
From whom my cares would take thee
Without doubt at this instant, let
No time to shun his violence, but
To *Carlos* house: besides, I feare me
For she at home this evening said
That she would come to visit thee
Should see me, presentlie my Father
Thinks me alreadie farre off from thee
Will understand the contrarie. That
To detract from my Sister, she is good
And verie innocent, but her fault
She cannot hold her peace.

Isabella.

Continue, Brother,
I'm much oblig'd unto you, pray,

D

74 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Fabritio.

Misfortune ! tis my Sister *Isabella.*

Isabella.

Pursue, good Brother.

Fabritio.

Las ! I've said too much,

Excuse the feares and weaknes of a Lover :

If thy heart felt such seisures thou shouldst know

That the Gnd, who is President of love,

Is but a timourous child, and trembles alwaies :

Isabella

I doe confesse, that I am ignorant

In maximes of this nature, and in deead

Too innocent to understand them well :

Concerning your abroad, which I have learn'd

With some regret, for being knowne to me

T'is not lesse secret : I will make appeare

By silence and discretion, that I am

A better Sister to you then you are a

Brother to me.

Fabritio.

Oh ! Sister, what sweet sentiments have you ?

How shall I merit them ?

Isabella.

I heare some body,

Brother, let us withdraw.

Fabritio.

I'll take your counsell; goe forth of this dwelling

To Carlos house, I'll follow you immediatelie.

SCENA OCTAVA.

The Duke, Carlos, Isabella, attendance.

Carlos.

You see Climene staves heere, as I said,

Duke

Duke.

Conduct her ! tis ynough , Im satisfi'd,
And will goe forth content.

Carlos.

Madame , tis Carlos ,
Follow me without feare , speake soft -----

Isabella

Tis Carlos ,
I'le follow him without constraint. -- *aside.*

Duke.

Guards , waite upon *Climene* for this night ,
My eyes must be deprived of the happines
To see her , my love urgeth me in vaine
To follow her , defer we till to morron
To render her a viffit , the good which
I expect thence would be too dearelie bought
If it should cost a trouble to *Climene*.
Depart we , and lets flatter us with hope
That we through perseverance shall o'rcome ,
And that there is no heart so hard by charme ,
Which those fires in my bosom cannot warme.

SCENA NONA.

Climene , Fabritio , The Duke.

Climene.

F*abritio.*

Fabritio.

My *Climene*.

Duke.

Heaven ! what heere I ?

My judgment is confounded heere ; *Climene*
Is gone with *Carlos* , yet some secret charme
Which I can't comprehend , houlderth her heere
In conference with the shadow of the dead.

D 2

Climene

76 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Climene.

Everie one is retir'd we are alone,
The Duke is also gone out of the garden:
Let's finish the designe we have in hand,
Let's presse it on, and fly we without feare
That Tyrants love, for whom I've so much horroure

Duke.

In what a hideous gulfe of black despaire
Am I plunged by this prodegy? ist a truth,
Or ist a dreame?

Fabritio.

Haste we, but I'm afraid
That in the dark we shall not finde the Mine.

Climene.

No matter we can goe out of the garden
Another way, the key of the back dore
Which I have heere about me privately,
Will give us passage forth to *Carlos* house,
Where' gainst the light returns, I will be readie
T'embrace thy fortune, and to follow thee,
Goe where thou wilt.

Fabritio.

By what expressions.

Climene.

Tis ynough, make me no reply, but follow:
We lose time,

Duke.

There's no doubt of it, tis certaine.
Fabritio either dead or living steale
Away *Climene*; ha! I cannot suffer.
This outrage in my sight: come, I'm resolv'd
To lose my selfe, or reskue her; o Heavens!

*The Duke running to succour Climene, falls
into the Mine.*

The End of the fourth Act.

ACTVS

TRAGI-COMEDY.

77

ACTVS QVINVS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Carlos, Isabella.

In a hall of Carlos house.

Carlos.

WHom see I here? misfortune! oh unluckie
Encounter! but, perhaps, I am deceiv'd;
Is it you, *Isabella*?

Isabella.

Strang? what heare I?
Is't possible that *Carlos* should not know me?
Are all my features suddenlie defaced?
No, they remaine yet, onelie I have cause
To thinke what they are raz'd out of thy memorie

Carlos.

Oh, Madame, this suspition is unjust,
I will upon this point tell you the truth
With all sinceritie.

Isabella.

Pray, what sinceritie
Can one expect from you?

Carlos.

Condemne me not
Before you heare me: I had a designe
Which prospered not, my intent was to bring
Another woman here, and I confesse
That I am sorrie now to see you Madame,
In her place, your faire presence is indeed
A trouble at this time. But ---

Isabella.

It sufficeth,
Ingratefull, thy crime is acknowledged,
And more sincerely then I could have thought.

Carlos.

Suffer me to expresse my selfe.

Isabella.

It needs not,
What explication can be more clear?

Carlos.

Heare what remaines.

Isabella.

No, I will heare no more,
All thy disguisements are superfluous.

Carlos.

But know ---

Isabella.

What should I know more? hast thou not
Tould me that thy soule's fleeting, thou intende'st
To bring another Woman here, thou wilt
That I believe it. and I doe believe it.

Carlos.

I have not. ---

Isabella.

True, thou hast not any thing
For me but coldnes, and presumption;
To see me in her place, thou sayst, th'art sorrie,
And with an unjust passion thy false spirit
Carried away, goes from inconstancie
To incivilitie.

Carlos.

Give me leave to speake.

Isabella.

What canst thou say unto me?
That thou acknowledgest the Empire of
A Worthier object, that in vaine thy heart
Hath stood against her charmes, and that to gaine
I have too little beautie? (thee

Carlos.

Oh deceive not

Your

Your selfe with so much art, and I beseech you
Be lesse unjust to my poore heart that loves you.

Isabella.

In losing such a heart as thine, I shall
Lose little, it is faithles, base, and treacherous,
And I pretend not any thing unto it;
Adiew.

Carlos

What without hearing me, oh stay,
I doe beseech you, stay.

Isabella.

My presence here
Doth trouble you.

Carlos.

It is a reall truth.

Isabella.

A reall truth,
Ingratefull?

Carlos.

You shall not goe forth before
Y'ave heard me, suffer me upon this point
T'expresse my thought.

Isabella.

I should againe be troubled
With thy discourse.

Carlos.

What I shall say unto you
Can easilie be verified.

Isabella.

No, no,
I forbid thee to justifie thy selfe.

80 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Carlos.

For the last time yet give me leave to say,
That it is you alone whom I adore,
That I am wholly yours.

Isabella.

Well, let me see then,
If I have any power yet in thy soul.

Carlos.

Madame, commaund, you shall be satisfied.

Isabella.

Say nothing more then to excuse thy selfe,
And leave me to depart. this I command,
Obey me in this point.

Carlos.

For such a perfect Lover as I am,
It is a crime to obey too readilie.

Isabella.

No, no, I have some power upon thy spirit,
Shew thy respect by thy obedience,

Carlos.

Love by respect is verie ill express'd,
Who can obey well, knoweth not to love,
This favourable councill, eruell Beautie,
Was given to Carlos.

Isabella.

Yes to Carlos faithfull,
But this fatall advise, whereof thou dost
Presume so much, was never given vnto
Carlos inconstant,

Carlos.

Madame, what's my crime?

Isabella.

Ingratefull, I will tell it thee, tis true
I had for thee something about my heart
That savoured of tendernes and that
I know not what began to differ little

form

TRAGI-COMEDY. 81

From the toy called Love; at last I was
Tainted with that disease, when for my punishmēt
I knew my love produed but thy hate;
True, thou feel'st it no more, uow that thou seest
That I am touch'd; I become trouble some
To him that's deare to me; now that my flame
Appeares, thine is consumed, and beginning
To love, I cease to be belov'd. Belov'd?
What have I said? I learne by the effects, (me
That thou feignest alwaies, and did'st never love
What canst thou answeare to excuse thy selfe.
So just a reproach cannot but confound thee;
Thou striv'st not more to justifie thy selfe.
Thy silence speaks thee guilty and confounded.

Carlos.

This trouble which appeareth in my countenance
Proceeds from your injustice, not my crime.

Isabella.

What have I said here which thou canst deny?
Defend thy selfe.

Carlos.

You have forbidden me
To justifie my selfe, I feare you would be
Offended still with my discourse.

Isabella.

No, no
Speak. Carlos, now my anger's vanished;
Although thou shouldst be false, and prove in-
In such a high degree as to betray me, (constant
I might cōplaine thereof, but could not hate thee
And whatsoever change thy heart should make.
I should excuse thee if thou didst desire it.

Carlos.

Vpon your faire hands for this sweet expression,
Let me imprint my joy, and my resentment.

He kisseth her hand.

82 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,
SCENA SECUNDA.

Alphonso, Isabella, Carloo.

Alphonso.

What doe I see?

Carlos.

But Madame, your suspitions
Injute my love extremelie.

Isabella.

My suspitions

Giue Carlos intimation that I love him.

Alphonso.

You love him?

Isabella.

Heaven! what heare I?

Carlos.

O hard Fortune!

Isabella.

I must dispose my selfe to dye, he'll kill me --- *aside*
Father.

Alphonso.

Vnworthy object of my auger
Iustly provoked, I'm thy enemy,
Call me no more thy Father: how! presum'st thou
T'offend me in so high degree as thus
Against the rules of reason and of honour
To come to Carlos at his house by night,
And in despising the Religious Cloyster
Whereto I've destin'd thee, to give thy selfe
Over to base amours?

Isabella.

I doe beseech you,

Heare me, graunt me that favour, will you, Sir
Refuse me?

TRAGI-COMEDY.

83

Alphonso.

Yes, everie thing except death.

Carlos.

Hear e quirie oppressed by my mouth,
If her flame be a crime, I m guilty onelie;
Yes if it be a fault, daigne to remember,
That I am the cause on't, and whom you ought
Onelie to punish, be more just without
Being more gentle, save the innocent.
And destroy the offender.

Isabella.

No, against me
Bend all your furie, if it be a crime
To love, it is a vertue ro be loved:
The tendernes which I resent for Carlos
Denotes his merit, and setts forth my weaknes:
And if my passion be worthy death,
Carlos is free, and I alone am guilty.

Alphonso.

Perfidious, thou shalt dye then.

Carlos

Oh, abandon
That thought.

Alphonso.

Then Carlos with my honour take
Away my life, that is the onely way
To make her crime safe; nothing but my death
Can stop her pnnishment.

Carlos.

Feare nothing from me,
I have respect for you, and since I could not
Appease your anger, I oppose no further
But rather presse you now that *Isabella*
May perish

Isabella

How? doe you presse my destruction?
Oh now's the satall moment, wherein I

Have

34 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Have just cause to complaine of destinie
 My heart is peirc'd with grieve to see you here
 With such injustice to become my judge,
 And not my complice. I was well resolv'd,
Carlos, to dye, and quarrell'd not with fate,
 So long as I thought to expire for thee;
 But I believed not in this adventure
 That Love aswell as Nature would betray me,
 And that I should at last goe to the grave
 Thus by a Fathers stroak, and Lovers sentence.

Carlos.

Madame, I've sayd but what I should have sayd:
 Once more I doe repeate it, since your daughter
 Must dye, Sir, and I cannot hinder it,
 Content your selfe to strike, but pray mistake not
 The bosome, heere direct your stroaks, tis heere
 That *Isabella's* lodg'd, heere she is Mistresse,
 Heere she is criminall, heere you must assault her
 To punish her, and in peircing my heart,
 You cannot misse her.

Isabella.

Oh, believe him not;
 Turne your armes here.

Alphonso aside.

Alphonso.

Readie to shed my blood,
 I feel my teares flow, and my choler's cold:
 I onelic by a sudden strange effect
 Am vanquish'd in the fight, let us feigne yet,
Carlos, your cunning for a little time
 Retards her Punishment, but satisfy me
 Vpon a thing that brought me heere, and which
 Doth trouble me extreemely tell me truelie,
 Is my Sonne here, or no; if he be here,
 His death is but too certaine.

Carlos.

I assure you,

He is not here, Sir.

Alphonso.

Since you doe assure me,
I will not doubt it.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Fabritio, Alphonso, Climene,
Carlos, Isabella.*

Fabritio.

WE are free at last
From the *Dukes* hands.

Alphonso.

O Heaven! ist possible?

Fabritio yet present him to mine eyes?

I gave, Sir, too much credit to your words.

.... *To Carlos,*

Carlos.

He was not here, Sir, when I said them to you,

Alphonso.

Thou blinded Sonne, through what ingratitude
Build'st thou thy pleasures upon my disquiet?

What hath made thee despise a Fathers Will,
whom thou know'st cherisheth thy life so much
And why in violating all the rights

Of nature, dost thou make so small accompt
Of the light which thou owest me? Ingratefull!

Fabritio.

The care, Sir, of my safetie troubleth you
Too much, I doe not hate the light, but love is
Lesse then *Climene.*

Alphonso.

I commanded thee
To quit this residence.

Fabritio

86 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Fabritio.

But I receiv'd
Another order.

Alphonso.

How! from whom?

Fabritio.

From Love.

Alphonso.

(*'em;*

Love makes no lawes but for those that will take
And reason now forbiddeth thee to embrace it

Fabritio.

Oh reason, Sir, had left me, and I was
Too much enchained, to depart.

Alphonso.

Canst thou

Stay without shame, after an infidelitie?

Fabritio.

Climene is as constant as she's faire:

My spirit was struck with an unjust suspicion,
I'm disabused, and she's readie heere
To follow me.

Alphonso.

To follow thee?

Climene.

Yes Sir,

To follow him, I have engag'd my selfe;
Though his condition be chang'd, I am not.

Alphonso.

I alwaies doubted till this very moment.

Whether a woman could love constantly;
But if your love hath any reason with it,
Haste you to goe out of his fatall cuntry.

Fabritio.

There's nothing that shall stop my steps to mor-
Sir, I swear to you.

(*row*
Car-

Carlos.

Friend, thou shalt not sweare.

Fabritio.

If you believe it not, I doe assure you ;
You are in an extreme errour ; who can stay us ?

Carlos.

Pehaps, It may be I.

Fabritio.

You ?

Carlos.

Yes, I will

Tell you a sad adventute, which should be

Equallie grievous ro us both; *Climene*

Is by a fatall chaunce committed to

My guard, and I'm responsible for her.

I've the Dukes ordsr for it, and to add

To the misfortune, I thought to have taken

Climene ; and I took your sister for her.

Isabella.

What! this was then the cause which troubled you
So much but now ?

Carlos.

You have but little reason

To doubt of it ; but understand my trouble

In this extremitie, if *Climene* flies,

I shall be forc'd to expose *Isabella*

Instead of her to the Dukes passions :

I love her, and tis now no longer time

To disguise my thoughts to you, Iudge, I pray you ;

If in this daunger I ought to expose her.

Fabritio.

How great is our misfortune ?

Alphonso.

Not so great

As it appeares unto you ; to be free

Of all feare, get ye gone all foure together.

The

88 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

The Duke will be reduced afterward
To be appeas'd.

Carlos.

This is a most sure way;
But whence proceeds this noise?

SCENA QUARTA.

*Celin, Alphonso, Carlos, Fabritio,
Climeno, Isabella,
Celin to Carlos.*

Celin.

Sir, diverse men
Armed with halberds desire speech with you.

Carlos.

Tis the Duke and his Guards, sure, their design'd
Surpriseth me.

Alphonso.

I have lost all my hope.

Carlos, assuredly my sonne's discover'd.

Carlos.

We will be presently cleer'd on that point.
Without light let *Fabritio* stay heere,
And if he doubts that they are come to seek him,
Behind this false wall he may hide himselfe:

*He shewes them a wall which is turn'd upon a
pivot of Iron.*

See, how it turnes; before his death my Father
Hearing the malice of his enemies,
Caused it to be made in secret for him,
And I know that there is no wit so subtle,
That can finde out *Fabritio* in this place.

Alphonso.

To save thy life, doe this, Sonne, I conjure thee:

Climeno.

And I *Climeno* pray thee.

Fa.

Fabritio.

I obey

As sonne, and I obey no lesse as Lover.

Carlos.

Let's cease discourse, and goe forth presently.

Exeunt all but Fabritio.

Fabritio alone.

Fabritio.

Heaven! must I alwaies be distracted thus
Twixt feare and hope, and must so just a love
Have such a rigid fortune? the Duke loves,
Or abhorres her, and I know that there's reason
To feare all things from him that hopeth nothings;
And that'bove all things it is dangerous
To be competitor with his Prince, and Rivall
Vnto his Master. But what! heare I not
Some person walke, at if he would come to me?

SCENA QUINTA.

The Duke, Fabritio.

The Duke alone.

Duke.

I've passed through a streight way, now I enter
Into a greater, yet am still in doubt,
My hope's confounded, and my spirits dark,
Which should light me in these obscurities?
Am I'mongst mortalls? am I in some cave?
Am I upon the earth, or in is center?
Murthered *Fabritio* offereth himselfe
To my remembrance, would Heaven punish me
For his unjust death? but I heare a noyse,
Who's there?

Fabritio.

Fabritio.

Duke.

Duke.

Fabritio!

Appeares his *Fantasme* heere then for my punish-
And am I sunk downe into Hell alive (ment,
To suffer for the evils I've made him suffer?

Fabritio.

I heare the Dukes voice, which I know full well.
Is it you then, Sir Duke?

Duke.

Th'art not deceiv'd.

I am the authour of thy death, I will not
Say any thing unto thee for to save
My life, thou canst without crime take it frō him
Who hath tane thine from thee, all the feare which
Resteth unto me in this sad misfortune,
Proceedeth from my crime; not from my death;
And if now any griefe oppresseth me,
Tis not to dye, but to dye culpable.

*Fabritio aside.**Fabritio.*

He thinks me still dead, I will profit by
This error. ----- *aside.*

Duke, you have just cause to feare
My furie, your fate now is in my power,
Nothing can stop the course of my revenge;
I can now sacrifice your blood to mine;
But, Sir, you are my Prince, and I le not doe it;
Injustice I abhorre, and notwithstanding
My anger, I would rather suffer it
Then execute it.

Duke.

The mote thy respect
Appeares for me, the more unjust's thy death
And the more black my crime; by this, my fault
Becomes doubly condemnable, the lesse

Se-

Severe thou art in punishing me, the more
I'm worth punishment. But if thy shadow
Preteudeth to respect me, what obligeth thee
To persecute me thus in everie place?
How comes it that thou dost conferre upon me
Imperfect favours? why dost thou pursue me?
What ist thou dost desire?

Fabritio.

Since you ordaine it
I'll speake it then; know, Sir, that this your tron-
Shall never see an end before you cease, (ble
To love *Climene*.

Duke.

Cease to love *Climene*?
Oh! that's too much presumption, I may cease
To live, but not to love her. to obtaine
Thy wishes, thou shouldst ask a possible thing;
But I should have abus'd thee if I had
Flattered thy hope that I would cease to love
That charming Beautie.

Fabritio.

To love in this manner
Is to love like a tyrant.

Duke.

Well, I know
That I love like a tyrant, but no matter:
Know also that. Love who gives Law to me,
Is yet a blinder tyrant farre then I:
To force me to love this ingratefull Mistresse,
He hath too much strength, and I soo much weak-
Onelie the hope that I can give thee is, (nes
Never to see her more, yet still to love her.

Fabritio.

He that can lose the object, can lose also
The flame, the heart houlds not what the eye is
De-

92 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,
Depriv'd of, Love from our will hath his power;
To cease to love, there needs but the desire:
To put out all your flames, quench all your hope,
And yeild *Climene* to my constancie.

Duke.

But if I should doe so, what's thy designe?

Fabritio.

To marrie her.

Duke.

To marrie her? what art thou
Not dead then?

Fabritio.

What have I said?

Duke.

Thou shouldst be
O'th' number of the living for this worke;
Who cherisheth a body, must not be
A shadow. Speak, and believe that thy death
Hath cost me teares.

Fabritio.

He feigneth for to knowe me,
And to destroy me afterward. ---- *aside.*

Duke.

He answareth not a word; Lets seek about.
But least he should goe forth, tis requisite
To keepe this porte: to know too where I am,
Tis best to make a noyse; holla! who's there?
Some one come to me.

Fabritio.

Heaven! whereto am I
Reduc'd? but let me, ere they bring a light
Advaunce to wards the wall, and hide my selfe
Behind it.

Duke.

I'll be cleared in this doubt,
Heere comes a light.

SCE.

SCENA SEXTA.

*The Duke, Carlos, Alphonso, Valerio,
Climene, Isabella, Guards.*

Climene.

DOe we not see the Duke?

Duke.

See I againe my Mistresse?

Valerio.

Oh! we fought

Your Highnesse everie where.

Duke.

Is this enchantment?

Where am I?

Carlos.

In my house.

Duke.

But where is he?

Alphonso.

Who, Sir?

Duke.

Your Sonne.

Alphonso.

My Sonne.

Your Highnes is abus'd.

Duke.

I've spoken with him;

Vse no deceit towards me.

Alphonso.

Those are visions.

Duke.

They are truths, but he can't come forth, seek out
On everie side. (refully

Al-

94 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Alphonso speaking to Carlos.

Oh *Carlos* how I feare!

Carlos addressing himselfe to Alphonso.

Carlos.

I say, be not afraid.

Valerio.

Sir, I've seene nothing.

Duke.

Heaven! what new prodegie is this? Iudge all
If I have reason to believe my selfe
Enchanted: I went forth the garden, thinking
To see before mine eyes *Fabritius* Ghost,
When suddenlie I fell into a precipice;
And passing through places which I know not,
Arriv'd heere, where to encrease the horrour
Of my sad soule, his shadow once againe
Appear'd before me, spake long time unto me,
And us'd persuasions to make me cease
To love *Climene*, and to yeild her to him.
This discourse gave me much incertaintie
Of his condition; I doubted if
He was dead; but surpris'd and amaz'd
By this successe, Ineed no more to doubt it.
Would that it pleas'd Heaven he were alive,
I should be free then of that sad remorse
Which wounds my conscience, I would doe him
justice,
And banishing my fires, would satisfie
My selfe in rendering him happy.

Alphonso.

Sir,

It is an easie generosity
To lament, an oppress'd enemy
That is no longer to be fear'd, you think
My sonne dead, and on that accompt, bewaile him,
But if he were alive indead, you would
Be lesse humane.

Duke.

Duke.

I would not break my word.
By Heaven, by faire *Climene*, by all nature,
I sweare to you *Alphonso*, that if now
Fabritio yet alive should by a miracle.
Appeare before mine eyes, so farre would I
Be from opposing still his iust desires
That I would willingly resigne unto him.
That Beautie so belou'd and Cherished.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Fabritio, The Duke, Alphonso, Carlos,
Climeno, Isabella, Valorio, Guards.*

Fabritio comming forth from behind the false wall.

Fabritio.

Behould me living then, most generous Prince,
Keep your word and your oath, and make me
Duke. (happie.

Is this a *Fantasm*? Heaven!

Alphonso.

Shake of your feare.
It is *Fabritio* living, and his death
Is but a feigned thing.

Fabritio.

Sir, at your feete
I humbly doe expect the blest effect
Of what you promised.

Duke.

I'le keepe my word,
Climene's yours.

Alphonso.

Sir, favour my poore familie
In everie point, givs *Carlos* too in marriage
Vnto my daughter, and approve with me
Their innocent desires,

Car-



96 THE AMOUROUS FANTASME,

Carlos.

I humble crave
That favour from your Highnesse
Duke.

I consent to't;

Carlos, enjoy your wish, although I am
Deceived by your artifice; but losing
My Mistresse, I lose my injustice too:
In not betraying me, you did betray
My glorie, who commands ill, should be ill
Obey'd: unjust designs may justly be
Destroy'd: Come follow me, and whilst your joyes
Are making readie, tell me by what Art
The Amourous Fantasma plaid his subtile part.

The End of the fifth and last Act.

EPilogue to the Court.

Let me Star gaze a while, and calculate
These Heavens, to know our fortune, or our fate
Before I dare to speak; I cannot see
One cloud appears that should discourage me;
Tis a good omen: Faire Queen of this night,
Not Cynthia, but a Goddess far more bright,
To you I kneel. From him, whose glory is
To offer you a pleasing Sacrifice,
I meane th' ambitious Poet I am come,
Humbly to begg a favourable doome
Vpon his Fantasma, who although he be
At the full point of his felicity
A perfect body now, yet if you frowne
Vpon his action, and so cry him downe,
No more a feigned Fantasma to be made,
No dyes indeed, and byes into a shade.

FINIS.

